BRITANNIA and EVE

MARCH
1940

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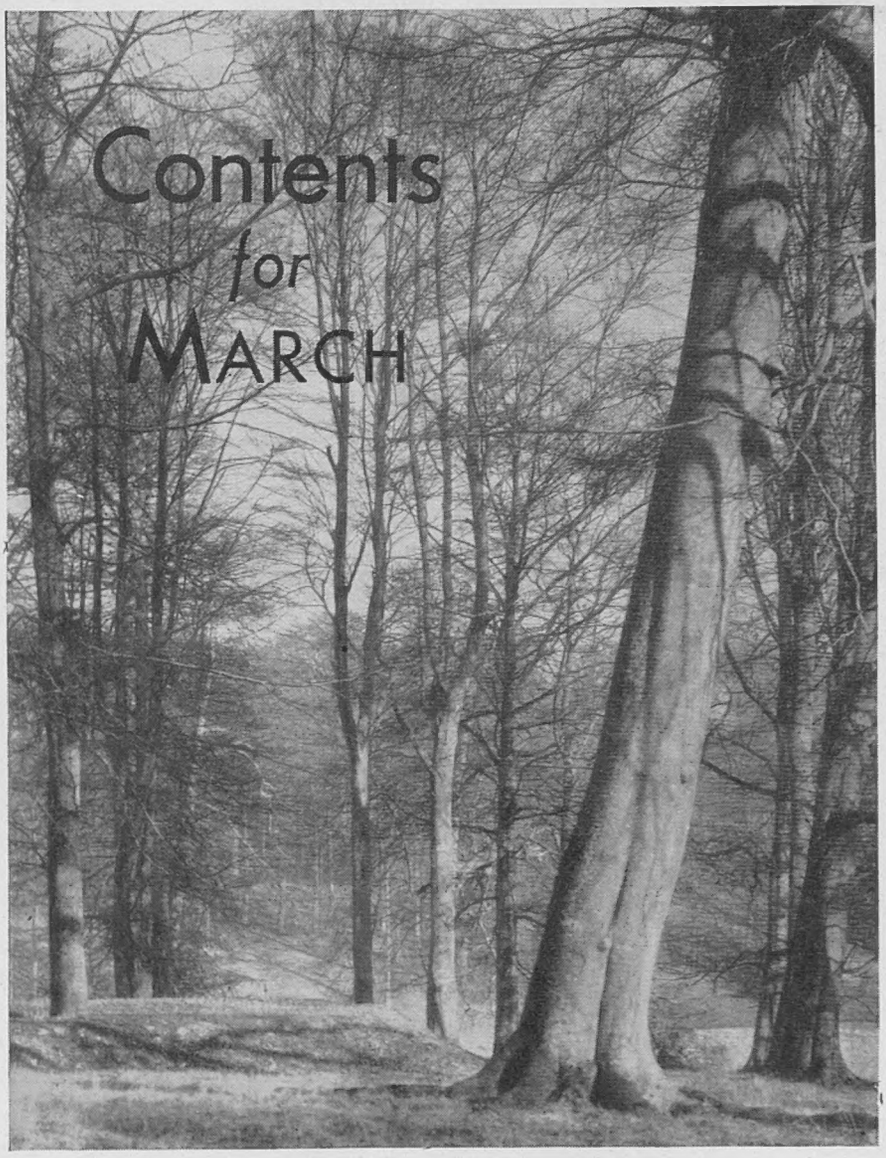
Fresh fields for Beauty . . .

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 20, No. 3 MARCH, 1940



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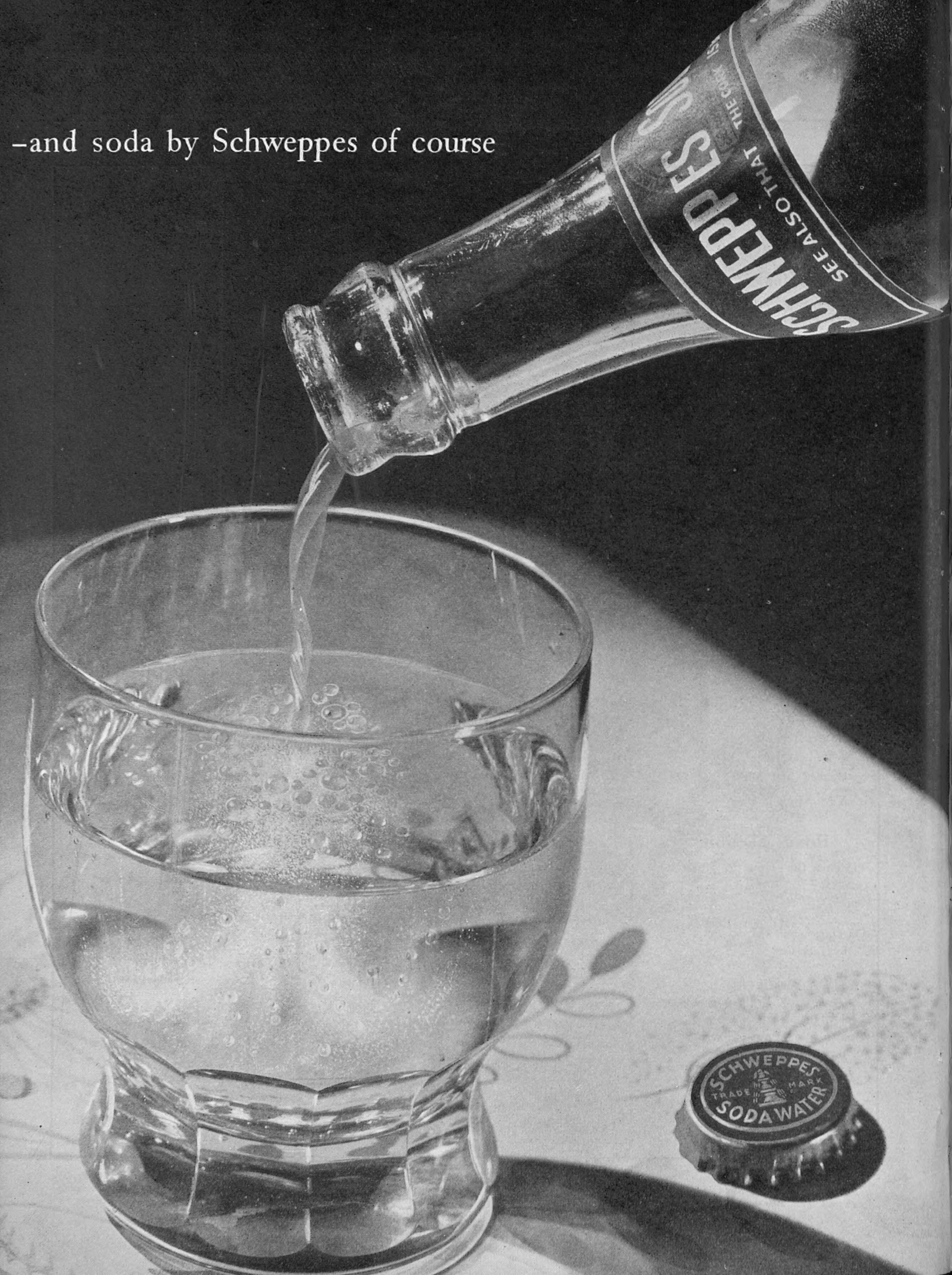
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 100. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.


-and soda by Schweppes of course
SCHWEPPES
SEE ALSO THAT THE CAP IS
SCHWEPPES
TRADE MARK
SODA WATER

Decisive Battles of the World

Rome Challenges Carthage for World Power

The Battle of Zama 202 B.C.

AT Zama, the struggle between the rival imperialisms of Rome and Carthage was decided in Rome's favour; and thereafter it was Rome that gave the world its laws, moulded the development of Western man, and influenced the course of history.

Behind the Carthaginian and Roman armies, as they faced one another on the North African plain, lay two great wars, and a half century of fierce struggle. The farmer-soldier Romans, having mastered all Italy in fifty-five years of fighting, clashed, in 264 B.C., in Sicily, with mighty Carthage, first in wealth, trade, sea power and man power.

IN the course of that First Punic War, which lasted twenty-three years, and spilled over into Africa, the Romans learnt about sea power, devised a new type of fighting ship, built their first navy, and ended the war by winning a great sea battle off the Ægates Islands in 241 B.C.

The Carthaginian oligarchs sent Hamilcar to Spain to conquer new territories to replace Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, lost to Rome. Hamilcar's son, Hannibal, succeeded his father. He was a general of genius, tireless, indomitable. He fathered military strategy.

Vowed to enmity with Rome, he left his Spanish base, crossed the Pyrenees, evaded a Roman army, crossed the Alps in fifteen days, entered the Po Valley with 20,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry—survivors of a five-months' epic march—defeated the Romans at the River Ticinus, and again at the River Trebia, and made himself master of North Italy.

For the next fifteen years he maintained himself in Italy, manœuvring with consummate skill, luring the Roman armies into accepting battle on ground of his own choosing, routing one army in the great battle of Lake Trasimenus, and destroying another at Cannæ—one of the most crushing defeats in military history, and incidentally due to the impatience of the Roman people, who, bored with the wearing-down tactics of Fabius, voted power to the incompetent Varro, who sought to please by taking the offensive.

THE team spirit saved Rome. But she needed a man to beat Hannibal. At last she found him in Publicus Scipio, young, brilliant, audacious. Scipio avoided battle with Hannibal in country which favoured the latter's genius in strategy and tactics. He carried the war into Carthaginian Spain, captured Hannibal's supply base, menaced Carthage; and the alarmed Phœnician oligarchs in the North African city-capital summoned Hannibal home.

So the two armies met at Zama, south-west of Carthage. Both captains knew this was the final battle; the troops also. Scipio adopted open order, three ranks deep. This disposition gave the Romans, tough fighters, an advantage over the Carthaginian mass (it later proved equally effective against the Macedonian phalanx, which in its day had cut the Persian hordes to pieces). Hannibal sought to lure the Romans in, then meet them with solid lines, the elephants coming up from the rear, and the flank troops wheeling in. But Scipio routed the elephants before they could come into action. The Carthaginian Army failed to grip and envelop the Roman legions; broke; and Hannibal experienced the first crushing defeat of his long and triumphant career. He fled; and soon, he was dead.

CARTHAGE yielded practically everything except her political unity, but when she looked like rebuilding her power from that base, the Romans launched the Third Punic War and destroyed her utterly. Victorious Rome turned her arms east, and in the next seventy years conquered Macedonia, Greece and Asia Minor. Cæsarism, and the god emperors, lay a century and a half away in the womb of time.

Hohenzollern

Decorations by J. Nicolson

"THE Hohenzollerns are dead—long live the Hohenzollerns. Look! The next King of Prussia."

It was the girl who had drawn my eye—a tanned, slim girl with a dancer's walk, blonded hair, and a gay eye. At my companion's remark I withdrew my glance and looked for a thin figure with pouched blue eyes in a parrot face under a thick thatch of pale swept-back hair: the familiar face of the ex-Kaiser's eldest son.

"No, there, with the girl."

Then I looked back and saw that the girl's escort was a tall young man with full soft lips, rounded chin, the blue Guelphic eye set in a wide socket, smooth hair parted low at the side and brushed back. Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, eldest son of the ex-Crown Prince of Germany.

"And the next Queen of Prussia?" I suggested, watching with interest their progress under a *maître's* guidance to a corner table across the dance floor of the Casanova. My companion laughed. "Who, then?" He shrugged. "Nobody I know. A girl of the theatre, I expect. He is young, you know."

A fat, green bottle of champagne was screwed into the ice in front of them. The waiter scooped caviare out of a full can. They rose and took the floor. He danced with a smooth ease. No one in the crowd paid any attention to them.

"The Hohenzollerns' best bet," said my friend, watching them thoughtfully. A Ruhr industrialist's son, detached from politics, he voiced a view which one often heard in Germany in those 1932–1933 days, when the monarchy topic was always cropping up.

A little later, Germans did not talk any more in public places about the Hohenzollerns' best bet, or about the Hohenzollerns at all. Nor did the Hohenzollerns themselves discuss their political chances. It was too dangerous.

In June, 1934, on mere suspicion of being involved with General von Schleicher in a plot involving a monarchical restoration, Franz von Papen was held by the *Schupo* under house arrest, and came close to sharing the fate of his adjutants, and General von Schleicher, all assassinated by Goering's *Feldpolizei*. Even "Auwi," Prince August Wilhelm, the Kaiser's fourth son, a Nazi of old standing (the only Hohenzollern to wear the Nazi brown shirt), a Reichstag deputy, and a S.A. brigade leader, was pulled out of his Potsdam villa, and narrowly escaped joining the rows of suspect S.A. leaders who were being shot down in batches against the wall of the Lichtenfeld S.S. barracks by execution squads of the black uniformed regime guards.

Auwi satisfied Goering that he had no part in the Roehm-Schleicher conspiracy. "Take Auwi away," said Goering at last. "He's too stupid to have had anything to do with these things."

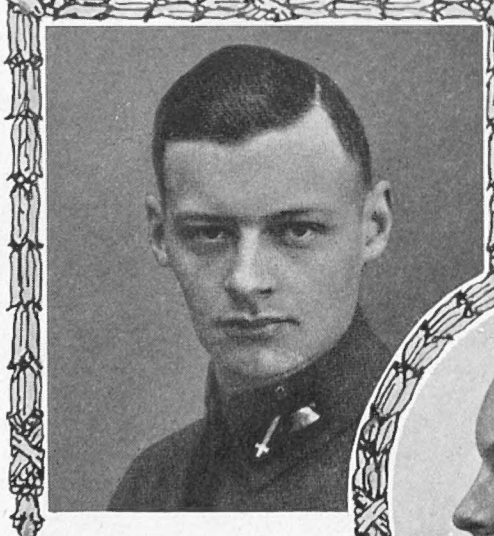
Pictures of five, seven, nine years ago! Events move fast under the Nazi dynamism, and once again the Hohenzollerns are in the picture. They lost their throne at the end of the last war. At the end of this one, will they regain it?

At first glance, the very idea has a dream-like quality. But it is being discussed in chancellories, in royalist circles in many countries, in the entourages of the ex-kings and ex-ruling princes, among revolutionaries both Right and Left, in Foreign Offices and embassies, in the cafés and back-street hotels where secret service agents rendezvous. The topic revolves of course around the question: *after Hitler, what, and whom?*

A tentative answer to that question has already been provided in a report discussed in the French and neutral Press. This report is to the effect that Goering's friends have put out a peace feeler. If Hitler retired, and Goering took over as Chancellor, with a monarchical restoration in the person of one of the ex-Kaiser's grandsons, would that satisfy the main Allied war aim; which seems to be, not destruction of the German people, but replacement of a war-minded Government whose words and signature cannot be trusted, by a Government with whom negotiations are possible, and which will not follow the Nazi give-us-what-we-want-or-it's-war method?

French Press comment centred on the fact that the essential political unity, which has been the cause of all the trouble under both Hohenzollern and Hitler, Emperor and

The four sons Prince Wilhelm



Prince Wilhelm of Prussia

Right: Prince Hubertus of Prussia

Resurrection?

They lost their throne in the last war. At the end of this one, will they regain it?

of the Ex-Crown of Germany

By C. Patrick Thompson

Fuehrer, would remain if the idea was merely to replace one open dictator of 70,000,000 Teutons, by a camouflaged one behind the smoke screen of a figure-head king-emperor. The debate continues, not in the Press, but outside it, and everywhere.

THE real underlying issue is Teutonic political unity—Prussian imperialism, which, having brought all the Teutonic tribes under one iron control, proceeds to use this control to enlarge the empire's boundaries by force, the ultimate aim being world empire.

It happened under the Hohenzollern Wilhelm II, who was only the hereditary president of the German confederate league created by Bismarck and the German Army. In that league Bavaria, for instance, up to the outbreak of the Great War, enjoyed a "free-state" autonomy, with control over its finances, currency, posts and railway, and with its own Wittelsbach Catholic ruling house.

It has happened again with maximum force under Hitler, the folk king, who has abolished the States' sovereignty, and forcibly unified the whole Germanic bloc under a Nazi despotism operated from the Prussian capital by the most formidable and closely integrated gang-government machine ever conceived, let alone constructed, and put to work.

The present trouble probably began when Attila came raging out of the Asiatic uplands, with his own brand of *blitzkreig*, and a dream of a military empire stretching from the Euphrates to the Atlantic. He was stopped on the frontiers of what are now France and Belgium, turned back, and he left an army in the country which later came on to the map as Prussia. We have to deal with his descendants, and their hereditary lust, and migratory urge. Wilhelm II himself recalled this ancestral memory in 1900 when he made his celebrated "spread terror" speech at Bremerhaven to the German Expeditionary Force sailing for China to participate in the quelling of the Boxer Rebellion. The troops were exhorted to emulate the Huns under Attila until "never again shall a Chinese so much as dare to look at a German."

THE Germans might now execute a *volte-face*, and succeed in taking as much of Stalin's vast European and Asiatic empire as they need: but they would always have to turn and strike west, trying to break through the western barriers to the big oceans beyond.

They have gone a long way in the fifteen hundred years that have elapsed since Attila's officers settled in the bleak north-central lands, and took wives, and begat children. The Hohenzollerns set the rhythm of their rise. Glance at the family vicissitudes.

It took the Hohenzollerns a thousand years to climb from the rut of the petty Swabian nobility to the imperial crown of Germany.

Count Burchardus von Zolorin, a tenth-century Swabian warrior, is generally regarded as the founder of the family. As burgraves and margraves, his descendants milched rich Frankish territories. They became hereditary princes after Sigismund handed over Brandenburg to a Hohenzollern burgrave of Nuremburg for good work in getting the electors of the Holy Roman Empire to vote him the imperial crown. By the seventeenth century they were big enough to aspire to royal rank.

The restless and irritable Hohenzollern dwarf who ruled in Prussia was beginning to think he would die a mere Elector, when the Hapsburg King of Spain died. In the scramble for that Hapsburg inheritance the emperor had need of troops. The Hohenzollern Elector had good Prussian soldiers for hire. The emperor took 8,000 of them, along with the pledge of the Brandenburg vote for the Habsburg House in perpetuity. In exchange, he conferred the royal rank for which the Hohenzollern lusted.

So at last the margraves of Brandenburg succeeded in jockeying themselves above the rank where as hereditary (*Continued on page 79*)

Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia and (*in circle*) Prince Frederick of Prussia

FOR the past ten years aircraft designers have been straining every nerve in a race, whose prize is national existence, to produce better and better fighting aeroplanes.

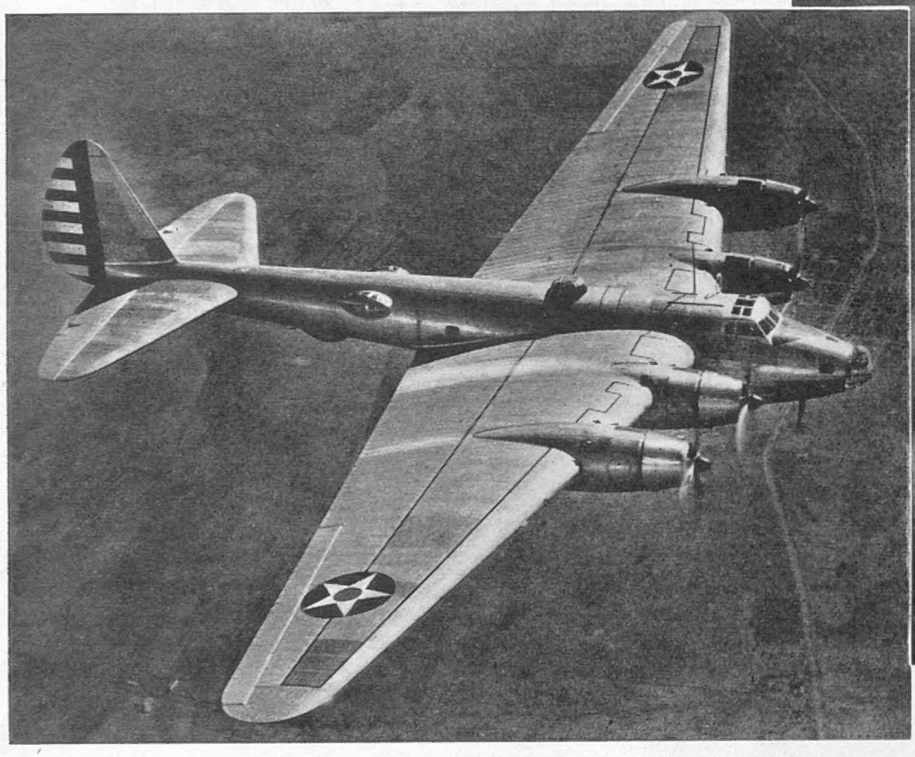
The purse-strings of European exchequers have been unloosed for them. Certain existing models have cost—not thousands of pounds, but *hundreds of thousands of pounds* to bring to their present condition of almost supernatural perfection. Men have died from the worry of improving them. Men have died through accidents in the engineering shops when producing them. Test pilots have died trying to do the impossible with them.

And now, on the vast military airfields of Europe, they stand gleaming—monsters that have destroyed men and whose very purpose is to destroy men, darlings for whom men have died gladly, and merely to fly which young men scheme and pray and queue up in anxious files, with eyes glittering and mouths slightly open in dreams of ecstasy with them among the clouds.

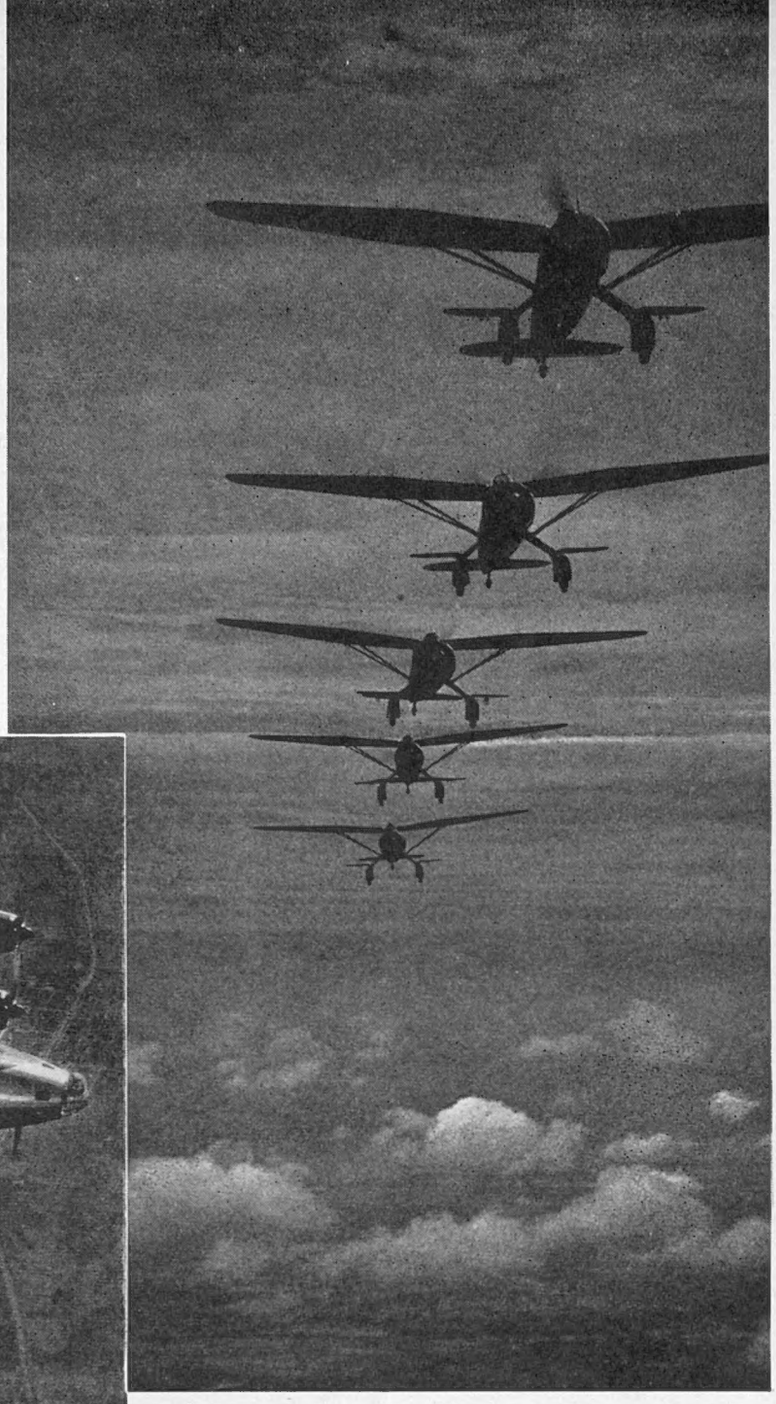
For twenty years it has been my daily job to test the best of these witches of the skies, to master them, to make them show me their paces.

Some of Britain's best (and that, to-day, spells the world's best once again, though it was not so last year), I have chidden and corrected and brought up almost like my own children.

Over the stoves that warm the pilots' rooms in Europe's greatest airfields, I have gossiped with foreign test pilots about their favourite machines. I have tramped out on to the glaring tarmac with them, touched outstretched wings, caressed the gleaming hearts of fighters and bombers never intended for foreign eyes to see—even taken some of them roaring up the skies, and thrilled to feel under my hands the throbbing life of aircraft built to challenge our own superlatives.



U.S. Army Boeing bomber "XB 15," weighing over thirty tons. It is the biggest weight-carrying aircraft on earth and took 670,000 man-hours of engineering work and shop labour to construct. Wing span is one hundred and fifty feet. The "blisters" on body contain men and guns



British reconnaissance aircraft Westland Lysanders, returning home after flying over enemy territory

In the Winged Brotherhood, these things happen—the men who have plunged with broken wings like Icarus out of the heavens learn a kinship that is stronger than ties of race or blood. And what can I tell you about the best of the world's aircraft to-day?

What is there for a pilot to say? I am not a poet, to set words afire as I tell of the glory of thundering through the tenderness of morning at seven miles a minute! I cannot picture for you the godliness of dropping like a thunderbolt out of heights where the puny ball of the earth is forgotten.

I could quote you figures, dry as dust, that would stir the imagination of an expert to reeling fantasies; but to the layman they mean nothing.

So the best I can do is to try to describe, in limping words, some of the marvels that the world's most wondrous machinery can perform—and if I give you secrets from Germany, Italy, France, the United States and Soviet Russia, you may still be sure that I shall not disclose any of England's, and so you must add something to my words before you can estimate even the edge of what is hidden in our mighty aircraft sheds.

LET me begin with the biggest thing that flies—stupendous U.S. Army Boeing "XB 15."

It weighs more than thirty tons. Over 670,000 man-hours of engineering work and shop labour went into its construction. Its wing span is one hundred and fifty feet from tip to tip; Britain's biggest is about one hundred feet.

There are over seven miles of wiring in the electrical system aboard. It has a massive double-truck landing gear, with four huge pneumatic tyres, but this gear and the tail wheel are retractable, to offer less wind resistance when flying.

The kitchenette in the hull would be a modern housewife's delight, could she but forget the menace of the machine's existence; it contains an electric hotplate, percolator, soup heater and dry icebox, and it is decorated in gleaming chromium and white. Working, sleeping and living quarters aboard are sound-proofed, heated and ventilated.

Modern safety devices include elaborate radio equipment, intricate navigation instruments, cameras for daylight star-photography for dead reckoning, an automatic pilot, de-icing

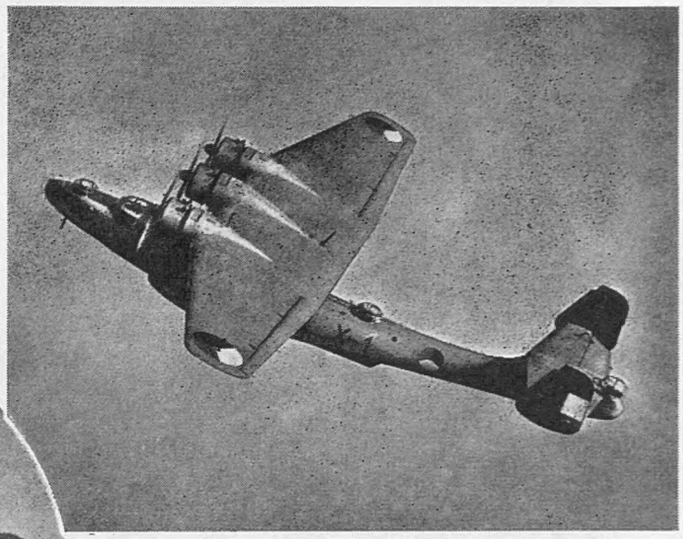
War Birds of the World

What the aircraft designers have done to produce better and faster fighting aeroplanes

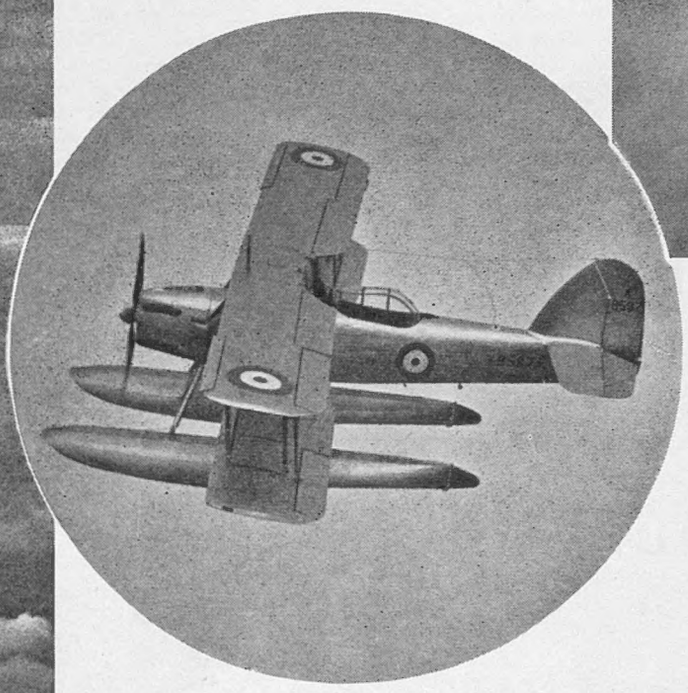
By

Captain H. C. Biard

(Test Pilot and Schneider Trophy Winner)



German naval Dornier "Do 24." This is a three-engined flying boat of long range, and is the type used to attack British warships



British light seaplane, the Fairey "Seafox," a two-seater reconnaissance machine

installations, wing flaps to reduce speed when landing, and amazing fire-protection apparatus.

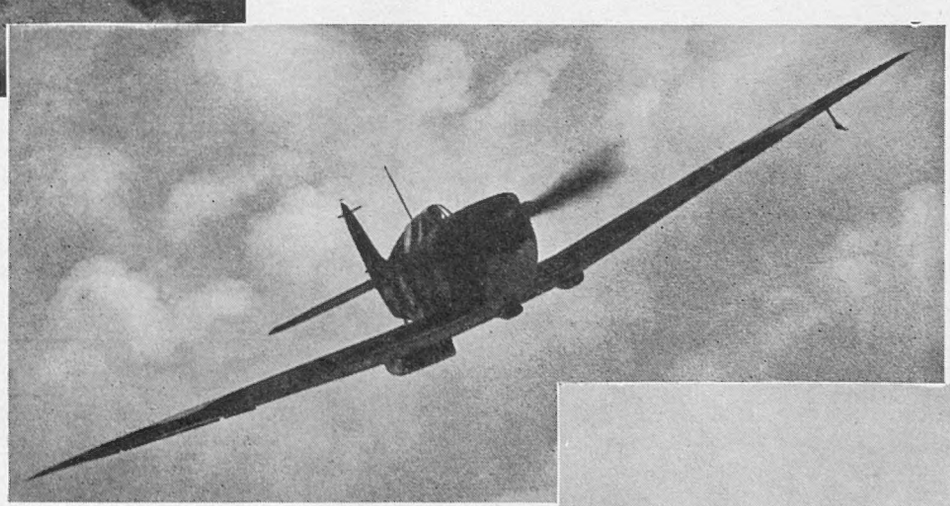
Armament includes six large gun emplacements (if you look at a picture of the machine, they show as minute "blisters") each of which carries blasting machine guns or quick-firing cannon, some of which latter throw nearly one thousand three-pound high explosive shells per minute.

Speed is somewhere in the region of 290 m.p.h. In addition to a large crew, the machine can carry nearly fourteen thousand pounds of bombs and ammunition as a war load.

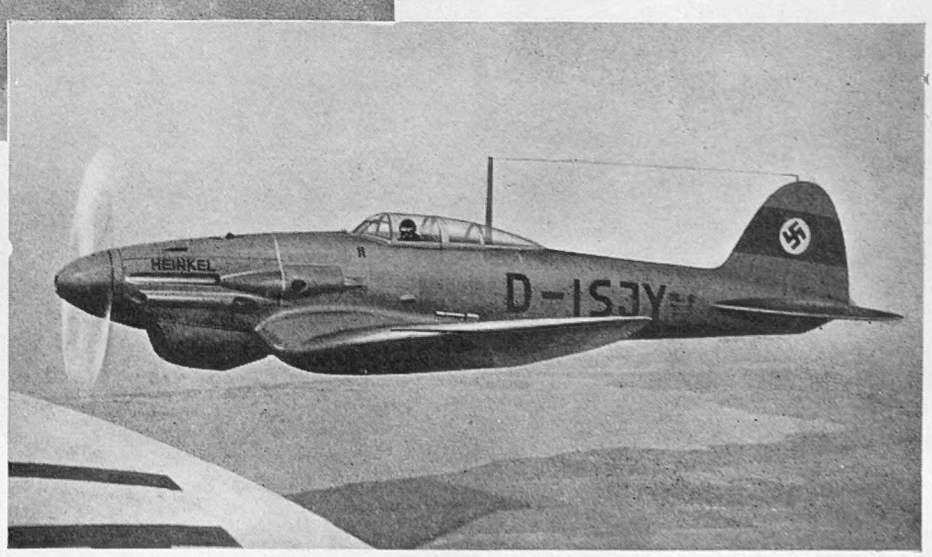
When this monstrous bomber flies over a city, the deep note of its four stupendous engines silences the ant-hill activity below, the great wings cut off the sunlight, and women look suddenly at their children, stopping their play to point excitedly upwards.

Scarcely less formidable is the U.S. Army "Flying Fortress," said to be the fastest heavy bomber in the world. Already, the United States has some sixty of these dreadful giants in use.

An all-metal monoplane, powered by four 1,000-h.p. "Cyclone" engines, it has a range of well over three thousand (*Continued on page* 70)



British "Spitfire" single-seat fighter monoplane. Recently an R.A.F. officer flying one of these machines, diving from a considerable height, reached the speed of between 650 and 700 m.p.h. On pulling his machine out of the dive, he continued his flight in a vertical climb of 400 m.p.h. This feat pays tribute not only to the skill of the pilot but to the robust construction of this machine



German Heinkel "112 U" fighter which has exceeded 464 m.p.h.—one of the fastest warplanes in the world. Note the new curved wing

Personal Column

Cupid takes a hand in a case of espionage

By Arthur Mills

THIS story starts with two advertisements which appeared on different dates in a provincial paper.

"WALTER. COMING TO BRIGHTON SUNDAY. WHERE CAN WE MEET. H. P."

To which the following reply was inserted:

"H. P. METROPOLE BAR 12.30 SUNDAY. WALTER."

As she sat down in the Metropole Bar on the Sunday in question, Favel Wood saw that there were some twenty people in the place, all sitting at tables, except three men, standing at the bar. She saw a man at a table by himself on the other side of the room, watching the door just as she was doing. He had brown hair, a dark complexion and appeared to be about thirty; a striped collar was held tightly to his throat by a speckled tie. Her attention was attracted to him because he was obviously waiting for somebody; he watched the door the whole time, looked at his watch twice, and once called up a waiter and questioned him.

At one o'clock, the brown-haired man rose. When he was standing, Favel judged his height to be about six feet; he had a good figure. She allowed him a few moments start, then went out to the entrance hall.

The brown-haired man was standing by the swing doors when she came into the hall. He looked at her quickly; Favel returned the look; seen close, his face was attractive. A moment later she saw him leaving the hotel. She hurried to the big window and watched him get into a closed grey car, with number plate, DCD 348. She went to the telephone, made her report, and was told to go in to lunch and expect to be called back later. The call came in half an hour. Mrs. Wallace told her to come to Ebury Street for further instructions.

It was 4.30 when Favel reached London. She found Mrs. Wallace sitting at her window working on a piece of embroidery. The old lady's lips were moving as she carefully counted a row of stitches.

"You have done very well, my dear," Mrs. Wallace said. "The man you saw getting into the grey car is 'H. P.'"

"He was certainly waiting for somebody. He looked as if he might be an Italian," Favel said.

"No, he is an Austrian. Here, read that," Mrs. Wallace gave Favel a piece of paper.

Car number DCD 348 was registered by Hengist Penda, of Little Wallets Farm, Ditchling, on 3/10/38. Penda is an Austrian author, who came to England when Germany seized Austria. He has a Home Office permit to remain in this country. He is understood to have rented Little Wallets Farm as he wished for quiet surroundings to work. The farm is situated near the Sussex Downs, two miles from Ditchling. Penda has several acquaintances locally; nothing is known against him.

"Is he an author?" Favel asked.

"Yes, but that does not explain why he inserted the first advertisement in a provincial paper."

"The initials might be a coincidence," Favel suggested.

"He came to the Metropole Bar at 12.30. I think there will be a case for you to work on, Favel."

Favel was thinking of Hengist Penda's dark eyes looking into hers. "He will remember having seen me in the Metropole," she said.

Mrs. Wallace looked keenly at the girl. "Did you make an impression on him, my dear?"

"He looked at me pretty hard and it wasn't because he was suspicious," Favel said.

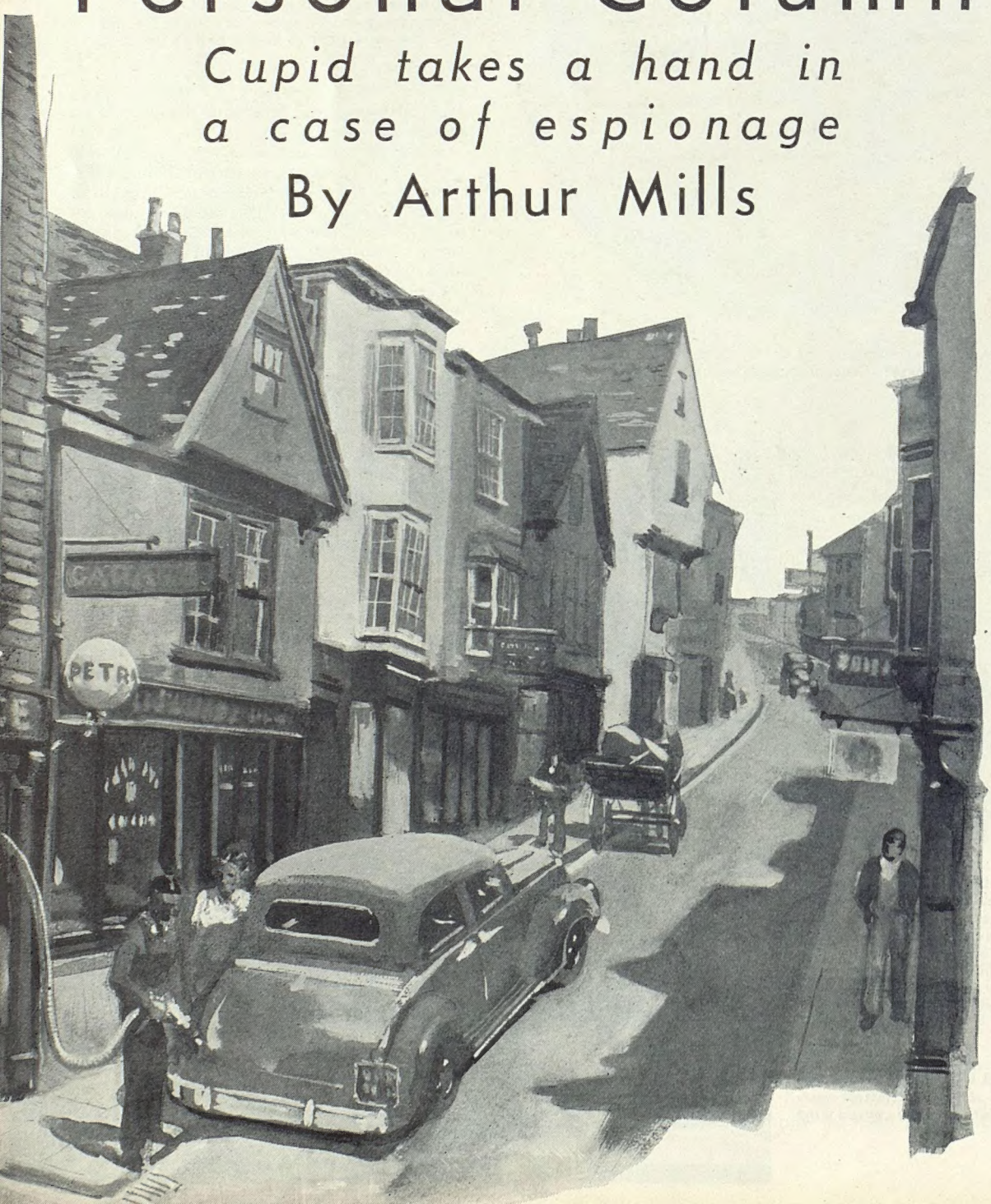
The old woman rubbed her hands together. "Splendid. Now we must talk over what you are going to do. How would you like a week in the country?"

THE Beacon Hotel was a large converted country house with a swimming pool, tennis court, croquet lawn, and flower and vegetable gardens; a small group of elderly people lived there for several months in the year; there was a clientele of young folk who came at week-ends and garlanded the swimming pool, tennis courts, and later the bar.

"Yes, you can have a room on that side," Favel was told when she arrived at the Beacon.

The manageress took her to the second floor and opened the door of a single room that looked out upon a small farm house, separated by two meadows from the hotel.

"That is Little Wallets Farm," the manageress said; "it is let to an author; he is an Austrian,



He pulled up in the main street to fill up with petrol

Looking round, Favel saw a gnome-like looking little man wearing grey flannels and a pullover

I believe, but he talks English as well as you or I; comes in here most evenings."

Later in the evening the manageress introduced Favel to Penda, when he came over for his evening drink. The manageress said: "This is Miss Wood who has come down here to get a rest."

Favel looked across and met those dark brown eyes. Hengist Penda bowed, then said slowly, "On Sunday, you were in the bar of the Metropole Hotel, Brighton, before luncheon."

"I was."

"I was, too; I had gone to meet a friend who did not come; so I sat by myself and watched the other people. You had a big man with a red face and a lady in a green dress with you."

"That's right," Favel said, "we came down from London for the day. Did you find your friend in the end?"

"No, he did not come."

"Does he live in Brighton?"

Penda shrugged. "I do not know where he lives; only that he has been staying there; I wrote to say that I was coming to Brighton and asked where I could meet him; he told me to come to the Metropole Bar. I do not understand what happened. I am going into Brighton again this evening to see if I can find him." He kept his eyes on her while he spoke. "And you? Have you also something you want to do in Brighton?"

"That is very kind of you," Favel said.

THEY pulled up in front of the Metropole. "We'll have one look and see if he is there," Penda said.

They climbed the steps, passed through the lounge, and went into the bar. There were six people in the place. Penda looked round and shook his head. "Let's have a cocktail, anyway," he suggested.

"Is the man you want to see English?" Favel asked.

The reply astounded her. "I don't know. I've never met him."

He smiled at her astonishment. "He is a fan—rather

She saw Walther standing behind her, he had an automatic with a funnily shaped squat barrel in his hand: his mouth was grinning but his little black eyes were savage

a mysterious one. Several days ago he wrote to say he had read one of my books and would like to meet me; he would not give his address but asked me to put an advertisement in the personal column of a certain paper, if I was coming to Brighton, to which he would reply by the same means." Penda paused. "I haven't told anybody about this, because it sounds so ridiculous."

"How did he get your address to start with?"

"He wrote, care of my publishers; they forwarded the letter. The whole business was extremely silly, he might just as well have used the same means to make an appointment direct. I fell for it because—" Penda smiled, "—no author can resist a real life mystery."

"Then you never actually wrote to him?"

Penda shook his head. "I couldn't. I don't know his address. I had not the face to admit to those people on the lawn that I'd been corresponding through the agony column."

"You have no idea who 'Walter' is?"

"None."

"How do you know he often comes in here?" she asked.

"Because he said so in his original letter."

This answer tallied with what Penda had previously said. Favel thought of Mrs. Wallace's instructions: "He may not be an agent at all."

"I suppose he read one of your books in English," she said. "Who publishes for you over here?"

"Lightfoot in Pall Mall have printed one; they are going to do another."

"Are you famous in Austria?"

"I was beginning to be read; that is finished now."

"Because of Hitler?" she said. He did not look a Jew.

"The party. I wrote what I thought about them."

"What did you think?"

The line of his mouth hardened; the rounded cheeks seemed to become bony. "They are no good."

Favel looked across at the bar, a man in a white jacket was shaking their cocktails, at the far end of the bar a little man was sitting with his shoulders hunched, holding an evening paper in front of him. When she looked up she saw the little man watching them over the top of the paper. She said to Penda: "Why don't you ask the barman if any one has inquired if you have been in here?"

"The barman does not know my name."

"The man who wants to see you does. Tell the barman who you are; it's worth trying, he may have been given a message."

"All right," Penda agreed.

The barman came across with their drinks; Penda waited till he had put the glasses on the table then said: "Has anybody been asking for me, I arranged to meet a friend here on Sunday, I wonder if he has been in since?"

"What name, sir?"

"Hengist Penda—P E N D A," he spelt it.

The barman turned round. "Yes, Mr. Penda, there is a gentleman here now who wants to see you. He came just after you had gone on Sunday."

"Sitting by himself at the end of the bar?"

The barman nodded: "I'll tell him you are here."

"One moment; before you do that, could you find out his name—without telling him mine?"

"I could ask the gentleman, sir."

"If it is Walter, then it is all right; I'd like to meet him."

"Mr. Walter, sir?"

"Yes, or Walter somebody—Walter Jones, Walter Smith?"

He turned to Favel. "Do you mind all this?"

"No, I'm fascinated; it is most exciting to watch a meeting between an author and an unknown fan. I wonder which book he read?"

"I don't know."

"He wrote to your English publishers," Favel said, "you said you had only had one book translated." She saw Penda falter for an instant, just a twitch of the eyebrows and mouth, then he said: "Perhaps that was the one he read." He looked across the room, the little man was getting down from his stool.

Favel watched the stranger cross the room; he walked diffidently, putting his weight on his toes, as people do who come in late for church. When he came to the table he said: "Mr. Hengist Penda?"

Penda got up and held out his hand, he was smiling good humouredly. "Are you the mysterious Walter?"

The little man's manner gave the impression that he was dreadfully embarrassed, but Favel noticed that his eyes were cool.

"Yes, I am. I'm afraid you will think me a terrible nuisance." His English was perfect, his appearance foreign, he had the same dark skin as Hengist Penda.

"Well, what can I do for you Mr—er——?"

"Walter, that is my name, WALTHER *—hein,*" he pronounced it quite differently, looking keenly at Penda. "I am from the same country as you."

Hengist Penda's face lightened; he said something in German, Walther answered in the same tongue. Penda turned to Favel. "Do you understand German?"

"Just a little; you asked him if he wanted to go back to his home."

"That's right," Penda nodded.

Favel lit a cigarette, she needed it, this was a moment that mattered; she was certain now that neither of the men had any thought that she could be connected with the British Government."

"Let me introduce you," Penda said to Walther. "This is Miss Wood who is staying at the hotel next to my farm. She knows about you because I was telling her of our queer correspondence. What happened on Sunday? I came in at the time you said."

"I did not say a time?"

"You said Metropole Bar, 12.30. I've got the cutting."

"Someone else put that in."

The two men looked at one another, both were indifferent to Favel.

"Someone else put in the advertisement!" Penda repeated.

Walther nodded, his little eyes looked bright and cunning. "They had seen my advertisement," he said. He turned to Favel. "You must think this all so silly, but there was a reason why I could not write to Mr. Penda."

"Why?" Favel asked.

"The party."

"The Nazis do you mean? What can they do?"

Walther leant forward. "Nothing in England, but in Austria—my brothers and sisters are still there."

Favel puffed at her cigarette. It looked as if the case was going to fizzle out. Just an anti-Nazi trying to get in touch with another of his creed.

Then Hengist Penda spoke. "Miss Wood was in here when I came to meet you on Sunday morning," he said to Walther.

"So!" The little man turned to Favel, she felt his eyes looking straight into hers. "And now you are staying at an hotel near his farm!"

FAVEL stayed on at the Beacon; she did not see "Walter" again, but at the end of a week she had Penda enslaved.

One evening as they were strolling on the lawn he said: "I'm going down to the West Country to-morrow, or next day; I'm not sure which. I shall stay about a day and come (*Continued on page* 66)

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

It Might

A GIRL sat at the counter of a soda fountain, and because she was in that soda fountain on a certain day at a certain hour she is now a film star, hailed as the new Jean Harlow.

A girl sold a box of candy over the counter of a shop on Hollywood Boulevard. She sees her name on forty-eight-sheet posters, to-day . . . A young man drove his wife to a studio, one bright afternoon, in order that she might make a film test for a small part. Instead, *he* made the test; a very different kind of test, for one of the biggest roles of the year. And played the part.

A girl gave a manicure to a film executive in a barber's shop on Hollywood Boulevard; she is a star, thanks to that lucky manicure . . . A handsome young man, down to the last £5 he owned in the world, went to visit a film star in an English studio, because she thought it might amuse a gay "playboy" to watch what real work was like. He was

Carolyn Lee, four years old, is one of the greatest joys films have seen for many a long month

Dorothy Lamour was once an elevator girl; she did not think she would be a film star

Osa Massen, a native of Denmark, made her debut in *Husbands or Lovers*

Don Ameche, star of radio and screen, had no intention either way—but fate intervened

William Holden is the young actor who played the lead in *Golden Boy* last year

Brenda Joyce was discovered at a college sports meeting by an astute film magnate

Arleen Whelan, who was a manicurist in Hollywood, now on the way to becoming a star

Lana Turner, whose discovery as a potential film star might happen to any charming girl

Ray Milland, one of many film stars who broke in the film business by pure accident

Ellen Drew who once worked next door to the Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard, was discovered by a Paramount executive

Helen Gilbert played the 'cello in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio orchestra. Now, after persuasion, is under contract to act instead

Mary Healy became a film star by accident. Was once a secretary in a New Orleans film exchange. Had a leading role in the film *Daytime Wife*

Have Been You

By Margaret Chute

seen by a casting director, and became an extra next day. All the world knows his face and his voice to-day.

In every country young men and young girls are working as secretaries, motor car salesmen, manicurists, shop assistants, film cutters, film musicians. To any of them, at any moment, may come that once-in-a-million chance; the chance that causes the right person to see them, at the right second. And they find themselves, through no effort or wish of their own, lifted from the somewhat prosaic job they have been doing, and planted without more ado in the brittle, exciting atmosphere of a film studio, there to become famous—if their luck holds.

That is why I have called this article "It Might Have Been You!"

Any of the events that led the people about whom I am going to write to the fame that is now theirs might have happened, just as easily, to any reader of this magazine. It is all a question of luck. For instance, take the true story of lovely Lana Turner, whose name is in lights and will stay in lights for a very long time to come. She is nineteen years old. She did not intend to have anything to do with films or studios. She felt dress designing might be the best profession for her to follow. She has a lot of wisdom behind those clear blue-grey eyes, and she knew that it was certain she would always have lots of attentive people to fetch and carry for her, right through her life.

Looking in her mirror, she could hardly fail to think otherwise; but she was wise enough to know that if she wanted to stay worthy of the fetch-and-carry brigade who would be ever at her service she must never fail to look as nice and as smart as possible. This notion came into her head while she was still at school, and stayed there. So she started to re-design her own rather simple clothes; adding here, chopping away there, making a completely new gown out of an old one.

She does the same thing, still; not only with her clothes, but with her hair and her make-up. She never looks the same two weeks running. An intriguing individual is Lana Turner. She went to Hollywood with her mother, because Mrs. Turner found she could get better and more highly paid jobs in beauty parlours in the film city than in San Francisco. Lana, at fourteen, went to school, and was not amused. So she skipped out of class, whenever she could, and hastened to the drug store at the corner of the road, there to perch herself on a high stool, and order a strawberry ice cream soda, with lots of cream.

The owner and publisher of Hollywood's principal film trade paper watched Miss Turner sipping her ice cream soda; gave her a card and told her to hurry over and see his friend Zeppo Marx—yes, one of those Mad Marx Brethren. Zeppo, having given up the crazy film business, has turned himself into a highly successful film agent; and Zeppo's wisdom spotted a potential star in the schoolgirl who walked into his office. That's how Lana Turner gave up fashion designing for films; and it might be the story of any schoolgirl of the same age. If they looked like Lana, that is to say.

Ray Milland had tried his hand at many things; but never at acting. He had been a farmer, a horse trainer; he had sailed on a potato boat from Weymouth to Jersey for many weary months; he had been in the Life Guards. Then a legacy turned him into a playboy. But legacies do not last for ever, especially when they are spent at the pace Mr. Milland spent the one his aunt left to her favourite nephew.

Thus did Mr. Ray Milland, extremely good-looking and very gay of heart, find himself somewhere in middle Europe with not much more than £10 left in his wallet, no job, and no prospect of ever getting one, that he could see. He went back to London; and there made up his mind to have one last glorious fling by taking the only charming actress he knew out to dine and dance. The actress was Estelle Brody, then starring at Elstree in several English films.

Ray and Estelle had a happy evening; and when it was over she suggested that it might amuse him to come out to Elstree the next day, and have a look at the way films are made. Wondering how he would get as far as Elstree, or, having got there, how he would ever get back, Ray said he'd be *delighted* to come along! By going without breakfast he got to Elstree by train instead of on his feet, and through a long afternoon he sat at the side of the set, in the kind of world that was a real mystery to him. Part of the time he stood behind one of the arcs, leaning his six feet three of manhood against the iron stem of the light.

Suddenly a stranger touched him on the arm, and asked if he would like to report at the studio next day to work as an extra in a big café scene, for which they needed tall good-looking young men, who could dance—oh, by the way, of course this tall good-looking young man *could* dance? Yes, he could dance. And dance he did, for hour after hour, as one of the laughing crowd whirling round the restaurant floor. One guinea; and thanks very much; and would you please report again to-morrow?

That is how Ray Milland broke into the film business. Very simple, when you come to think of it. (*Continued on page 76*)

THE woman's eyes flashed angrily as a thick-set, red-faced man—in stained, ragged, shoddy clothes, and in his hand a taxi-driver's cap—followed her up the aisle of the church.

"Told you to wait, didn't I?" was her sibilant whisper. "I wasn't going to sneak out of the side door, and cheat you out of your fare."

His reply, also whispered, was in grammatical, though heavily accented English:

"Nor was I afraid you would."

"Then why do you——"

"Follow you? I didn't." He gave a little laugh that was not one of amusement. "I came here—how you say?—on my own hook." He paused. "I used to be a soldier. And once in a while," pointing at the altar, "I feel like talking to the captain—though the captain never talks to me. . . ."

Here were words immensely, tragically Russian. In Russian, too, dropping on his knees in one of the pews, he muttered a prayer for the dead:

"Pilgrim, rest, from ill defended,
Strife and striving now are past;
Sheathe thy blade, the war is ended.
Thine the victory, peace at last. . . ."

A double prayer it was. A prayer for the repose of the soul of the young girl whom he had loved and who, as the Cossacks had galloped out, had gone down under the trampling hooves, the flash of lances and the swish-swish-swish of raw-hide *nagaika* whips; and a prayer for the repose of the soul of the man whom he had killed on that winter day, forty-eight hours later, taking careful aim from where he stood, beneath the rococo portico of the church of the Ekaterinoslav Regiment. . . .

HE remembered how he had met them, the girl and the man. That had been on an evening, in 1912, two years before the World War broke out, when, in the palace of the Grand Duchess Anastasia Constantinovna, he made his initial bow to Moscow society.

Young he was and handsome. Smart in his new uniform—he had been gazetted a few weeks earlier. Ingenuous enough to feel impressed at having been invited here, though it had been a wholesale invitation—or, rather, command—to all the officers of the Cossack Guards. Provincial enough to be slightly awed by the frivolous, hand-kissing metropolitan glitter about him.

For heretofore he had lived in the country, near Orenburg. He had been brought up by private tutors on the estate of his guardian, old Prince Pavel Delyanoff, who, formerly an equerry to the tsar, had retired to his ancestral acres where he attended to his wine cellar, his pedigree pigs, and—more for the sake of princely duty than for pleasure—the occasional seduction of a likely peasant wench.

Alexis—so one day, he must have been about nine, the prince had informed him—was the only child of Dmitry and Olga Trepoff.

"They were cousins, the last of their line," Delyanoff had added, "with no living relatives. You were two when your father, who had gone to Turkestan to look after properties he owned there, was murdered by raiding tribesmen. So you're alone in the world, but for your mother. And she," with a sigh, "is—oh . . ."

"I know."

Indeed, she might as well not have existed. Still beautiful, with her oval features, her black hair folded like a raven's wings over tiny ears, her large violet blue eyes. But the mind behind those lovely eyes was a blank.

"It snapped," explained Delyanoff, "at the news of your father's death. On that morning—an instinct, I suppose, that told her it would mean an escape from whatever reminded her of her great grief—she destroyed every last letter and scrap of paper, every last memento, every last photograph connected with her husband, her family, herself." A silence. Then the prince had asked, "Do you remember your father at all?"

"No."

When Alexis, curious to know what his father had looked like, had suggested that one of the latter's friends might possibly have a photograph or snapshot—why not write and find out?—Delyanoff had replied that Dmitry Trepoff had been a strange, self-contained sort who had gone his own way. . . .

"Hardly ever visited Moscow. Preferred the country. Didn't care for people. I was, I believe, his only friend."

From time to time, through the years that followed, Delyanoff had given Alexis additional and always unimportant details: how fond Dmitry had been of hunting wolves; how his peasants had adored him; how, after dinner, he and Olga had played cards, usually bezique, by the hour; how he had liked Americans and Englishmen, had disliked Germans, Poles and Scandinavians, had classed Jews as necessary evils—since one had to borrow money from them and, at times, when they refused, beat them with a whip until they saw reason.

Oh, yes, unimportant details! The kind which would have applied to the average Russian country gentleman of those days. And, after a while, when with puberty life had become more of a personal

matter, the boy had begun to doubt the older man, had finally ceased to believe him altogether.

Not as to Olga. She was his mother. But his father—killed by Turkomans—not a single letter of his in existence, not a single photograph, not a single friend, not a single—oh, something to bring him out of the dim realm of shadows and endow him with the breath of reality. . . .

A story made out of whole cloth!

The truth—he had been convinced—was that Olga had been the prince's mistress and that he himself was the illegitimate son. Evidently Delyanoff was embarrassed at admitting it, and this had amused the boy. Why, he had reflected, there was no cause for embarrassment! Such things happened.

The moral aspect?

Aristocrat

In the crazy weave of Revolution he found and lost the threads of his Life

By Achmed Abdullah

"I'm a Christian," said the grand duke. "I believe in kindly deeds—even towards an enemy. You see," addressing Alexis—"our delightful baroness is a revolutionary firebrand"

He had smiled.

For he, too, even in his 'teens, had the aristocratic Russian viewpoint which refused to be prisoned by finite, ethical symbols; which strained violently against being petrified by accepted standards. . . .

No, no! No moral aspect was involved.

Why, it was exotic, melodramatic, had the glorious aroma of tragedy, to be the illegitimate son of a rakish, handsome old prince and a lovely woman who had lost her mind! It was like a tremendous novel that Dostoevski or Turgenev might have written. And often, at night, the thought of it would come to his bedside like a pleasant ghost and say to him:

"You are somebody! For you are unlike the ordinary run of mortals!"

HERE was the longing for romance—and the longing for romance, too, when, one day, he told his guardian that it was time he made something of his life. The army, of course. Glittering uniform and silver-sheathed sword. . . .

Delyanoff had been against it; had finally given in, when Alexis had insisted.

"Very well. I'll write to the commander-in-chief in Moscow. I'll pull a few wires. If you must be a gold-braided jackanapes, you might as well do it in style. The Cossack Guards for you." He had coughed. "By the way, don't mention your parents in Moscow. It might cause—oh, bad feelings. Because," in a rush of words, "your father—that was one of the reasons why he buried himself in the country—was an idealistic hot-head when he was your age, got mixed up in some silly revolutionary intrigue. Therefore you understand . . . ?"

Alexis had suppressed a laugh; had looked fondly and a little patronisingly at Delyanoff; had reflected here

was another cock-and-bull story, invented on the spur of the moment, lest the truth shock him. The old prince trying to cover the tracks of his gay youth! Oh, wasn't it amusing, chiefly considering that only last week one of the peasants had called with his youngest daughter on the hypocritical old darling, had left fifteen minutes later, his face wreathed in smiles and richer by a couple of thousand rubles?

Well, he'd make believe Delyanoff had him fooled.

Prince Delyanoff came up from the country and visited him. "The papers," he said, "report you shot the grand duke because you joined the revolutionary party"

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

"I'll be," he had assured him, "the soul of discretion."

So now he was in Moscow. Smart in his new uniform. Flattered and slightly awed at finding himself in the palace of a grand duchess. And, after a while, rather put out when he noticed that nobody paid attention to him, that he was the outsider from the provinces, unfamiliar with the catch-words, the shimmering platitudes and jests and small talk that passed from mouth to mouth.

He scowled. Gloomily, he stared at his shoes, unaware of the girl who stood there observing him.

Such a sulky young man, she thought, though good-looking. Intensely, tersely masculine and, she decided with quick sympathy, he seemed over sensitive.

She spoke suddenly:

"Would you give me a cigarette?"

"Oh!" Her turned, saw her. "Certainly . . ."

He fumbled about, saw that his case was empty, and she said:

"All right. I'll have one of my own."

HE laughed. So did she. She opened her case and offered him a Bostanioglo. She sat down. After a second's hesitation, he took a seat beside her. They exchanged names. She was Baroness Elena de Wittegenstein, a German-Russian from Riga. They smoked for a while in silence.

He looked at her sideways. He thought:

"Isn't she lovely!"

So she was, with her russet hair, her small waxen features, her full lips that were more coral than cherry, her nice wide forehead, clear and brave and sensible as a boy's. He told himself, quite unreasonably, that he liked her—lots. Perhaps more than merely liked her, although he did not know her at all. . . .

Aloud, as just then the music began to play, he said:

"Shall we dance?"

It was a gipsy orchestra. The music was dreamy, seductive. She taught him the latest American steps, introduced via London and Paris; and he taught her some ancient Russian peasant steps which, some day, would be rediscovered and made fashionable.

"Faster!" she whispered.

This, thought Alexis, is the nicest thing that has ever happened to me.

Then the music stopped. There was champagne and lobster salad; and, sitting close to her, he told himself that he was in love with her—violently in love. The thought, the knowledge of it, occurred to him suddenly. It caused a glimmering in his soul, growing rapidly into a great light. Perhaps this light was reflected in his eyes. For Elena de Wittegenstein smiled, asked him across the rim of her champagne glass:

"You look—oh, startled. Anything the matter?"

He meant to reply, "Why, don't you know? I love you!"

Instead, his words were, "Here goes the music again. Shall we have another dance?"

"I believe," a voice cut in sharply, "this is my waltz."

An elderly man had come up, tall and lean, with a face like a weary bloodhound.

"Oh, yes!" said the girl. "I forgot, your Highness." And, indicating Alexis, "May I present Lieutenant Alexis Trepoff—His Imperial Highness Grand Duke Fyodor Alexandrovitch."

The younger man bowed deeply, and the grand duke stared at him out of puckered, scrutinising eyes.

"Alexis Trepoff, eh?"

"Yes, your Highness."

Alexis flushed. The calm arrogance, he thought, with which the other had interrupted the conversation; the negligently proprietary way in which he now put an arm about Elena's waist to lead her off to the dance floor! A grand duke and—yes, the commander-in-chief, while he himself was a nobody, a second lieutenant. . . .

He was conscious of jealousy, a certain dull anger, and the grand duke must have read a little of what passed through his mind. He laughed disagreeably, remarked with succinct brutality:

"Don't worry. The female of the species has bored me these fifteen years or so."

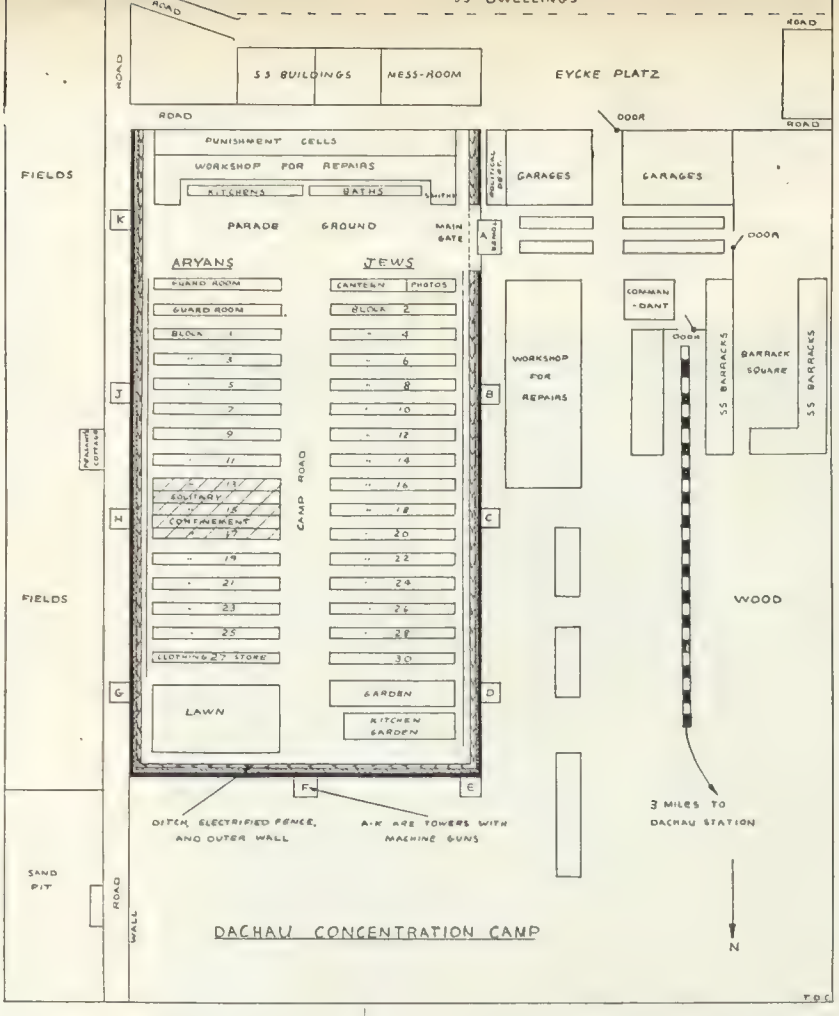
"And yet," smiled Elena, "you claimed this waltz."

"Self sacrifice. I'm a Christian. I believe in kindly deeds, even towards an enemy. You see," addressing Alexis, "our delightful little baroness is a revolutionary firebrand. Didn't know that, eh?"

"N-no, your Highness," was the stammered rejoinder.

"Well, take care she doesn't infect you with her comic notions that all men, even peasants and Jews, are free and equal; that the only place for a handsome Romanoff head, such as mine, is a tall spiked pole. (*Continued on page* 93)

In Dachau Concentration Camp



This camp, which was one of the first to be established by the Nazi Government, is situated in a wooded district near Munich. It contains on an average—for the numbers fluctuate—about 8,000 "Aryans" and 2,500 Jews. These prisoners are racially segregated, and are housed in groups of 200 in wooden barracks called "blocks," built on either side of the camp street.

The sand pit in one corner of the interior section is officially called a "grass plot"; it is generally found to contain a great deal of blood. On the left, outside the camp, will be noticed the cottage of a peasant, who was punished for looking over the wall into the camp by being interned in it for a short time. "Eycke Square" received its name from the first commandant who left behind him a reputation for brutality.

The following account was written by a Viennese doctor, who was able to escape and is now safe in America.

AT three in the morning we heard a series of sharp trumpet blasts accompanied by shouts of: "Get out of your beds!" We all jumped up, half asleep and still dead beat from our previous day's work. One group hurried to the washing-room, and another began to make the beds.

This task was one of the most irritating things we had to do. The bed, consisting of a half-filled straw sack, a sheet, a cover and straw-filled pillows had to be arranged to look like a sharp-edged rectangular block. It was very difficult to build up a proper bed even with a well-filled straw sack, but we had to do it with the half-filled and shapeless sack.

At least one-fourth of all punishments were imposed for unsatisfactory bed making. Within about fifteen minutes all beds had to be in order, and then we went into the other room, while the dormitory orderlies carried out their duties.

FOUR men from the dormitory occupied by fifty had the task of sweeping and making the room tidy and polishing the floor. Meanwhile, the other prisoners drank their so-called coffee, whose only resemblance to real coffee consisted of its black colour, and with it we ate some bread. Our breakfast did not last longer than five minutes and was generally swallowed down standing.

We then all hurried out of the room so that the prisoners whose duty it was to clear it could begin their job, and at the same time the washing-room and lavatory had also to be cleaned. In all these different tasks almost all the inmates of the room were engaged under the direction of an Aryan foreman.

The prisoners are divided into companies and marched to their separate places of work within the camp, following the assignment of work for the day

At about five a.m. we heard the signal: "March!" All the prisoners marched out in groups under the command of the Aryan foreman of the block and advanced to the parade square, the Jews on the right and the Aryans on the left. We all waited for our names to be called out by the officer whose duty it was to conduct the roll call. Woe to the prisoner who did not stand to attention: in the evening he was cruelly bound to a tree. After the camp commandant appeared and the prisoners, at a given signal, greeted him by taking off their hats (if they had any)—a procedure which took us days to learn—the officer who made the roll call delivered the report and then the order was given: "Form labour squads."

Everybody hurried to some labour group. The prisoners were divided up in groups of various sizes under the leadership of an Aryan "capo" who had a number of "sub-capos" under him.

There were labour groups of joiners, painters, etc., to which no Jews were admitted, as their work was not hard enough. For the Jews there were special squads with special "capos," the most brutal of whom was a man named Sterzer. This man had been sentenced to penal servitude for life for murder and rape, and, probably because of his special gifts in human torture, was transferred from prison to Dachau. This Sterzer beat the prisoners under him in the most brutal manner, especially the Jews, whom he would not allow to drink water even in the most broiling summer heat. I saw with my own eyes how he dragged a Jew, whom he had already beaten half-dead, by his hair from his place of work to the first-aid room.

All prisoners of any prominence, including the members of the highest Austrian nobility, had to go through his "school." Whoever survived work in this squad had nothing more to fear, as it could not be worse anywhere else.

There were other "capos" too, who distinguished themselves by their cruelty to their fellow-prisoners, especially to the Jews. Many carried on in this savage fashion only in the presence of "S.S." people, but in general they were tolerable.

The work in Dachau was carried out under the immediate control of the "S.S.", who at once beat any prisoner half-dead who seemed to them to work too slowly, and who also reported him on account of "laziness at work" so that he should be punished. There were squads in which Jews, in (*Continued on page 74*)

This picture shows a broadside being fired from the fifteen-inch guns of one of Britain's capital ships.

A close-up view of the fifteen-inch guns of H.M.S. "Hood" firing at target practice

When Big Ships go into Action

By Noel Mitchell

THE *Admiral Graf Spee* lies broken in the mouth of the River Plate. The U-boats have been defeated by British vigilance. British destroyers speed over the waters of the North Sea convoying our merchantmen. The blockade pincers are tightening on Germany.

Because of this fact, and because the freedom of the seas is inevitably that nation's who has big capital ships to back up the hornets, in the form of destroyers and light cruisers, Germany is expected to "come out" and make a fight of it before long.

Movements of the German fleet have been noted by British security patrols over Heligoland Bight. Will they mean a major sea battle, or will Germany fear to risk her all in an endeavour to break British naval supremacy?

Sea battles are always thrilling to read about. Since the days of Drake romance has shrouded reality where naval actions have been concerned. To-day the grappling of ship to ship, the boarding party and the close range broadside are gone. As often as not big capital ships fight each other when only the mast heads are in sight, sometimes when they are out of direct vision altogether.

Huge fourteen-inch guns, in turrets of three, hurl high explosive shells weighing two-thirds of a ton across anything from twelve to twenty miles of water, to find their mark on an area of less than 6,000 square feet. A battleship is roughly 90 feet across and some 600 feet long, yet another vessel is able to hit it again and again, dropping shells from a height of several miles from guns that are well below the horizon and whose crews see nothing whatever of the ship at which they are aiming.

There is little romance—save of a technical kind—in that form of fighting; little enough glamour. And actions to-day are liable to last anything from ten to thirty hours. With both vessels travelling at any speed between twenty and thirty knots, constantly changing course, and rolling in the swell, it is a marvel of modern science that shells ever hit them. That they do is only too evident from the battering received by the *Rawalpindi* and the *Graf Spee*.

IF Germany fights Britain at sea in mass formation the battle is likely to take place somewhere off the Norwegian coast, and to open at a range of twenty miles. At this distance only aeroplanes will be able to sight the opposing ships, and all gunfire will be directed by radio from scouting planes.

With both sides manœuvring for favourable positions such a battle will probably be long and tedious. Hours will pass with the ships fully cognisant of each other's positions but without big guns beginning to bark. Air attack, yes. Submarine attacks, too. Possible light raids by cruisers on the supporting craft of the big fellows, but the giants will hold tongue until they have fought out the silent battle of tactics.

With her overpowering weight of tonnage and guns Britain will most likely favour a battle in which the range is round about twelve miles. The ships would be visible then to the spotters in the control tops but invisible to those on deck level.

Suppose such position has been attained. What happens? As soon as the enemy has been sighted, by plane or otherwise, "Action Stations" is sounded on the loudspeakers throughout the great battleship. One thousand men spring to energetic life.

Numerous units have each their allotted tasks and the work is done with amazing speed and complete absence of confusion. Decks are cleared of anything that might obstruct the guns. Taffrails are taken down, gunners man the guns, the control top is manned, down in the depths of the ship radio operators stand by, and the plotting room, whence ranges are sent to gun turrets, is ready for work.

Ammunition hoists are set going, shells come up to the guns and the three hundredweights of cordite, in their bags, follow. Water-tight bulkhead doors are screwed down. Ports are covered with steel "lids." (*Continued on page 74*)

Dr. Macbeth

Who killed Freda? That was the problem Miss Finlayson was firmly determined to solve

By Laurence Kirk

THERE were three other patients in the waiting room, and if they accidentally caught each other's eyes, they hurriedly looked away and buried their faces in an elderly *Sphere* or *Tatler*. Miss Finlayson was the only one who made no pretence of reading anything. She had always wondered what people would be like who came to consult an eminent brain specialist, and she studied the others with disconcerting straightness. But they all seemed quite depressingly normal. No one stood on his head or even put out a tongue at her. They were just the same kind of people as one met in a dentist's waiting room A shade less nervous perhaps. That was all. Miss Finlayson herself was one of those straight-backed tweedy spinsters you would expect to meet in a Devonshire lane with two dogs behind her. And that, as it happened, was the exact place where you normally would have met her.

When her turn came she followed the maid briskly into Sir Giles Clauson's consulting room. Sir Giles—who looked more like an admiral than an alienist—started up with astonishment when she came in.

"Why, Miss Finlayson!" he exclaimed, rising to his feet. "I never dreamed it was you when I heard the name." He had met Miss Finlayson at Grindelwald, and had learned to respect her powers both with the curling stone and the human tongue.

Miss Finlayson shook his hand.

"It's me all right," she answered shortly. "But don't go and imagine there's anything wrong with me. I'm never ill. I don't believe in it."

Sir Giles smiled and invited her to sit down. He wasn't at all convinced by this remark. They very often began that way.

Miss Finlayson plumped herself down firmly in the chair by his desk. He, too, sat down and leaned forward slowly in the attentive professional manner which was generally so effective.

But it wasn't the least effective this time.

"Now don't put on airs just because you're in your consulting room," Miss Finlayson said sharply. "And don't look at me as though I were sex-starved or some nonsense of that kind! I've come to ask a perfectly straight question and I want a straight answer."

Sir Giles then laughed out aloud and became quite human.

"All right, all right!" he said. "You've won as usual. Now what is it I can do to help you?"

Miss Finlayson drew a deep breath.

"The thing I want to know is just this," she began. "What is sleep?"

Sir Giles's eyebrows went up with a jerk. If the question had been, "Who is God?" it would really have been just as easy. Some people would have gone into a long explanation using a great many technical words, but he knew that with Miss Finlayson it was much safer to tell the truth.

"We don't know exactly," he said.

"Just what I might have expected!" Miss Finlayson remarked with disgust. "I've always found you doctors know everything about every other disease except the one one's actually got."

"So you're suffering from insomnia!" Sir Giles became professional again.

"No, I'm not," Miss Finlayson rapped back. "I sleep very well—with both windows wide open. But I want to learn about sleep. Do you know anything about it at all?"

Sir Giles pressed the tips of his fingers together and looked at them.

FREDA was back at the night clubs again. Her aunt followed her and watched her dying on her feet

"Yes, we know quite a lot about it," he said at length. "We know it can be induced by a great many different drugs, and staved off by continual muscular exercise. We know, at least we think we know, that the sleep centre is situated in a certain part of the brain called the hypothalamus. Some authorities believe that it is caused by a change in the calcium content of the blood, but that isn't by any means proved."

"H'm!" Miss Finlayson gave a snort. "And where's this hypothalamus thing?"

Sir Giles pointed to a spot on the back of his head.

"And what does it look like?" Miss Finlayson demanded.

"It's just grey matter like the rest of the brain."

"H'm, that doesn't help *me* much!" Miss Finlayson paused a moment, then rapped out another question. "Do you know if any one has ever died from lack of sleep?"

"There's no actual medical record of a man dying from it."

"D'you mean a woman has, then?"

"No, no, but healthy dogs have died after being kept sleepless for fourteen days."

Miss Finlayson sat up and glared.

"Do you mean to say that you have dared to do a thing like that to *dogs*?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so," Sir Giles answered quite calmly. "And to rabbits, too. The rabbits being less highly strung lasted longer, twenty-one days as a rule."

"So there's no reason why human beings shouldn't die of it in the same way?"

"No, none at all. In fact, there's very good ground to believe that the Chinese—and I'm sorry to say, the Scots as well, Miss Finlayson—used to torture their enemies to death by this precise method."

Miss Finlayson pressed her lips tightly together and remained quite silent. Sir Giles was studying her closely on the quiet. She had always been brusque and downright even on the curling rink. But there was something more in all this. She wasn't the kind of woman who would come and consult a brain specialist for no reason at all. There was serious trouble of some kind somewhere.

"Why are you asking me all these strange questions, Miss Finlayson?" he went on quietly.

Miss Finlayson started up almost as if she had been in a trance.

"I'm asking them," she said harshly, "because my niece has been murdered."

Sir Giles's eyebrows shot up again with a jerk.

"Murdered!" he repeated as politely as he could.

"Yes, murdered," Miss Finlayson said. "My niece died three weeks ago. There was no reason why she should have died. She had always been unusually strong and healthy. But she died. She died because she couldn't get any sleep."

"Is that what the doctors said, Miss Finlayson?"

"No, of course it isn't!" Miss Finlayson snorted. "They just certified that she was dead!"

"Was there no trace of disease of any kind?"

"No, nothing. She just suddenly stopped sleeping. She stopped sleeping, and in three weeks she was dead."

"You say it happened suddenly, this sleeplessness?"

"Absolutely." Miss Finlayson gave a snap of the fingers. "Just like that!"

"And there was no suggestion of drugs afterwards?"

"None. She was terrified of them."

"But in those circumstances surely there must have been an inquest?"

"Of course there was an inquest. But what was the good of that? She was dead then. And any fool could have said it was natural causes."

Sir Giles gazed thoughtfully at the fierce avenging woman in front of him. He drummed with his fingers on the desk for a

moment and then looked at her again.

"Why exactly do you say your niece was murdered, Miss Finlayson?"

"Because it wasn't natural," Miss Finlayson said firmly. "It was the most unnatural thing that could have ever happened. I brought Freda up, and I ought to know. No one was ever more abounding in animal health, she hadn't a nerve in her whole body or a doubt in her mind. Freda was a very beautiful girl, Sir Giles, and a very bad one. If anything or any one in this world has ever broken my heart more than another, it was Freda. She ran away from me when she was eighteen and started to live the life in London. She was going to have a baby when she died. A bad bad girl, Sir Giles, but that's no reason why any one should be allowed to murder her!"

"Quite so," Sir Giles agreed gently. "No one had a right to murder her however bad she was. But isn't it rather a serious jump to say that she actually was murdered?"

"No, it isn't. You've told me yourself that no one has ever died of sleeplessness naturally."

"But you can't definitely say that she did die of sleeplessness, Miss Finlayson."

"Yes, I can. Any one who saw her at the end couldn't help knowing that it was that that killed her. The engine in her ran on and on and on until it couldn't run any farther. It was a horrible thing to see."

Sir Giles stirred in his seat uncomfortably.

"Very well, then," he tried to humour her. "Let's admit that she died of sleeplessness. What then?"

"What then? Just this! Somebody has learned more about sleep than you have. Someone's discovered how to destroy it."

"Miss Finlayson, really there are no grounds at all for a supposition like that!"

"But there are grounds! Freda's dead. That ought to be grounds enough for any one. Are you prepared to say categorically that if you injured this hypothalamus thing, it wouldn't destroy the power to sleep for ever?"

"Yes, I am prepared to say it—quite categorically. If that were possible—and I'm not prepared to say it is without doing much more extensive visible damage—it would have the exact opposite effect. It would induce a state of coma, if anything."

Miss Finlayson was not defeated.

"Well then," she went on at once, "if you succeeded in stimulating it instead of destroying it, what effect would you expect then?"

Sir Giles made a grimace.

"That might produce sleeplessness," he admitted. "But such a thing has never been done, Miss Finlayson. It would be a most delicate, intricate, improbable operation."

"Are you prepared to say definitely that it can't be done? That it never will be done?"

Sir Giles gazed at her helplessly. What a woman! Her last word, like her last stone on the curling rink, always dislodged everything that every one else had built up, and left her exactly where she wanted to be.

"No, I'm not prepared to say it," he answered meekly.

Miss Finlayson fumbled in her bag for a moment, then briskly stood up.

"That's all I want to know," she ended. "Here's your three guineas—although I can't say I think you've really earned them."

"I think I've earned them more than any other fee I've ever had," Sir Giles returned rather grimly. "However, it's been a privilege, and there will be no charge at all, Miss Finlayson."

"Oh, yes, there will!" Miss Finlayson planked the envelope on the desk and made a feeble attempt to smile. "You can buy some new papers with it for your waiting

MISS FINLAYSON took careful aim and brought the heavy ebony handle down on his skull

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

room. I read those long ago."

He shrugged his shoulders then and conducted her to the door. He still felt rather uneasy about her: she was a very determined woman, and might easily go on and do something really foolish.

"If you'll just take my advice, Miss Finlayson . . ." he began gently.

But she didn't wait for the end.

"I never take advice," she said. "And I'm going to find who murdered Freda. . . . I really came to you as a kind of insurance, you know."

"Insurance!"

"Yes. If I get into any trouble, I'm going to tell them that I'm a patient of yours, and you'll have to come along and say I'm not quite right in the head. I expect you'll do that gladly. Well, good-bye, Sir Giles. I'll see you at Grindelwald—if not sooner."

SIR GILES thought of this interview on several occasions during the next few days. He knew from long experience that if you were going to judge any person's sanity by the things they were prepared to believe, then the whole human race would have to be put down as mad. It actually troubled him badly to think that there might be anything wrong with Miss Finlayson's mind: his belief in her downrightness and common sense was one of the few things left to cling to in a reeling world. And yet it did not look too good. This certainty that her niece had been murdered was very like one of those fixed ideas that crop up in so many different kinds of mania. Probably the next step would be that she would decide who the murderer was and start writing anonymous letters. And then he really would have to step in. . . . But it was an interesting theory all the same. There was a lot of research going on about sleep. It wasn't beyond the bounds of possibility that in trying to create sleep someone might discover that he had the power of destroying it. And what a power that would be in the hands of an unscrupulous man! The really undetectable poison at last!

The whole idea was so arresting that Sir Giles decided that he must really discuss it with his friend, the assistant commissioner, and see what the police had to say about such a possibility. If he had done this as intended, he would have found that the police had far more to say about it than he had ever dreamed. But it was one of those meetings that ought to have taken place and never did. The assistant commissioner kept the papers before him a whole month longer. The case of Freda had been overlooked by the police: there had really been no reason why their attention should ever have been called to it. But in the course of their inquiries into drug deaths they had come across two cases in the last three years which still worried them. They had both been cases of young girls who had suddenly been struck down with acute insomnia. Unlike Freda, they hadn't held out; and they had both died of an overdose of drugs. The drugs had been prescribed by different doctors, quite legitimately, and there was nothing to catch hold of so far as they were concerned. What was disturbing was that in neither case had there been any previous history of insomnia, and both girls had been intimate friends of a certain Dr. Oscar Hessian. The assistant commissioner wanted to know a lot more about Dr. Hessian, but he didn't see how he was ever to find it out. Hessian was a radiologist with a good practice in Harley Street; and he treated rheumatism and catarrh, in fact, any disease you chose to bring to him, with some kind of new-fangled rays. The assistant commissioner had gone there himself, very innocently, and had some rays for his fibrositis. They hadn't done him any good and he hadn't learned anything much either. Everything seemed to be perfectly correct and above board. And yet! And yet! Dr. Hessian was a sinister person and had a bad reputation as regards his (*Continued on page* 86)

Is this the time to

Whenever nations are at war, the birth rate goes up. Nature, heartless and exacting, immediately uses all her wiles to build up her diminishing man-power—and it is a fact that more boys than girls are born during and in the years immediately following any war.

But even Nature's job is not so easy as it used to be.

The young men and women of to-day have a strongly developed sense of citizenship. They are awake to the fact that if they have to fight to save the world, they can at least insist that it is the sort of place they want to live in when peace is won.

At this time numberless young wives are facing, with the characteristic honesty of the present generation, the problem of whether they can create a world that will be a fit place into which to bring children.

They are not sentimentalists, and they are not going to be duped by instinct. For themselves they can face the unknown future with courage and with confidence, but for their children they demand the reasonable certainty of something better than they themselves have inherited. And it is the woman who has to bear the onus of the decision, for husbands and wives, united in their love, happy in their companionship, yet face the issue from different standpoints.

The man, taken from his home by his war duties, worries about his wife's loneliness. He knows her constant anxiety that lies buried during the day and grows so cruelly insistent in the quiet, dark hours, and he knows too that a baby would comfort her and keep her happily occupied.

His own male instinct urges him to perpetuate himself, for no man truly has a stake in this world, nor sufficient outlet for his ambition, until he has handed on life that will flourish when his own vigour fades. That instinct is always heightened by the presence of danger. Against this he is upheld by the belief, common to every normal human being, that whoever else suffers he will escape.

For the woman, always the more practical and usually the more emotional, the thing is more complicated. She is inclined to think too far ahead and to try to usurp too many of the powers that our parents were content to leave entirely to God, not always with conspicuously successful results.

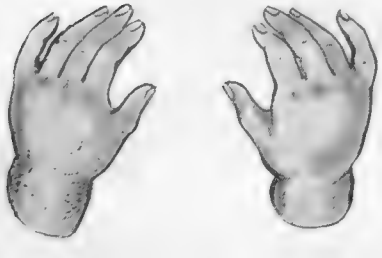
Fundamentally, she wants a child because she knows that she will never be completely fulfilled without one; but that in itself is a purely selfish instinct which merely proves that she is one of Nature's stooges.

She may also want it because she has found life sweet and brave and infinitely worth while, despite national disasters and personal disappointments; or because she dreads the emptiness of old age.

Most of all, she wants a child at a time like this to assure her that death is not the end of everything, to be a spark to warm her should the living fire of her husband's love be burnt out.

These are the mainsprings of her desire. What about her responsibilities?

In the first place no parents have any right to regard their children as an assurance against their own loneliness or as a hostage for their own ambition. In the post-war world there will be plenty of room for men and women who are confident and self-reliant, but it will be hard for the timid. So, more than ever, it must be the duty of all parents to foster their children's independence, to make them real people in their own right. That is not easy, for it involves the recognition of their terrifying capacity for joy and sorrow, and the realisation that protection and self-expression are incompatible. Also the question of money cannot be ignored, though it is not so important as you may think.



There must be a levelling out in the new world. Even now the process is drastically in force, and in the years to come, when our educational system is thoroughly reorganised after its present not-altogether-unhealthy disruption, ability is going to count for more than a cash start.

All the same, children are expensive luxuries. They need sunshine and airy rooms and pleasant companionship as well as food and clothes. They need quietness and contentment, for they react quickly to worry. They usually need doctors, for childrens' complaints have a way of coming thick and fast whenever they are most inconvenient. At the back of every young wife's mind there must always be the haunting fear of what would happen to her baby if her husband were suddenly taken from her.

The situation is easier if she has ever earned her own living. So many women give up good jobs when they marry that there may be little reason to worry about the financial side of things, but even though a woman may well be able to assume responsibility for her child's material well-being, there is the question of finding the right people to look after it while she is working.

If her earning capacity is sufficiently good, this is not a great problem. Many of the happiest and healthiest children belong to women who live full lives outside their homes and bring into them all that is gay and serene and beautiful. It is not the time you spend with a child that counts. It is the atmosphere in which it lives, and the hold you have on its imagination.

If she is not a money-maker, she may be forced, sooner or later, to consider re-marriage, always supposing anybody asks her. The link her husband leaves her may be the first in the chain that eventually binds her to another man.

In the long run, what matters most is the temperament of the parents.

Those who cling too closely to tradition, refusing to moderate the plans they had made or to give up their dear pre-war dreams; those who cannot bear to see things as they are or to adapt themselves to a changing world, should not have children now. Better for them, and for the unborn child, that they should wait until the pattern of the future is less indefinite.

But for those who have faith, who believe that the next few years will bring back sanity and hope, who want for their children not easy, effortless security, but the chance to work things out for themselves, there is no reason to wait nor little to fear. The baby will be too young to know anything of the war, providing the mother has a sufficiently courageous and buoyant spirit to save it from injurious pre-natal influences. And the future *is* always full of promise.

Peace must come, soon or late, and when it does there will be many opportunities for men and women who possess vision.

There will be much for us to do, for we have to wipe out the stain of unemployment, to make sure that unlimited educational facilities are provided for whoever has the capacity to benefit by them, to work together loyally for the good of all. Whatever is fine in war—the companionship, the lack of class consciousness, the general willingness to share and share alike—we must not again let slip.

Energy, imagination, adaptability, goodwill, and pluck are the qualities we shall need in this post-war world. And children, too, to reap the benefits of the mistakes we have rectified.

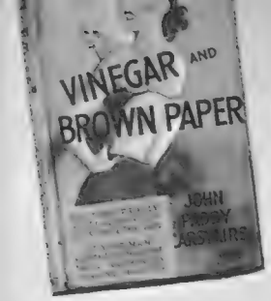
Olive Randall

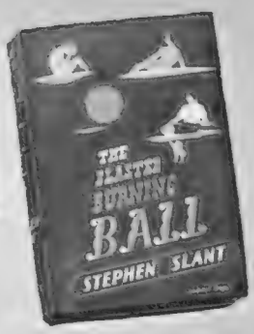
have a baby?

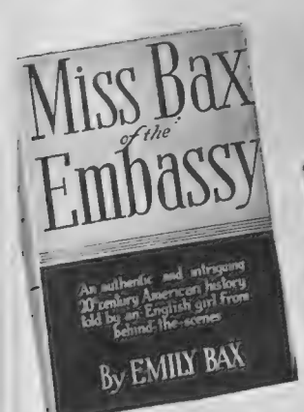
Books:

Reviewed by

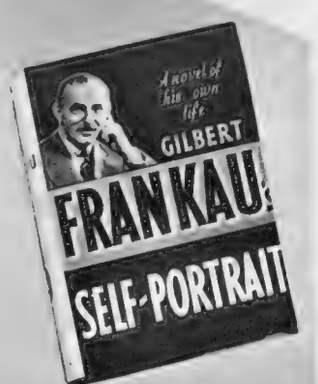
Trevor Allen






Miss Bax of the Embassy
An authentic and intriguing 20th century American history told by an English girl from behind the scenes
By EMILY BAX

ROYAL CAVALCADE
Containing hitherto unpublished stories of the lives of Queen Victoria, Queen Alexandra and her sister the Empress of Russia
ERICA BEAL



"GENTLEMEN, the ladies!" is the literary toast this month. They have been impressively busy. Not lightly would I undertake Miss Erica Beal's immense documentary industry in making *Royal Cavalcade* (Stanley Paul; 16s.). It spans nearly a century, from Queen Victoria's Coronation to the post-war years; presents ample portraits of the lives and times of "Vicky," Queen Alexandra, and her sister, the Empress of Russia; tells new stories of these and the Romanoff dynasty; quotes new extracts from the late Tsar's diary. Nearly 500 pages of Court lore . . . and not merely the formal; very much the informal, of the kind that makes Royalty human.

Some of the best stories are of Edwardian vintage. No love was lost between Edward VII. and his uncle, the Kaiser. After the signing of the Entente Cordiale Wilhelm thought it would be nice to have Edward at the German Naval Review at Kiel. Proudly he pointed out the vast array of battleships and submarines. "Yes, yes, my dear Willy," said Edward, smiling. "You have always been fond of yachting, I know."

No wonder his august uncle was prompted to write of him to the Tsar on one occasion: "May Allah send him to Hell—as the Turk would say! Or to do a little political plotting behind the scenes with the ladies!"

The Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia, fresh from "fighting" the Danes, wore a new decoration when he received Edward as Prince and Alexandra, a Danish Princess. Edward wrote to Earl Spencer:

"I can assure you it was not pleasant to see the Crown Prince, and his A.D.C., always in Prussian uniform, flaunting before our eyes a most objectionable ribbon, which he received for his *deeds of valour* (?) against the unhappy Danes."

The Princess of Wales remembered the invasion of Denmark and conquest of Schleswig-Holstein when the Kaiser, on a visit to England, asked one of her children to choose a gift. "*Ask for the head of Bismarck on a charger!*" she urged *sotto voce*.

Shamefully or not, we read Royal memoirs for spice, not just sugar and all things nice, and Miss Beal does not omit the flavouring. In these stark days her tuppence-coloured Royals seem infinitely preferable to penny-plain dictators.

The Book of the Month

"*Gilbert Frankau's Self-Portrait: A Novel of His Own Life.*" (*Hutchinson*; 10s. 6d.)

THIS is the story of Mr. Frankau's life up to the age of fifty-five, and much more than his own modest claim for it: "a tale that may be altogether out of date, just the dry bones of one insignificant individual's totally unimportant struggles for solvency and happiness."

As a book it is not perfect. In places it is hasty, slipshod, even shoddy. He can write like a pukka sahib:

"'You said you could ride,' remarked that scornful young centaur from his saddle, as the pony which had thrown me galloped back to his ancestral halls."

And like the same gone mentally native: "Almost immediately I struck a baddish snag."

He is so frank and exhibitionist that at times he seems to be standing on his head waving his legs in the air. He is also the philosopher and dreamer proclaiming the innate beauty of people and life: as in the romance of his early Frankfort days, the chivalrous tributes he pays to a remarkable father and mother.

He has humour and exults in a good story, like the one concerning a certain Nazi general, eight months married, of whose capacity as a father the populace doubted:

"If it's a boy," ran the jest, "he'll send a thousand aeroplanes flying over Berlin. If it's a girl, he'll send five hundred. And if there should be no happy event, he'll send his chief-of-staff flying."

He tells everything men and women of the world want to know about an exceptional life lived with gusto: loves and hates, monies and alimonies, books, friends, houses, successes, failures, follies, and that humble watcher over all: a pilgrim's soul. Accordingly, he interests the widest possible range of readers.

"How," he asks, "can a man 'twice condemned to alimony' continue to meet his liabilities if he let sentiment waste his working hours?" Yet he retained enough sentiment—and faith—to venture a third marriage which has brought him "seven years of complete happiness."

Even their foibles are lovable, compared with the carpet-bitings of paranoiac house-painters. It is a sound, solid book to keep because it will last.

DREADFUL, dreadful! An American Embassy stenographer, a *typist*, resolutely taking notes not dictated and spilling the diplomatic "works" in a book? Well, not quite. One of her three successive chiefs in London, Mr. Page—the other two were Mr. Choate and Mr. Whitelaw Reid—described Miss Emily Bax as "a very sensible, modest, well-bred little woman." *Miss Bax of the Embassy* (Hutchinson; 16s.) reflects these virtues, and though she writes of Embassy life and personalities behind the scenes she is English enough to draw the line at behind the curtain.

(*Continued on page 70*)

Old Tales Re-told

A Heroine Daughter

How the Life of Sir John Cochrane was Saved

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

LONG before the death of Charles II. public opinion had been strongly against the succession of his brother James. Charles had been tolerated, despite his faults and dissolute ways, for he was endowed with an amiable disposition and managed somehow or other to maintain peace and order during his reign.

It has been said of Charles that "he never said a foolish thing in his life, nor ever did a wise one." It was most unwise of him to die before his brother. . . .

Many noblemen and statesmen who had been in close contact with James had made up their minds to oppose his accession to the throne, even at the risk of civil war.

James himself knew quite well that he was surrounded by people who could not bear the sight of him; but he also knew that he would have the support of a great number of sycophants who depended for their livelihood on the King's favour. He was also backed by the Catholics, who, in spite of being only a negligible minority, were always hoping to regain the upper hand and wipe away the stain which had soiled the royal escutcheon since the days of Henry VIII.

He soon discovered that the audience was in fact little more than an official cross-examination

James had inherited the worst qualities of his parents. He was endowed with all the obtuseness, amounting almost to moral blindness, which had brought his father's head to the executioner's block, and from his mother came his obstinacy and bigotry.

For him, ascending the throne meant entering the arena and fighting for his

Sir John Cochrane was arrested and led, by the hangman, in chains through the streets of Edinburgh

subsistence with every weapon at his royal command. He resorted to any manœuvre that would gain him the upper hand over Parliament, and dug up ancient laws that had been forgotten for years. He quarrelled with the Church and appropriated public funds to meet his enormous expenditure at Court.

IN the meantime, while Parliament and the House of Lords appeared to be accepting this state of things with resignation, the real and open enemies of King James were scattered and living outside the realm, mostly in Holland.

It was from here that Monmouth came, having been exiled by Charles.

When he landed at Lyme Regis he had scarcely a hundred men with him; but was soon able to collect together a following of about two thousand. In Scotland, Argyll was essaying another revolt which was equally ill-organised and foredoomed. It was an easy matter, therefore, for James to suppress them both with bodies of well-equipped troops.

Monmouth's followers proved at least courageous, and they put up a gallant fight at Sedgemoor, near Bridgwater. Shortage of ammunition compelled them to scatter at a moment when victory might almost have been within their grasp.

Monmouth abandoned the field and fled for his life. After galloping for many miles at break-neck speed, his horse fell beneath him exhausted. He discarded his uniform and donned the poor clothes of a peasant. Even this stratagem did not save him from the enemy. He was discovered lying in a ditch covered with ferns, exhausted and famished.

FROM the touching account which Hume gives of this episode, we can realise how easily man's pride breaks down under the blows of adverse fate—especially when, like Monmouth, he has fallen from the heights of prosperity to the lowest limits of defeat and degradation.

All his courage had deserted him. He could fight no more.

He wrote humbly to James, begging for a life that he knew only too well would never be spared. One ray of hope was vouchsafed him when he at last obtained an audience of the King, and he dared to believe for a moment that his humility might have softened that stony heart. But one glance at the sour expression of "Dismal James," as Nell Gwynne called him, soon disillusioned him. Indeed, he soon discovered that the audience was, in fact, little more than an official cross-examination by which it was hoped to extract from him the names of his accomplices for the executioner's list. Before taking his leave he regained his dignity, and, when the time for his death came, walked to the scaffold with calmness and bravery, amidst a general murmur of grief and regret.

A gruesome incident marked his execution. He begged the headsman not to miss the mark, as he had done in a previous case. Unfortunately, the request unnerved the executioner

so much that he delivered only a feeble, glancing blow, threw away his axe and burst into tears, leaving his task only half done. Every face was averted from this terrible scene, and the man was only induced to complete his bloody work by the energetic persuasion of the sheriff. . . .

By annihilating the rebels, James had hoped to consolidate the foundations of his reign; but he was only preparing his own downfall.

He had entrusted the administration of justice to men whose barbarous cruelty was almost unbelievable. Among them was a certain Colonel Kirke, who presided over many important trials. He was capable of actions so revolting that the pen shrinks from describing them. The following is only a mild incident, which, however, should be more than sufficient to indicate the character of this human beast.

A trial had just taken place and a new batch of victims was about to be led away to the slaughter, when a young girl forced her way through to the Judge's presence. She flung herself at his feet and implored him to spare the life of her brother. Her beauty, her innocence and grief would have moved a heart of stone. Kirke smiled and assisted the girl to rise and told her that if she would consent to a certain concession, he would gladly spare the rebel's life. The girl blushed, under no misapprehension as to his meaning. She was faced with a cruel alternative. Her virtue, or the life of her brother. Desperate, she consented. . . .

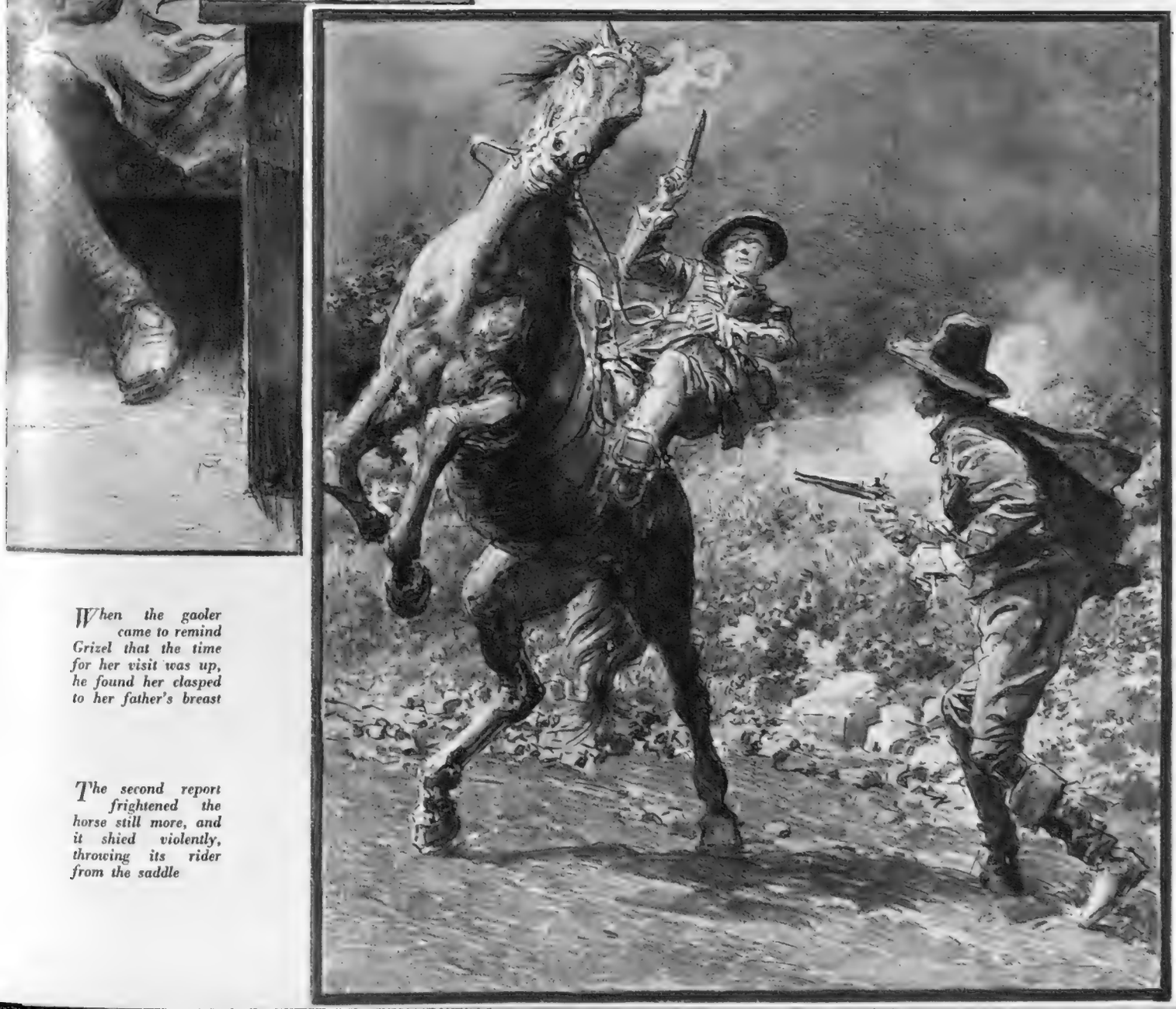
She passed a night of horror in Kirke's apartment, tortured and humiliated in body and spirit. The next morning there came a knock at the door. It seemed to be a sort of signal. The Judge pulled her towards the window, drew aside the curtain and directed her gaze down into the courtyard. A gibbet had been erected there during the night. The body of her brother already hung from it. Ruined and betrayed, the poor girl stared wide-eyed—while Kirke burst into loud and brutal laughter at her side.

This man was a Judge, and this was justice. . . .

FORTUNATELY, it takes all sorts of events to make history. The repugnance aroused by a tale like the foregoing one is soon dispelled when our attention is drawn to a figure who was not cowed by terrorism and actually scored a notable victory over the oppressors.

She, too, was a young girl, but her story is very different from the preceding one. She was only eighteen, but she had the courage of a lioness. Let us record the thread of events.

When the gaoler came to remind Grizel that the time for her visit was up, he found her clasped to her father's breast



The second report frightened the horse still more, and it shied violently, throwing its rider from the saddle

AFTER the defeat of the Duke of Argyll his followers were scattered, and their leaders endeavoured to find safety in hiding.

One of them was Sir John Cochrane, son of the Earl of Dundonald.

He took refuge at Renfrew, where one of his kinsmen, Gavin Cochrane, consented to hide him in his house. Gavin was married, however, to a woman whose brother had fought in the ranks of the Royalists and had been killed in a recent skirmish. She felt as though she were actually harbouring the murderer of her brother, and opposed with might and main the idea of giving sanctuary to the rebel. Unable to gain her point, she betrayed him to the Royalists.

Sir John was trapped. He was arrested and led in chains to Edinburgh. There he was led through the city streets by the hangman, until the doors of the tolbooth closed behind him.

Among the crowds lining the streets and watching the sad procession stood a young girl, who tried, and succeeded, in attracting the prisoner's attention as he passed. Her eyes blurred with tears, she smiled at him. It was his beloved daughter Grizel.

The trial that followed was the usual mere formality, with the inevitable ending—a death sentence for high treason.

There was no hope of reprieve, though the old Earl of Dundonald tried his utmost to persuade the King to mercy. Scores of men more influential than Sir John Cochrane had lost their heads already.

During the days that preceded the execution, Grizel was admitted to the customary heartbreaking scene of the last farewell. A tragic meeting, always so eagerly desired by the tortured heart, and, when obtained, as soon recognised as the final unbearable cruelty. . . .

When the gaoler came to remind Grizel that the time for her visit was up, he found her clasped to her father's breast, crying: "You shall not die, I tell you. You shall not die!"

As the door closed behind her, she called out: "I will see you again, father——"

Sir John's answer never reached her. He murmured, "Yes, my dear," and silently pointed upward to heaven.

Meanwhile the old Earl of Dundonald had resorted to other means of extracting from King James a reprieve for his son. There was only one person who had any real influence over him; that was his confessor, Father Petre. Now Father Petre, in common with most of the high prelates of his time, was not averse to the glitter of earthly gold. There was no doubt that he could be bribed—but the scheme required time and careful diplomacy; and the formalities connected with signing a death warrant would be completed in three days at the outside.

If only the execution could somehow be delayed, there was yet hope. . . .

Two days after Grizel's visit to the prison, an incident occurred that no one at first connected with the affair at all. Not far from the drawbridge at Berwick, on the south side of Marygate, stood a hostelry, famous for having been used as Cromwell's headquarters some years before. A young man sat on the bench outside, apparently too poor to enter the inn. He sipped a glass of wine and ate a crust of bread that he had taken from his pocket.

(*Continued on page* 64)

She produced two large pistols, a pair of breeches, a jerkin—a full set of male attire, splashed with mud and mire

On Duty—*and* Off

THERE is one thing to be said for war. It gives you a different sense of values. What used to seem important, no longer appears to be so, and what we took as a matter of course has now acquired strange glamour. Clark Gable is no doubt every bit as fascinating as he ever was, but neither he nor those other Hollywood heroes have had the same appeal for us since war began.

To-day, any English girl would break a date with Gary Cooper or Robert Taylor for the thrill of being seen out dancing with an unknown man wearing a special type of wings or certain little coloured ribbons on the left side of his tunic. People no longer look bored while they are dancing. Young married couples behave like lovers who are determined not to lose each other permanently, come what may. No one takes the smallest interest in a man's income any more and the tired business man can go on being tired for all we care.

Shopping has become as much fun as a treasure hunt, but nowadays we want service from the treasures we buy. To please us even beauty treatments must be strictly practical. We are no longer interested in elaborate facials "to soothe the nerves." Women cannot afford nerves in these days.

Jane Gordon

On Duty

WOMEN in the Services have to harden their feet to war. Foot-baths, special astringent lotions and astringent powders will keep your feet from letting you down. It is essential to wear a clean pair of stockings every day and the same pair of shoes should not be worn two days running. Either iodine or potassium permanganate can be used in the foot-bath. Unfortunately, they are rather apt to stain the feet during the process of hardening. This is one of the occasions when it is necessary to suffer a little ugliness for the sake of efficiency. If you decide on iodine, you need one ounce of iodine 2½ per cent. to one gallon of tepid water—and the water must be really tepid, not hot. The feet should be soaked in this for five minutes once or twice a week.

If potassium permanganate is used, sufficient crystals should be placed in a basin of water to turn the water deep pink. Soak the feet for five to ten minutes in this once or twice a week. Every morning when you get up massage the feet thoroughly with a special astringent foot lotion. Selfridge's sell one of these lotions. Dust over with foot powder. Sprinkle a little of the powder in the inside of your stockings and you will find your feet stay remarkably cool and comfortable all day long.

TO take the aches and pains out of your feet when you come off duty try a "revulsive" foot-bath. For this you need two basins, one filled with very hot water and the other with cold water. The treatment is more effective if you add pine or brine bath-salts to the hot water. Borona Foot Salts are good for this purpose; so are Novopine Bath Tablets. Put your feet first in the hot salts until they feel comfortably warm and then plunge them into the cold water. Alternate six times, finishing with the cold water, and dry your feet thoroughly, massaging a little eau de Cologne in and finish with talc powder.

WHAT the wind and the rain can do to your complexion during the month of March is nobody's business except your own. Unless you take extra special care your face will look as rough and raw as a schoolboy's on a cold and frosty morning. Elizabeth Arden has produced a brand-new all-day foundation cream which will keep a woman's complexion as spick and span as her uniform from early morn to black-out time. It comes in various skin tones and is waterproof. There is also a new fluffy cleansing cream which will even take the dryness out of a dour, wind-bitten skin and freshen up the most war-weary of complexions.

THE honest hand of toil, the telephone elbow, work-roughened forearms, and other tell-tale signs of work may be very worthy but they are rather a bore. Rose Laird's Shaperone Cream will take care of all these troubles for you. It is also useful for corrugated heels, ankles and knees that have become as hard (*Continued on page* 64)

Off Duty

IF the powers-that-be really have an eye on our stockings with a view to rationing, pooling or controlling them, then we must certainly look to our legs and get them ready to be seen at their best, even though naked and unadorned by sheerest silk. Fortunately, leg treatments given at home are not at all expensive. If you are bothered by goose-flesh, all you need is half a cupful of olive oil, a rubber nail-brush, a loofah or stiff rubber sponge, and your ordinary bath soap. Stand the cup of olive oil in very hot water until the oil is comfortably warm. Smear the oil lavishly on the goose-flesh patches and rub in with a rubber nail-brush for several minutes. As soon as the oil gets worked in, smear on some more, then take your loofah or sponge, wring it out in very hot water, make a good lather of soap and give the goose-flesh patch a thorough tubbing with the soap, sponge, and hot water. Finish by patting dry and dust on a little talcum powder. Do this every night for a fortnight and the goose-flesh will be no more. If you want the skin of your legs to be as smooth as a baby's top lip, smear on warm olive oil, rub in thoroughly with the rubber nail-brush before you have your bath.

I THINK it was Herrick who wrote "How I do love my pretty Julia's leg; It is as white and hairless as an egg." If you want your own legs as hairless as an egg, then the thing for you is a depilatory mitt. There are several makes and the usual price is 6d. Be careful that the skin is bone-dry before you use the mitt. Dust on talcum powder and then rub the mitt in circles very gently until you have achieved the egglike smoothness.

Leg make-up will probably take the place of stockings. Elizabeth Arden's Velva Beauty Film provides you with "liquid stockings." This is a velvety paste which you smooth on, starting at the toes and working upwards towards your knees. You buy it in a tube and it comes in several fashionable stocking shades, one called "Sun Beige," another "Evening," and another "Dark." There is also Max Factor's "Pancake" make-up, which is in block form, put up in a nice, large, round, flat box. It is quite easy to apply. All you have to do is to dampen a natural sponge, rub on the Pancake and apply smoothly, working from the toes towards the knees. Pat dry with absorbent tissue and dust off surplus powder afterwards with a powder brush. Then there is Leichner's "Eau de Soie," which is liquid powder. It is very easy to apply and does not rub off on your clothes; comes in a great many different powder shades.

OFF the record we may as well admit that the way most women neglect their men is a shame. Even the kindest woman thinks little or nothing of allowing the men of her family to go about with "sandpaper" faces, hands red as raw beef and rough as a nutmeg-grater, their nails and cuticles torn and ragged, and it never seems to occur to the average man to try to save himself from the quite unnecessary discomforts. Here are a (*Continued on page* 64)

Mrs. Wrong

Is nothing worse than a muddle-headed thinker. She can no more run her home efficiently than she can conduct the smallest enterprise, even to the sewing on of a button without fuss.

She is not without the wish to succeed, but she is entirely without the character to make her wishes come true. She has an affection for her home but no energy to expend upon perfecting it.

She expects a happy and beautiful home to come to her as her due, and is slightly injured that it should be otherwise.

Pay next time
What did I do with that
Lets hope there's enough to go around
I doesn't quite match but it's all there
Everything's a bore

MARKETING. Mrs. Wrong enters every shop with a slightly injured air as though she fully expected to be cheated. She is entirely vague about her requirements and invariably leaves the decision as to "what she can have for a change" to the harassed shopkeeper.

She buys minute quantities of everything, in the fond belief that by laying out some money she is effecting an economy, and she disbelieves in the theory that the best quality very often goes farther.

A shopping-list is something she hardly ever thinks of. Consequently, her trips to the stores are frequent and haphazard. There is always something missing from the larder when she starts a bout of cooking.

She is hardly ever popular with shopkeepers because she gives them no encouragement to serve her well. On the other hand, they are hardly more popular with her because she considers her own inefficiency as a marketer to be their fault and not hers.

ENTERTAINING. She goes to a great deal of trouble with her entertaining because she likes above all things to be well thought of, and for precisely this reason she fails. The explanation is that her interest lies in being well thought of rather than in making her guests happy.

She mixes people indiscriminately, pleasing herself before pausing to consider how guests will react to each other and what interests they may have in common.

There is very little organisation about her parties and she is always slightly harassed by the imminence of some major breakdown in the arrangements. She is unable to supply a co-ordinating influence which keeps guests convivial and at ease.

Her introductions are vague and she is full of apologies for the food and for her house and for the fact that she is giving a party at all.

She is not necessarily hostile or even inhospitable, but merely far too absorbed in herself and too inclined to diffuse her energies uselessly in many directions rather than concentrating them usefully in several.

DECORATING. The house may have some good features but it lacks co-ordination. The *décor* reflects a higgledy-piggledy conception of beauty.

Quite obviously Mrs. Wrong is in the habit of visiting her friends, of seeing something she likes and rushing home to reproduce it for herself without a thought of its applicability to her own furniture and (Continued on page 68)

Mrs. Right

Faces life squarely and enjoys it because she is doing a good job.

She does not claim to be a woman of outstanding merit in homemaking affairs so much as one with a gay heart and a sense of reasoning that make all problems — even the smallest — interesting to grapple with.

Her home is happy because it is efficient and in that sense a source of pride since it reflects her own ability to fashion a private world for herself and her family, and to defend it always with her love and skill.

It will do for supper Thursday if I'm careful.
Make a note of those Quantities in my memory book.
Ring Mrs Q— thank her for last night.
Better not have blue – its a cold room.
Remember to pay 10/- into the Billsfund.
This is maddening — but its fun

MARKETING Mrs. Right dislikes casual shopping. Knowing that the cost of living and the quality of the goods she buys can be kept under control by shrewd planning, she devises her menus for the week on Monday.

Food for each day is considered in relation to the next. Marketing for the whole week is done in two stages. There is no running short.

She has an agreeable understanding with tradesmen that she will reciprocate courtesy and fair treatment from them with courtesy and prompt payment, but to an important extent she makes herself independent of the tradesmen's goodwill by understanding what she buys.

She can distinguish a good piece of meat from a bad one on the slab. She knows the country of origin of good fruit and vegetables and she puts her faith in branded goods, arguing that well advertised brands must keep up a high standard to justify themselves.

She makes a science of marketing and finds interest in it as a challenge to her skill and resourcefulness.

ENTERTAINING People like visiting Mrs. Right because the most vital impression she makes upon her guests is that she enjoys having them. She does.

Entertaining in her home is not a social obligation undertaken for reasons of diplomacy or snobbery. She invites people to the house because she likes them and has pleasure in their society.

With this attitude goes an unassumed enthusiasm. Nothing is a trouble. A quality of sincerity puts her guests at ease and flatters them agreeably.

In the more practical aspects of entertaining, she is efficient. The food is plentiful rather than ambitious. She knows that an unconvincing display of rare foodstuffs has no comparison with a plentiful show of more satisfying things to eat.

Her parties are well planned and run with a smooth efficiency that characterises everything she undertakes. They are not, however, so highly planned as to loose individuality, but have enough spontaneity to be amusing and reflective of her own pleasant character.

DECORATING She is not particularly gifted as an interior decorator and knows it, but because she has taken trouble to study certain basic rules and to observe the successes of those better informed than herself she achieves a nice originality which however never savours of the eccentric or the bizarre. (Continued on page 68)

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Love *in the*

HER first ridiculous thought was that blue was his colour; he should always have worn blue.

"Good morning," he said crisply, and saluted.

Yes, definitely. Blue. The light blue of his shirt was almost the shade of his eyes. The darker blue of his air force uniform was like the shadowed depths of his pupils.

"I'm awfully sorry to trouble you," he said.

He wasn't a bit sorry. She saw that. There was the old confident glint in his eyes, the breezy masterfulness in his face that had always attracted her and yet stiffened her instinctively against him. And he was so terribly sure of himself in his young way.

She gave him no lead, but just stared. He had taken her breath away. He had always taken her breath away.

"It's the rather awkward little matter of billeting, Miss Grange," he murmured.

He stood very straight in the garden path. She had met him as he turned in at the gate, just as she was going out on her way to the office.

"Billeting?" she repeated now, vaguely, guessing that it meant trouble. It always meant trouble when Frank Lister swung into her life. She wondered how he came to be wearing the uniform of an officer of the Royal Air Force.

"Yes. I'm afraid I've had to land two men on you, Miss Grange."

He had always called her Julie, and she had almost admired his nerve. Only a few weeks ago he had been the branch manager of the firm at Brighton. Now here he was, popping up, just as he had occasionally popped up at the head office, so sure of himself and so confident, crisp and efficient, and in uniform. With the double wings of a pilot on the left breast of his service tunic.

THEY were dancing very close together, whispering to each other as they drifted round

"I don't quite understand," she said.

"Awful trouble," he apologised. "But it's very necessary. I shall have to ask you to billet two of my men."

Two of his men! He might have been Tiger Gort himself the way he clipped it out of his strong mouth.

And to think of billeting two of his men in her mother's house!

"Oh, but that's not possible," Julie said quickly.

He waited, his eyes holding hers. She knew it was going to be a fight. She warmed up, resisting him. Her breath came rather quickly.

"We haven't room for two more people in this house."

"Really?"

She didn't like the way he said that. There was a challenge in his voice. And she felt so unsure of the stand she had taken up. She didn't want to be unhelpful. She just wanted to take Frank Lister down a peg. That was all.

"It's quite a small house," she said.

"I've been over it."

That was news to her.

"Yesterday afternoon, when you were in town at the office."

"Oh."

"Your mother was very charming," Frank Lister went on. "And helpful."

Mother had told her nothing about it.

"She agreed there was plenty of room."

Julie was positive he was laughing at her.

"I suppose you talked her into it," she said warmly.

"I don't mind taking the blame."

"But mother is so old and weak," she protested. "And we've lost our maid. She's joined up."

"Very sporting of her." His eyes flicked over her in a quick fleeting way, as if he were wondering about her own service.

She wished her mother had said something about it; it left her so defenceless in face of his easy confidence.

Unreasonably, she said: "You seem to have settled everything."

Apologetically: "It's the war, you know."

"But *two* men," she protested. "Must it be two?"

"That's why I came this morning: I'm going to change that."

It was a relief anyway. Even Frank Lister had realised he could go too far sometimes. One man wouldn't be so bad.

She smiled into his sunburnt face.

"So you *have* a heart," she mocked gently.

"I'm going to make it three," he said quietly.

Clouds

It's not always the glamour girl who wins the prize

By James Wedgwood Drawbell

"Three?"

"Two officers, and a batman. That's a servant. It'll make it easier for you."

Easier for her! Three soldiers suddenly thrust into their peaceful little home. Three men, with their masculine ways, their untidiness, their pipes and drinks, their muddy boots on the lounge carpet, their noise. And their eternal conceit of themselves! Especially if they were anything like Frank.

It was as if he had read her thoughts.

"I shall be one of the officers," he said.

They stood looking at each other. Any one passing would have seen them as a young athletic-looking R.A.F. officer and an extremely attractive girl chatting idly in the sun as they stood in the garden path. Making a date, perhaps. But certainly not waging a miniature war on their own.

Watching the steadiness of his gaze, Julie knew she was fighting a losing battle. This man just *had* to win. He had always been the same. "The best branch manager we've got," old Simms, her boss, had often said. "You just can't keep Lister from getting his way."

But she had done her best. Every time he swept into the head office he would vault over the low wooden partition in the outer office, enter her room with a swing, throw his hat vaguely in the direction of the pegs on the wall, and come towards her as though he meant to lift her away (*Continued on page* 96)

WHAT ARE YOU ALLERGIC TO?

One phrase and one idea has certainly hooked itself into the public's health imagination. It is: "I am allergic to . . ." which means "I am susceptible to poisoning from" some food, contact or inhalation, which is usually innocuous to the majority of people but harmful to you as an individual.

In other words, your allergy is your own especial health idiosyncrasy.

It is merely that something in your particular form of make-up reacts violently to something in the make-up of another entity. This may be in the shape of grass, a cat, gas, feathers, strawberries, or anything; a content in this entity provides an antigen, or irritant, against which your system counters by supplying anti-bodies. War wages between them and plunges your entire being into a state of disharmony and active poisoning.

The inexplicable headaches and fatigues we suffer from in spring are mainly due to untraced allergies. It would take money and infinite research to identify them, and they would probably vary again next spring as March finds most of us peculiarly susceptible to various poisonings owing to our winter-weakened resistance.

Drink water, at least two quarts of it, at intervals between meals. Sip it boiled, in pints, either pure or containing one teaspoonful of salt to the pint, the juice of half a lemon, or as weak barley-water—a meagre dessertspoonful of barley boiled in the quart—whichever suits you best.

Water is the best cure for unlocated allergies, because it washes out the system. Abstain, of course, from any food or contact you suspect of poisoning you.

Contrary to popular supposition, it is not every one who has a pet allergy or is allergic to something, although every one of us has certain health peculiarities. It is most important to distinguish between a health peculiarity and an allergy. It is wrong to say: "I am allergic to underdone meat," because underdone meat makes you feel ill. This is simply a digestive trouble, your system cannot assimilate uncooked blood.

But if, to quote a typical case, a person takes a helping of turbot flavoured with shrimp sauce, and his or her face starts to swell immediately, great weals come up on the cheeks, giddiness, nausea and extreme discomfort follows, these symptoms wax alarmingly for the next thirty-six hours, and even when the main attack has subsided, the victim's face is inclined to swell and come up in weals unaccountably at any time during the following year, then the odds are that this subject is allergic to shrimps or to turbot, and should never touch either.

The manifestation of an allergy is generally violent, and is usually accompanied by swelling.

Even in cases of strawberry rash which is one of the commoner and lesser forms of allergy, the swelling and burning sensation which accompanies the rash wherever it appears can be tremendous, although the victim may have only eaten one or two berries.

In hay fever, another widespread form of allergy—the inner membranes of the nose swell, causing the eyes to puff and weep continuously, the nose to pour and the victim to run a temperature. This torment will persist during the whole time of the blooming of Timothy grass, mid-June to end of July, even beyond this period sometimes, although the hay fever will be somewhat less acute.

However, hay fever is one of the passing allergies. Children frequently grow out of it during their 'teens. Even so-called adult incurables have summers when they scarcely suffer from it at all.

The inhalation of Endrine brings relief, as will also spraying the nose with Endrine. Bad attacks can be considerably mitigated by an injection of ephedrine, administered by a doctor. And in one type of hay fever—there are two main divisions which can be discerned by a blood test taken while the fever is raging, and again in February or March—inoculations cure. Every sufferer should be tested.

Diagnosis is complicated enough in the case of some food allergy. It is always a puzzle to know whether the person afflicted has been affected by bad food, organic trouble, or an allergy. A child I know, had only to swallow a speck of liver—liver was a compulsory dish in the school diet—to retire to bed for weeks. The pain across her diaphragm was such that doctors diagnosed jaundice, gastritis, appendicitis, and duodenal ulcer, almost simultaneously. This, of course, was due to the swollen lining of her poisoned stomach. At last, after days when every kind of treatment was given and no progress was made, the trouble was traced to liver. But this was mainly due to the child's confessed aversion to liver. Some people register an aversion to their allergies. Others sense nothing till the trouble sets in.

The best way of curing any food allergy is by a fast, save for drinking as much water as possible, and by having "higher irrigation" or internal douchings to wash out the system. Occasionally, poisoning due to a bad mushroom or oyster may set up an allergy to all mushrooms and oysters for seven years to come. That is, until everything in the body has undergone a change.

Panel doctors and general practitioners have no time to study allergies. They are the work of the specialist. They present a fascinating study and a laborious one, requiring endless elimination and the vigilance of a detective.

By Chrysis

War conditions have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned on this page, write to me at Hazelwood. Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts. (our wartime emergency address)

Boots' Number Seven preparations give value. As a woman who likes to receive her money's worth, I wish to record that on buying them I was not only gratified by their purity and moderate cost, but by the fact that each item in the Beauty Routine so faithfully fulfilled what it set out to do that it was only necessary to use half the amount specified.

That was rather an experience.

The Astringent Lotion really did tighten. Boots, themselves, tell you to dilute it. This is done by dipping a pad of cotton wool into water, wringing it out and re-damping with the astringent; but I would say: Do not wring the water out, and only re-drench the pad with a speck of the lotion. It is just very efficient, consequently saving.

Similarly, the Muscle Oil really feeds. Work it well into your throat wrinkles and cavities during your bath—any suspicion of a salt cellar will quickly vanish—but do not let it come up round your jaw, or that line will puff.

Again, the Lemon Cream is a deep cleanser. Few preparations could be so valuable for removing that thick and somewhat muddy look that settles into the skin during winter and is so unbecoming in the spring. A few applications of Lemon Cream will do away with it. The skin will turn shades lighter. It draws out pigmentation and every kind of silting up that has taken place during the intensely cold winter. But, because it is so effective, it is wiser not to leave it on for more than six to ten minutes and to follow it immediately by working in Skin Food.

One week of using Lemon Cream on alternate nights with Cleansing Cream, and always following the Lemon with Skin Food, leaving the cheeks free on other nights, will give you as good a home treatment as you can obtain. It will condition your skin for the spring and give it a lovely freshness.

Then stop using Lemon Cream for a month or so.

Now, another warning. Don't leave Skin Food round your eyes overnight. After it has been on for a few minutes, take a tissue and wipe it away down to the circle of your cheek bones. If left on your lower lids and just under them, these will bag, because the Skin Food nourishes, and nourishing causes the skin to swell, and in this spot there will be over-nourishment.

That is what I want to re-emphasise about all Number Seven Beauty Aids. In dealing with them you are not using just any indeterminate ingredient, with some wistful hope that it will do the job, you are using *the* ingredient for the job. So exercise judgment.

Astringent Lotion placed round the eyes will cockle them.

Skin Tonic is best for toning down lower-lid pouches, even for dispersing black shadows. Just a pad of cotton wool thoroughly soaked in it and placed over the eyes, dispels fatigue and re-shapes them.

Astringent Lotion should only be used over enlarged pores: those encircling the nostrils or those in the crevice of the chin, and only a dab at that when they have been emptied by Lemon Cream.

There is nothing new in the principles which lie behind Number Seven preparations, because they are based on something you cannot improve: common sense. And they are genuine.

So, you have a deep-cleansing Lemon Cream, for use occasionally. A Skin Food that can be left on as a fine film while you sleep, on alternate nights, providing that in the places you leave it on you require face-fullness. A Muscle Oil to banish hollows: only twenty minutes of this. A Cleansing Cream supplemented by a Complexion Milk for use during the day. This is oily, not only does it make the skin elastic, it *releases*.

The full significance of this is only understood after you have used Boots' Number Seven Foundation Lotion. This lotion contains calamine. Calamine cures skin eruptions, soothes and prevents them, but is also inclined to form a mask over the face which feels slightly tightening.

Actually calamine is one of the most beneficial concoctions that can be used on skin, one of the few medical aids that is flattering. Boots use it as basis for their cosmetics, tinted in five shades.

Then there is a Skin Tonic to revitalise sagging tissues and to disperse grease. Always use this to wipe away Skin Food.

There is a Foundation Cream, for either oily or dry skins, should you prefer it to the Foundation Lotion as a make-up basis. But the effect is not nearly so dazzling. Foundation Lotion gives a peach bloom, but because it has such a consistent powder base, be careful to observe one rule. Powder over it with a shade of powder lighter than the shade of the lotion, if possible, and re-powder during the day with a lighter powder still. In this way you will avoid any caky look, and not only will radiance be created, it will be maintained.

ROUTINE FOR GOOD LOOKS

ALGIERS

Men were deceivers ever—but in this case the opposite sex did a little deceiving

By

Ethel Mannin

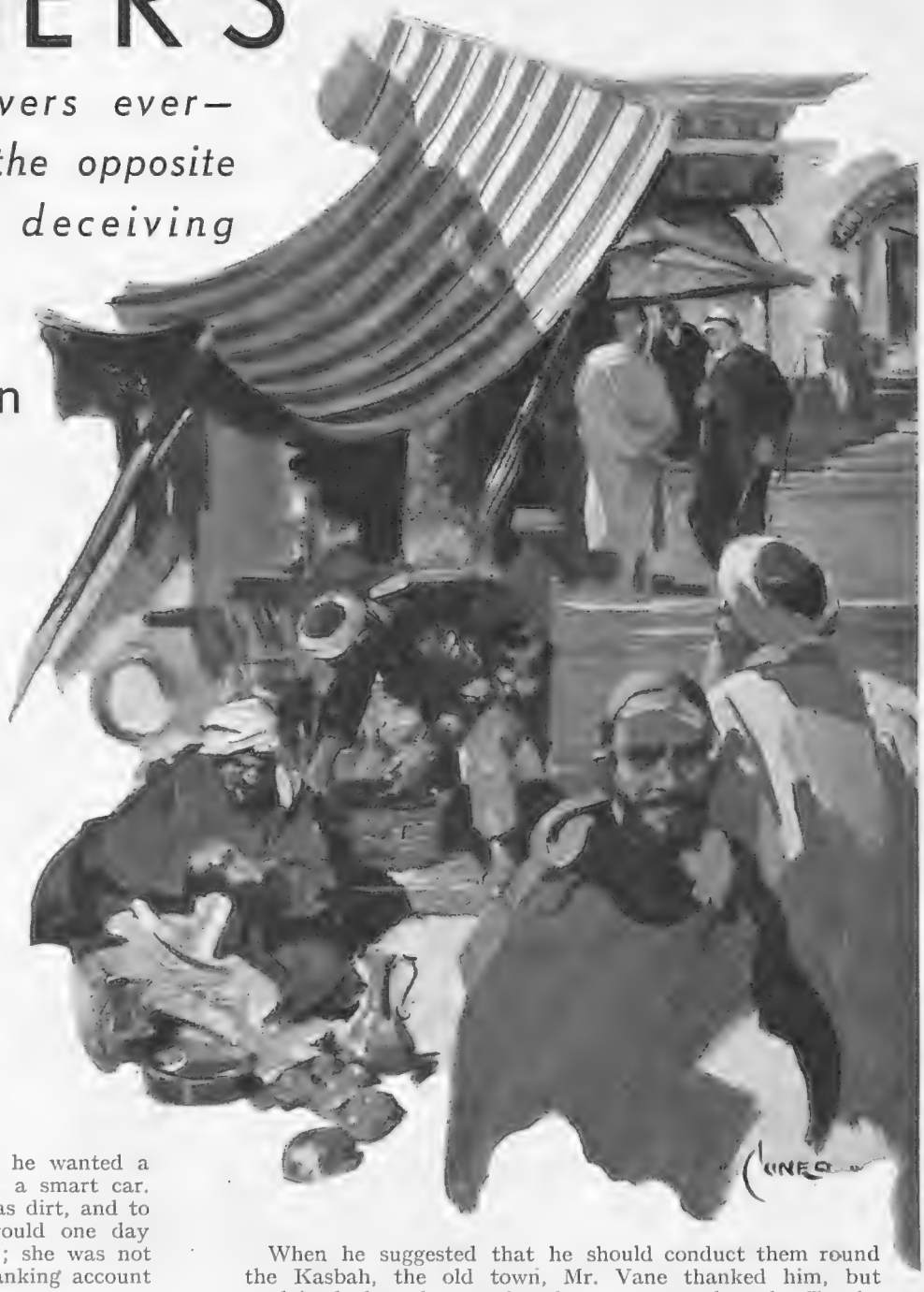
IN Syria he had another and more complicated name, but along the quays and in the bars and cabarets of Algiers he was simply "Jimmy," the name he had adopted for the convenience of the English and American tourists from the luxury liners. He had been touting along the quays since he was about eleven years old, peddling obscene post-cards, contraband cigarettes, "night life" addresses; offering his services as guide, collecting commission from the establishments to which he brought people, in addition to the fees he collected from the clients themselves for his services as courier, resorting, occasionally, to blackmail. He was completely unscrupulous, and completely corrupt. His stock-in-trade consisted of a lively set of wits, considerable personal charm which he could turn on like a tap, and a capacity for making the person he was exploiting feel that he was doing him or her a favour. Nothing was too much trouble for him so long as there was money in it. He would even do somebody a good turn when he saw in it the possibility of it ultimately benefiting himself. He was far-seeing—he prided himself on that. And passionately ambitious.

At first his ambition had been merely to make a great deal of money; then he would have a white villa on the hillside out at Mustapha, looking out over the sea—it was the obvious place since it was there that the governor had his summer palace. He would smoke expensive cigars, patronise the most exclusive restaurants, drive about in a high-powered and elegant car, and the days of degradation along the quays would be as though they had never been.

By degradation he did not mean moral, but the humiliation of snubs and rebuffs, and the bitter knowledge that he was despised even by those who accepted his services. One day all that would be forgotten; he would not be "Jimmy," in that familiar fashion, to all comers. He would be respected; he would have servants to command, and a beautiful woman turned out in vastly superior fashion to any English or American who ever came off a luxury liner. In women, as such, he was not particularly interested; he wanted a beautiful woman as he wanted a fine house, a smart car. Women in the ordinary sense were as cheap as dirt, and to be treated as such. But the woman he would one day possess was only part of the general picture; she was not by any means the apex of ambition. His banking account was that.

All this was until he saw Monica Vane come down the gangplank of the *Star of India*. Then, subtly, his ambition changed. There was something, he perceived, that was independent of money. A quality of distinction which he thought of as "education." At first definition of that quality had eluded him. He had known only that Miss Vane and the handsome grey-haired gentleman he heard her refer to as "Charles," but whom later he learned was her father, were different from other wealthy tourists he had had to deal with. The charming courtesy with which they declined his services made him feel curiously inferior; he was used to being turned down, used to impatient dismissals, brusque snubs; he accepted all that as part of the game; what he was quite unused to was being treated as an equal. The Vanes combined dignity with graciousness; it came to him suddenly that there was something about them that was like royalty. It was his first glimpse of breeding.

After that he knew that it would not be enough to be the rich man in the villa on the hill. His dream expanded. He would like in middle age to look as distinguished as Mr. Charles Vane; his beautiful woman would have to have the grace and dignity of Miss Monica; she would have to be, in fact, a *lady*, which requirement had not entered into the scheme of things before. It would not be enough to be rich if he could not also pass as a gentleman, which, it came to him now, many of the rich men he piloted around the night life of Algiers were not; they were vulgarians. It was an aspect of money he had certainly not thought about before.



When he suggested that he should conduct them round the Kasbah, the old town, Mr. Vane thanked him, but explained that they preferred to go unconducted. To the stock suggestion that it was unsafe, Mr. Vane merely smiled and replied that he had never found it so, and Jimmy knew that he was beaten.

In the afternoon, lounging with a group of other touts on a corner of the Boulevard de la République, above the port, he chanced to see them driving in a carriage. They did not see him, and the carriage clattered past and began to descend the terraces of the "ramps" to the quays, where the great

white liner waited. The carriage returned empty in due course, and Jimmy stepped across the road and inquired of the driver if he was taking the English lady and gentleman anywhere that night. The man told him yes, he was to meet them at the gangplank of the liner at ten-thirty and take them to the Florentine for supper.

JIMMY congratulated himself on his good fortune; he had frequently collected commissions from the Florentine, which was one of the most expensive night places in Algiers. Also Olga was a dance hostess there, and since it was he who had dragged her out of the gutter and got her there, it was time she did something for him.

He left his companions lounging against the railings, smoking, spitting, gossiping, and eyeing the passers-by along the boulevard for possible prey, and set off for the rue Babel-Oued and a shabby house which stood with its feet in the garbage and running gutter water of the narrow street. He could always be sure of finding Olga at home in the heat of afternoon, lying on her bed behind closed shutters and waiting for night and life to begin afresh. He ran up the dark, dirty steps of the house and entered her room, barely knocking.

He found her as he had expected, lying on her bed in a gaudy silk robe bought in the bazaar, smoking a rank smelling cigarette. The room was hot despite the closed shutters, and smelt of the street. The smell of the gutter, he thought with sudden bitterness. "Olga" was the name he had given her, passing her off as a Russian, for business purposes. She was French, an Arlesian, a big, bold, handsome gipsy of a woman. When he had found her she had been sitting in a sailors' café down by the port without even the price of a coffee on her. He had happened to know that the Florentine was in need of a dance hostess, and that the proprietor would be attracted by the idea of a Russian. He had borrowed some clothes for her and got her the job, taking his commission out of her first week's money. It was typical of him that he had helped her not out of compassion—he had never felt sorry for any one in his life, not even himself—but merely seized a chance to put something into his own pocket. She recognised that well enough, and felt that it discounted any need for gratitude on her part. Nevertheless, he had got her the job, and he might have demanded a bigger commission; sooner or later, she knew, she would be expected to do something for him—something bigger than the occasional "loans" he collected from her, and which she never refused because she, too, was far-seeing. She knew when he entered her room that he wanted something; he had no other reason for visiting her.

She informed him, briefly, "If it's money you want you're unlucky this time. I had a bad night last night."

He helped himself to one of her cigarettes from the table by the bed.

"I want a suit of dress-clothes for to-night," he told her. "Good ones. I intend dancing at the Florentine."

She laughed. "When the management want a gigolo they'll hire one, and I happen to know they don't want one. The ladies of the Florentine don't dance with gigolos."

"I intend dancing with only one woman. The management will not object—I have brought them too many customers, and can take too many away to the Kasbek. They are English, these two, father and daughter. He is tall and grey-haired. Very *distingué*."

(*Continued on page* 82)

The charming courtesy with which they declined his proffered services made him feel curiously inferior

Illustrated by T. Cuneo

Neck Keeping shoulders straight and hands at sides, turn head sharply to the right. Lower chin on to the right shoulder. Roll head from right to left so that your chin describes a wide curve on your chest, ending on your left shoulder. Raise chin and return sharply to the right shoulder. Repeat several times, alternating sides.

Breasts Stand with arms extended in front of you. Bend your elbows, taking the inside of the left elbow in the right hand and the outside of the right elbow in the left hand. Keeping the shoulders still and elbows up, push the left elbow out as far as possible. Only slight movement is possible, but you should be able to feel the muscles of the breast working. Repeat, alternating elbows.

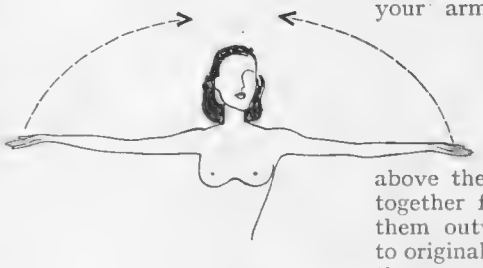
Tyre-roll Stand erect, hands at side, feet slightly apart. Place right foot forward. Raise your arms sideways and up until they are stretched above your head. Pulling upwards from the waist, bend down and touch the right foot. Bring the body up, raising arms over head, and then, curving them back, bend the body backwards as far as you can, head back. Raise arms over head again as you return to upright position. Repeat six times to each side.

Stomach Lie flat on the floor, hands on hips. Raise the left leg about nine inches from the ground, hold it there. Raise the right leg to height of the left. Keeping the feet nine inches from the floor, swing them apart. Holding them thus, lower to within three inches of the floor. Bring them together again, then lower to the floor. Repeat several times.

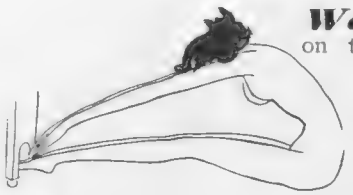
Thighs Lie flat on your back. Keeping feet together, bring your knees up and as close to chest as possible. Shoot your legs out to the left, swing them over to the right, and back to chest position. The legs swing around the body with knees up, straight, across and up. Repeat each side several times.

Ankles Sitting down, raise the legs at right angles to the body. Pointing your toes, rotate the feet from the ankles first outwards and then inwards. Rotate one foot ten times, then the other ten times, and then both together ten times.

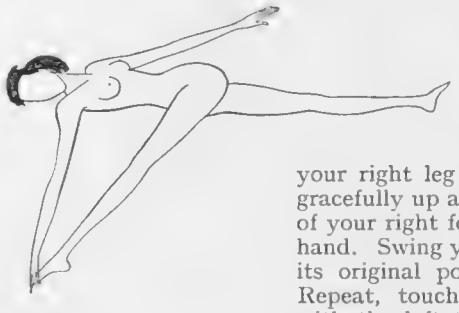
Chin Rest your elbows on the table and a book in the cupped palms of the hands. Press chin well on to the book and, pressing hard all the time, open your mouth as wide as possible. Hold this position for a count of six and then, still resisting the book pressure, close the mouth slowly, pulling at your neck and chin muscles.



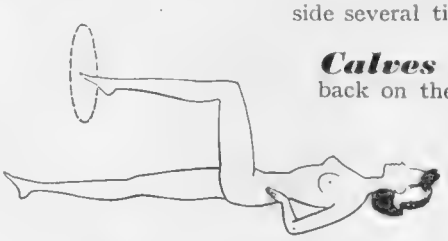
Upper Arms Stretch your arms out sideways, palms down. Slowly turn the palms to the front, twisting the whole arm as much as possible. When palms are facing upwards clap the hands above the head. Keep the palms together for a moment, then turn them outwards and return slowly to original position. Repeat twenty times.



Waist Lie flat on your back on the floor, your hands above your head, and your feet under a heavy piece of furniture. Slowly, keeping your head between your arms, raise your body and, bending at the waist, touch the ground near your feet with your hands. Lower your body to the ground again, still keeping the head between the arms. Repeat twenty times.



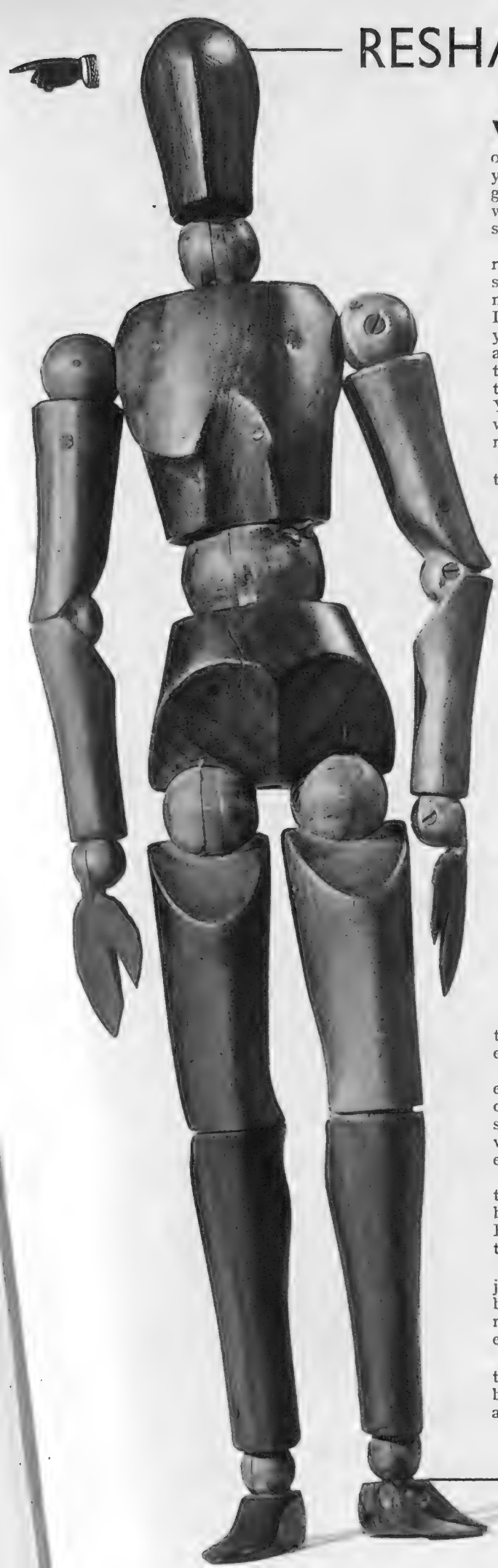
Hips Lie flat on the floor with your arms extended at the sides. Bringing your right leg up slowly, swing it gracefully up and over until the toe of your right foot touches your left hand. Swing your right leg back to its original position on the floor. Repeat, touching the right hand with the left toe. Repeat to each side several times.



Calves Lie flat on your back on the ground. Raise the left knee at right angles to the body and rotate the leg from the knee several times. Lower the leg again. Repeat with the other leg. Raise both knees and rotate legs from knee to toe, together, several times.

Feet Standing with the feet slightly apart, raise yourself on to your toes—then lower yourself and, raising the toes in the air, balance on the heels. Rock like this backwards and forwards several times. Then, placing a pencil on the floor pick it up with the toes. Drop it and pick it up with the other foot. Repeat, alternating feet, several times.

RESHAPE YOUR BODY



Whether you have a perfect figure, a slightly imperfect figure, or a really bad figure—your physical attraction depends on keeping your body beautiful with exercises. Each year threatens the gentle curves of the good figure with bulging or sagging, or both, while a really bad figure can be improved beyond belief if these specialised exercises are done with perseverance and determination.

Never try to exercise when you are physically tired, and don't rush at them the first day and then limp through the week with stiff muscles and unhappy aches. Exercises should be done with muscles alert, your whole body surging with life and quiet vigour. Do them in a freshly-aired room or out of doors, and synchronise your breathing to the exercise. For all exercises breathe rhythmically. If the lungs are contracted, as in toe-touching, or bending, the general rule is to breathe out; if the lungs are stretched, as in the arms-above-head movement, the general rule is breathe in. Your breathing should never be an effort, but a deep, conscious, well-controlled action of the lungs. And—most important of all—make exercises a regular, never-forgotten habit.

Necks are cruel. They can prattle your age if you don't keep them in order. It really isn't their fault: they are so frequently neglected. Volley-watching at the occasional tennis match is about the only pursuit in everyday life that exercises their muscles properly, and some people are even lazy about that. Crinkles, crêpe skin, discoloured patches all cry out for exercise.

Chins are perhaps even more troublesome. They begin to relax at such an early age. Most women have to start counting their chins soon after twenty—and very unhappily at that, because chins are the one example of two undeniably making a crowd.

You can have a little surplus-flesh chin which must be broken down with exercise and massage; or you can have a descending contralto's double chin, caused by sagging muscles. In either case, you have merely to do simple exercises to be able to keep your chin up.

Upper Arms can collect weight in an astonishing fashion, and then they begin to sag towards the elbows and look unpleasant. You can forget all about them until the time comes to put on evening dress or summer sleevelessness. Then you stand faced with remorse for that neglect, because it will take at least a month to get them back into their rounded loveliness—perhaps longer.

If, however, you have been strong in your daily dozen, you can fling off your enveloping woollies with the joy of a healthy body freed from winter's armour.

Breasts depend almost entirely for beauty on uplift. An uplift brassière is a great help, but uplift exercises are even better. If the muscles from the shoulder to the breast are strengthened, they will give foundations of uplift to the breasts, and half the battle is won. In fact, if you remember those muscles and feel them working during some of the other exercises, you will be able to remedy two evils with the one exercise.

There is the Posture, which should be maintained always, during exercises, during your day's routine if possible, walking, standing or sitting. It is a position of uplifted breasts (not stuck-out ribs), straight down-held shoulders, tail tucked in, pelvis slightly forward and knees straight. You should feel an easy stretching elasticity of the body from the hips to the sixth or seventh rib.

This will remove any great danger of "spare-tyre roll" spoiling the line of your dress. Such a roll cannot be overlooked. Don't be kindhearted about it—pummel it, push it, and exercise it away. Revise your idea of the correct corset—you may have a pusher that is merely deceiving you and no one else.

Waists can be deceptive, and you should never trust your eye's judgment on this matter. Get out your tape-measure. It may be difficult to believe that you have gained two inches, but the tape-measure never lies, and, if caught in time, the waist will yield to exercise sooner than any other part of the body.

Hips need more wheedling, but they can be downed. It is useless to console yourself with the whisper that in some tribes dusky belles consider big hips their pride. You are not in a tribe. And, although the snake-hipped boyish figure (Continued on page 72)

Living Normally

WE have been at war for six months.

Black-out, sandbags, summer time in winter, margarine, families separated, schools split up, education interrupted ; income-tax shocks, domicile problems ; the sudden separations and suddener reappearances of those most dear to us; all this has become part of our lives.

We have accepted it, absorbed it into our system of living so thoroughly that we have almost persuaded ourselves that it is a normal state of being.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

We are living abnormally.

And, if we are to keep our sanity in the months to come, we must not get into a regimented way of thought. We must keep out of mental uniform.

Certainly, it is easier to make up one's mind to do without the frills when they are so hard to come by, than to hold them fast. But don't tighten the belt all the time. When opportunity presents itself, let up.

Gracious ways of living, after all, are our heritage. They should, at all costs, be preserved.

This, then, is a plea for living naturally. Without exactly fiddling while Rome burns, we can allow some fine music to filter into our war-scarred lives.

Walk like a woman, Marm Sergeant. You are not going to be in the Army for ever. So, please, do not let Army discipline alter the fundamental you. Beware of coarseness in voice and speech. If you have children, don't let their most vivid memory of you be of a uniformed individual striding about the house giving fearsome commands.

When at home get out of uniform. Wear fragile feminine things. Substitute your flat-heeled shoes for high-heeled slippers, unless you forget to walk as a woman should walk.

Get Out of Uniform.

And you, ma'am, whose job entails wearing trousers. Don't form the habit of wearing the pants when off duty. Put on a skirt when you can, and dispose your limbs accordingly.

The conditions under which you are living when on duty may be pretty squalid. But don't let them get you down. From personal experience, I have found it to be a mistake to take into one's temporary exile cheap toilet accessories, and one's oldest intimate things. The touch of linen sheets will do much towards making you feel that you are living normally.

Toilet accessories that are the same that you use at home, bring something of home with you. Little luxuries like a head-pillow, a favourite eiderdown, a bedside clock or book all help in creating the illusion that you still are a Person, not just a cog in a relentless wheel. Housewives, if you have to do most of the work of the house yourself, don't continually remind your husband and family of the fact. You, too, are doing a work of national importance. Husbands home from tough days at the office, followed, maybe, by A.R.P. work, should not be asked to look at your poor hands or your neglected hair; there is no reason why either should be neglected or ruined by domestic work.

Above all, don't talk rations to him. Rationing becomes a bore only if you talk about it.

If meals have to be plainer, make them more attractive than ever to the eye. Instead of putting away your best things for the duration, bring out your nicest linen, your silver and china. Use it and enjoy it. Don't go without flowers, if you have to go without something else. You may not be able to afford new covers or hangings this spring, but at least, see that the old ones are sent regularly to the cleaners. And if there is a little money to spare and the covers are old, buy the new ones you have been meaning to since last spring.

Talking of Family.

Perhaps your daughter is getting restive. At seventeen, she is ready for College. But the war has shaken her enthusiasm for French History and Italian poetry. She is all for the W.A.A.F.s and that glamorous uniform.

"No," you say, "we can still scrape up enough for her University fees, and we are going to see to it that there is one properly trained woman on call when war is over." The result may be war in the home.

But stick to your guns. You are right. Many a young man has put paid to his career in order to join up. He would have been a more useful citizen—after, if he had first finished his training. Don't let the girls do the same thing.

It is tough on the child who prefers a uniform to the Undergraduate's tattered gown ; it is tough to wrestle with mediæval French among dreaming spires when her heart is with the Army tearing over Salisbury Plain at the wheel of a camouflaged lorry. But, please God, she won't be much older when all this is over. Certainly, if she stays where she is, she will be wiser.

A young poet remarked that it was an odd thing that no great poetry, so far, had been born of this war.

The poet who packs up his imagination for the war is doing just the same thing as the woman who hurries by the florist's and thinks any old clothes will do.

In denying herself beauty and any normality of living, she denies that there is anything in life but the expediency of the moment.

By LYNNE JOYCE

FASHIONS
FOR THE SPRING

Nothing so far has come to challenge the supremacy of the dinner dress for wartime night life. The slim, svelte creations of the new season have a basis of stark simplicity lit, piquantly, with rich embroidery, paillettes and the vivid jewellery which knows so well how to unite flamboyance with restraint.

Structurally these evening clothes show little variation from their former line. There is still the high back, the square neckline with its intriguing width at the base (the Hartnell gown on page 45 is typical) Long sweeping curves from bosom to hip flow down to the toes, sometimes regally straight, at others revealing a rippling fullness from the hips down.

Romaine, silk jersey and rich textured crepe are the foremost fabrics. Outstanding colours are wine red, greens in most shades to turquoise and a delicious blue-pervenche.

Red, more stimulating than ever in these times, appears in stop, raspberry and ruby shades. Clever harmonies are turquoise and plum, yellow and grey and pink with rust.

Here and there a startlingly effective contrast is achieved with the use of two fabrics. A simple bodice top, for instance, bursts into gaiety with a skirt of bold plaid design.

Daytime clothes show a practical influence in their adaptability to town and country uses. Durable tweeds have the popular vote with jackets definitely longer and heavily pocketed both for service and for greater interest.

For Springtime the dress in fine hopsack, velours or any lightweight woollen is accompanied by the still popular jacket either matching or subtly contrasted in colour or design. Crepe and tie silks made on the same lines will take the place of woollens for summer.

A point to remember is that jackets are cut with a lower neck-line than formerly. This to simplify the problem of bulk where a coat collar has to fit over a high dress collar.

Throughout, practicability is the dominant note. Clothes are simple but interesting. Wearable in every sense, but never drab. Witty, even frivolous, accessories, flippant ultra-feminine hats make the contrast with sober utility.

It is a dress season of good sense, but sense which lacks nothing of the allure that women crave.

Linen and straw, woven together into forage-cap shape, trimmed with white violets. *Hugh Beresford*

Crepe de Chine sailor in camouflage patchwork. Colours are cinnamon, browns, greens. *Aage Thaarup*

Black felt decked with bows of royal blue, jade, black, and scarlet petersham. *Hugh Beresford*

(Left) Black and white satin ciré flowers high on the crown of a wide-brimmed black felt hat. *Erik*

Baku straw, trimmed with pleated organdie, pale blue and black. Matching pale blue organdie bib-front has black bows. *Thaarup*

(Left) Green velvet feather tied as a bow in front of this white silk straw. Chenille spots on veil. *Erik*

Jacket Dresses for Daytime

1. Dress and jacket in black, white and grey bookmaker check, over-checked with royal blue. Jacket collar is royal velvet, posy of matching check. Dress is slim-fitting, with no belt, short sleeves, square neck. Worn with brogue shoes in matching check fabric. *Rahvis*

2. Coat and dress in fine wool fabric, crushed strawberry shade. Wide inverted pleat at back of coat gives fullness. Swathing sash should be worn with dress when coat is removed. *Lachasse*

3. Pervenche blue dress and jacket. Jacket is lined with printed crepe, white ground with scarlet, yellow and black design. Dress has knotted collar of the crepe; waist yoke ties at back. In fine woollen fabric. *Stiebel*

4. Thick tie-silk suit of navy flecked with cherry red. Three-quarter sleeves; inverted pleat at back of jacket. Worn with white blouse, buttoned with red cherries. *Hartnell*

Classic Lines and Rich Trimmings for Night Life

1. Yellow tweed dress with tiny scarlet fleck. Jacket of dull yellow with fine scarlet check. Dress buttons and belt are scarlet, and the pleats in the skirt, fan-shaped, extend both sides. *Lachasse*

2. Bodice and full sleeves of fine black lace, with under-bodice of black satin. Black cire skirt. Tiny frillings of white lace at the hem-line, neck and cuffs. *Rahvis*

3. Dinner dress in aquamarine blue crepe, trimmed with aquamarines and diamanté. Jewelled pocket on skirt. Skirt is slit up eighteen inches from hem at the side. *Hartnell*

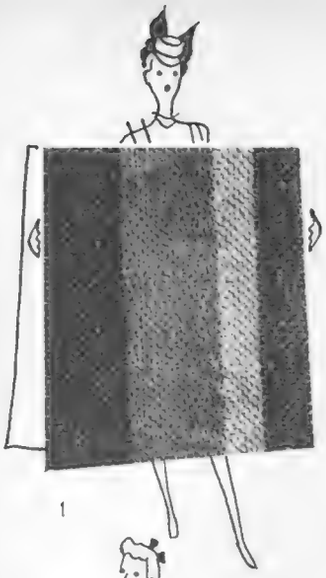
4. Smoky parma violet crepe dinner dress with bodice draped at sides. Wide sash swathing the hips ties in front with long ends cunningly built in to form front skirt panel. *Stiebel*

New Fabrics

Wools figure prominently among the new fabrics for spring dresses and suits. Most of them are light in texture, brilliant in colour and amusing in design. Flannel is widely used for dresses and lightweight suits.

Durability is an outstanding feature of most of the new fabrics for spring dresses and suits, but colouring and design keep them gay.

For summer wear look for printed rayons, flowered chiffons and girlish printed cambrics with quantities of lace used as ruffle trimming for evening skirts and transparent bodices.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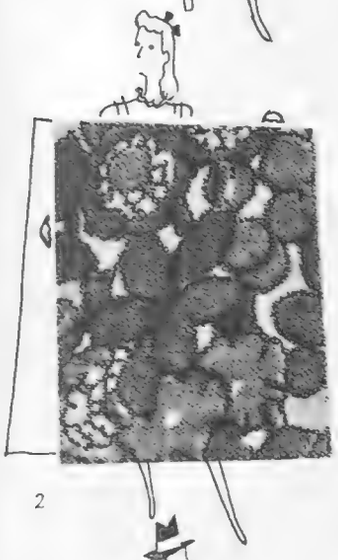
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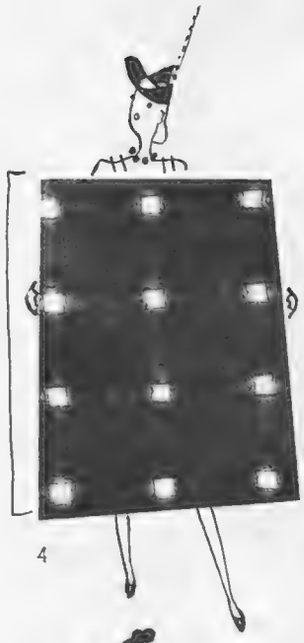
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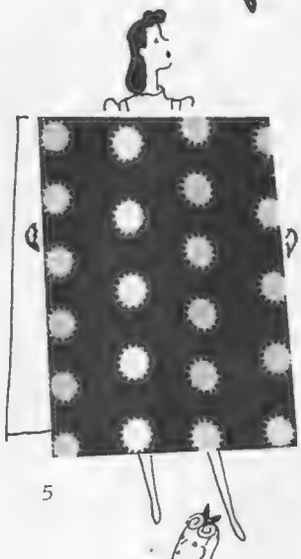
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1. Burrah, a lightweight woollen weave, in stripes of blue - grey, violet - blue, green and flame. *Rodier*

2. Hand - printed Chusan crepe, a sheer wool fabric in jade, peacock, royal, amethyst, and puce colouring, on white ground. *Liberty*

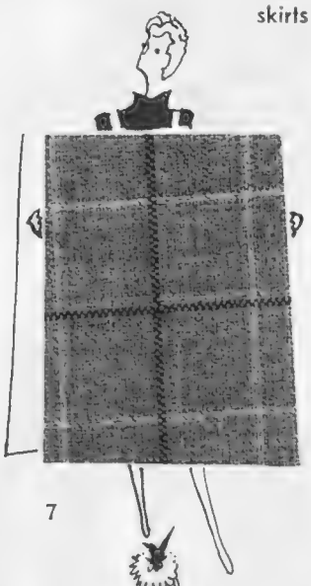
3. White swan and stream design on royal blue chiffon. *Jacqmar*

4. Soft violet woollen fabric with all-over check design. Drawn thread effect. *Rodier*

5. Printed crepe, with star spots of puce, white, vermilion, and jade, on black ground. *Celanese*

6. Surah silk in black with china blue all-over design of zodiac signs. *Jacqmar*

7. Worsted Westcroft fabric in rayon, light grey-blue ground with fine black and white line check. *Courtaulds*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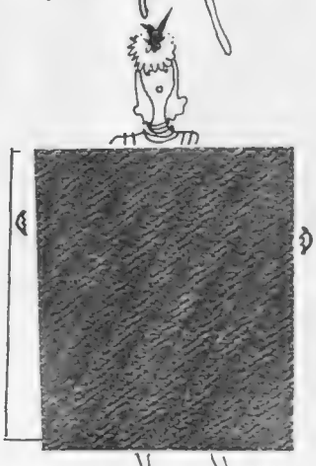
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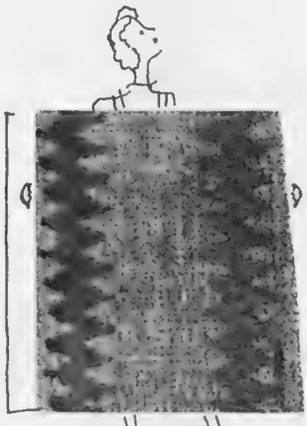
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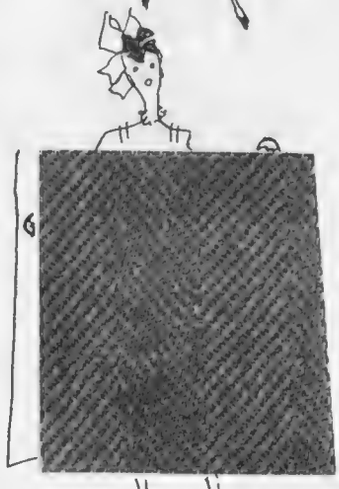
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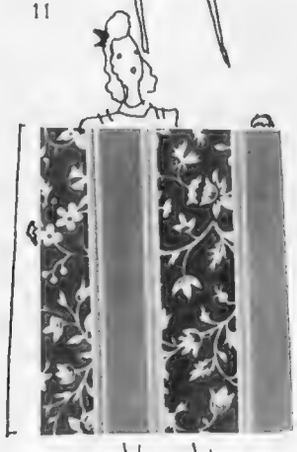
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8. Soft wool fabric in diagonal stripe weave. Reseda green. *Viyella*

9. Flat rayon crepe, in navy, with tiny posy pattern in blue, white, red and pink. *Courtaulds*

10. Fine grey flannel weave, with zig-zag stripes of jade, scarlet, bottle green and blue. *Viyella*

11. Herringbone angora, similar to original Liberty cashmere. In cobalt blue, and other shades. *Liberty*

12. Rayon crepe, printed for pleating. When pleated, the black and white design stripe shows, the lime stripe is only displayed when pleats are extended. *Celanese*

Mary Young's FINDINGS *for your* KEEPINGS

Aluminium steamer with clip-on lid, does away with the need for using a cloth and avoids risk of water getting in. Price 1/3. Postage 3d. Cooking spoon that can't fall into mixture. Clips on side of bowl or jug. Choice of three angles. Price 1/9. Postage 3d. Mincer for nuts, nutmeg and spices. Price 1/-. Postage 3d. Harrods

Originally designed for making mayonnaise, war economy has found a new use for this good-looking mixer. Put your precious four ounces into the glass container, add four ounces of milk, and whisk briskly. The result is eight ounces of delicious creamy butter. Price 3/9. From Staines, 94, Victoria Street, S.W.1. Postage 6d.

Cuts of unrationed bacon which are not so good when fried in the usual way taste delicious cooked in this roaster. On top of the stove, it only requires a bead of gas, and is equally economical for oven roasting. Made of all-in-a-piece steel in blue enamel finish. Price 12/6. Larger sizes 19/6, 21/6. From Staines. Post free

If in-between bust size is your problem, your troubles are at an end. The new three-pocket fastening on this attractive Kempat brassière gives three perfect fittings, in each size throughout the range. The model photographed is 36. But whether you are 34 or 35, it will fit. 5/11, from most good shops. Postage 2d.

If you want a fairer, lovelier complexion this spring, lather your face with warm water and Rose Laird's Young Skin Liquid Facial Soap. It will make your face really clean. Good for dull skins, oily skins: good for acne, too, for it acts as a mild tonic and antiseptic. Price 6/6. Postage 6d. From Selfridge's Hairdressing Dept.

All through the night, this ruffled cap will keep your curls unruffled. Its thistledown lightness is a revelation of sleeping comfort, yet every curl is kept in place by means of the cleverly arranged gauging. The helmet can be fixed in three different ways to suit individual hair styles. Price 2/6. Postage 1½d. From Boots the Chemists

The price of perfume soars, making each drop precious. This new travel or toilet spray will prevent wastage. Roll the chromium top over from one side to the other, and it locks. This action makes the spray dust and leak proof, and avoids evaporation. Price, including postage and packing, one guinea. Elizabeth Arden

Spring is the time when hair needs reconditioning. This shampoo pomade, to use yourself at home, corrects brittleness and dandruff. It is specially good for dyed or bleached hair. Silkodono lathers like shampoo but contains no soap. Price 4/6 per 4-oz. carton. Postage 3d. From Silk's, 8, Red Lion Street, W.C.1

Our Miss Young, not satisfied with telling you of her discoveries of the month, has bought a camera and is going to photograph them too. You can buy any of these things direct, of course, but if you would prefer us to get them for you, send us an open postal order and we will see they are despatched. The address (a War Emergency one) is: Mary Young, "Britannia and Eve," Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, near King's Langley, Herts.

The modern notion of bed comfort. A scientifically sprung mattress; comforting, featherweight Earlywarm blankets, rich textures and subtly blended colours to induce rest

They made

I am handicapped by an uncertainty as to who was the first man to make his bed and lie on it, so this cannot be a history of beds. To people who now luxuriate upon their modern spring mattresses this may seem of no importance at all, though they must admit that the history of beds is as intriguing, and sometimes more so, than that of the people who have lain on them, whether they made them or not.

The museums of this country are littered with specimens of the beds that Good Queen Bess took her rest upon and of others that King Henry the Eighth somehow incorporated into one of his hunting trips, when never a sound is heard of the tables and chairs and footstools and hatstands that must have played a part in the comfort of these distinguished persons.

This just goes to show that the bed is a factor to be reckoned with in history.

People have had very different ideas about beds; beginning with the Anglo-Saxon gentlemen who knew their own minds on the subject of mollycoddling and just used to throw down an armful of straw on a bench when they felt sleep coming upon them.

But even then the bed seemed to have a softening influence and could soothe the savage breast of the Anglo-Saxon, because before very long, we are told, the fascination of bed-making came so strongly upon him that he rejected the bench in favour of an alcove with straw. Indeed, the new arrangement seemed so full of possibilities that in no time at all his defences were down and he had actually hung a curtain over the opening.

From that moment things really began to happen.

All the same, they were a little late in this country, where we are notoriously slow in putting into use ideas that other countries have been using for ages and which anyway, they got from us in the first place.

So it took us a little time to catch up in matters relating to the design of beds, though whether the lack of bed consciousness in our ancestors has changed the course of history or might have any bearing upon the mess we are in to-day is entirely for you to decide.

The Greeks knew a great deal about beds, and so appreciated their importance that they always took very good care to have all their great feminine and even masculine personalities of the day depicted on a gilded couch, which is a bed whichever way you spell it.

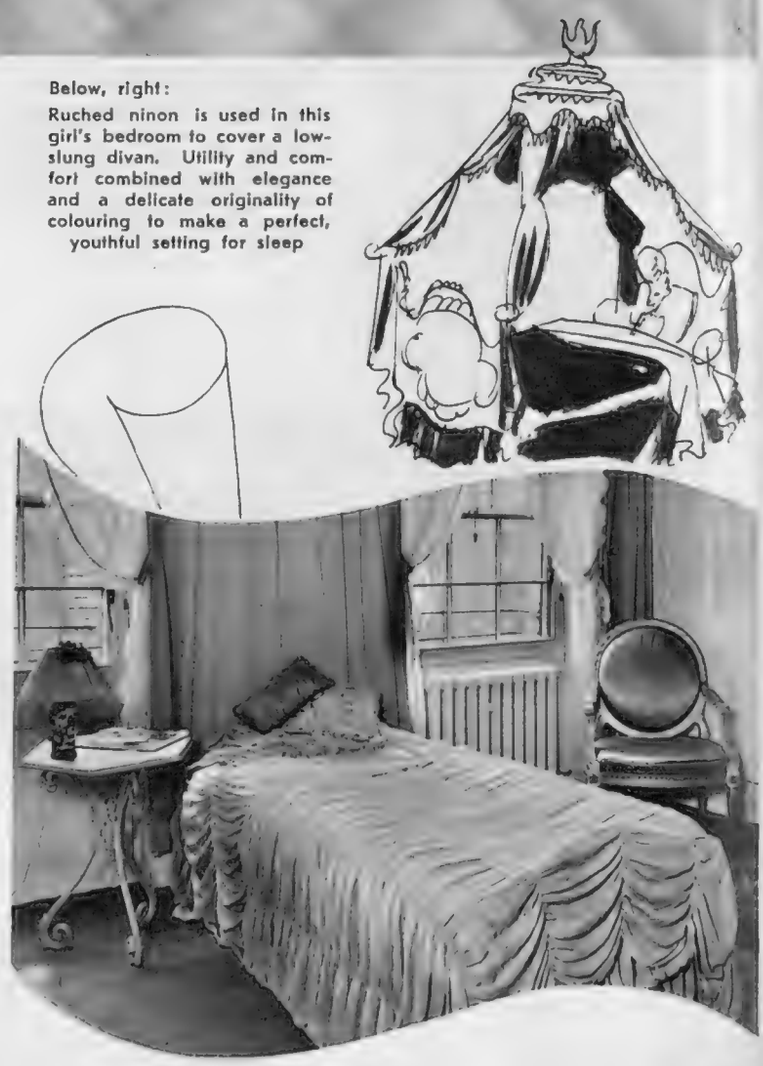
The same with the Romans who really began the idea of going upstairs to rest by building such high beds that you had to use a step to get into them. Marriage beds and ceremonial beds were higher than ever.

The Romans were fond of adornment and, at times, even sported gold plating for their beds, which nobody in their senses would think of exchanging for a nice modern Vi-Spring to-day.

However, they argued that they had paid a lot of

Below, right:

Ruched ninon is used in this girl's bedroom to cover a low-slung divan. Utility and comfort combined with elegance and a delicate originality of colouring to make a perfect, youthful setting for sleep



money for their beds, and so they were jolly well going to use them. Accordingly, they brought them to meals and made the most thorough use of them upon social occasions, contriving to look luxuriously at ease in a manner which, if my observations are correct, must have been very hard lying indeed.

During all this while, privacy and the bed seem to have had very little in common. In the Middle Ages you did your sleeping in the same room in which you did your eating and your gossiping with the princess in the tower next door.

But for once we were a little ahead of the others in this country when we began to draw curtains around the bed in, I believe, the fifteenth century. That was the time when those massive carved oak four-posters that groaned under the weight of embroidery and tapestry were beginning to get a foothold.

In France, of course, they were still lightheartedly encouraging the tradition that the bedside was the only proper rendezvous of good company and the only possible source of amusing gossip.

As a symbol of hospitality, the bed has quite a new significance again. Before American hospitality was even

their beds

The colouring, conception and lay-out of this bedroom scheme are subtly conducive to rest. Against peach walls and softly draped windows, the shapely bed is further improved by the attractive Vantona bed-cover in brown on an apricot ground

Below left:
Superlative luxury is ensured for these twin beds by their modern Vi-Spring mattresses. Their charming appearance comes with the faultless tailoring of the glazed chintz covers, head-boards and bolsters

dreamed of, we had broken the all-time record at Ware with the Great Bed into which the owner was always delighted to crowd at least eight of his friends.

Social complexes appear to have proved a certain bar to hospitality then as now, though since I understand that to sleep in such a bed as the Great Bed of Rye House, of which there were many, you were required to be of some social standing.

If you failed in this particular, they simply drew out a smaller bed on castors from underneath the large one and accommodated your inferior person upon that.

Thus we go on to the exotically draped and utterly enchanting beds of the Regency days, with their metal domes and flounces and exquisite flippancy, down to the Victorian bed which was a brass four-poster or something pretty heavily inlaid with mother-of-pearl, carrying the unmistakable mark of being designed for downright practical service and for supporting grandmother adequately through an innumerable number of accouchements.

After that, beds steadily lost their glamour and their historical significance, but they gained a lot in comfort which, when you get down to it, is the thing that matters most about them.

Helen of Troy can have her gilded couch. Louis XIV can have his bedside gatherings, but I wouldn't exchange either of them for a good modern bed designed for scientific comfort, some modern blankets—Earlywarm for preference, fluffy, light and warm as a lamb's coat—and the knowledge that I needn't get up early in the morning.

By Winifred Lewis

LEISURE

It was a bad thing for us all when hobbies went out of favour. Ready-made entertainment deprived us of them and took away the ability, even the urge, to self expression. It is only now that the war has begun to throw us upon our own resources for amusement that we are realising what we have missed.

A quiet hobby is very satisfying. Only those who follow one realise how much. You cannot engage in some quiet occupation which demands personal skill and sustained effort without feeling that some of the aches and fevers of life have been smoothed away.

Restlessness is quieted while you occupy yourself thus and as interest grows and your pride in every new achievement swells, self sufficiency is established and you become a happier person.

If I were asked to prescribe a tonic for boredom or for an unsatisfactory family life, I should prescribe a hobby. Or is that the right word? Perhaps it conveys collecting birds' eggs or poring over stamps. I really refer to the quieter occupations encompassed by the home, not specially new or original ones but those that have brought comfort to humanity for centuries past—reading, writing, music, cooking, gardening and good needlework. You cannot imagine until you have been let loose with a brush and a pot of paint and some shabby furniture to be given new life how absorbing home redecorating can be.

In fact, any of these occupations, though they may not be new, might prove, when seriously studied, to have the power to fill a whole lifetime with interest. There can be no half measures with a home interest. You must follow it seriously. Give yourself a chance to understand its appeal and give it a chance to prove its fascination to you.

In other words, give it your time and a worthy status.

If painting or modelling, with its consequent disorder and paraphernalia, attracts you, you must have a whole room to work in, otherwise you will alienate your family. With the other pursuits if you cannot set aside a room in which to follow the occupation of your choice, at least make some effort to give it a setting. Follow it in comfort or not at all. Don't nibble at it.

Adapt your own bedroom if necessary. Make a place where you can withdraw in comfort and indulge your leisure in the way that pleases you best.

Suppose music is your interest. So many people nurse for music an affection that has been allowed to go cold because of trifling obstacles.

Thousands of homes have a piano that has come to be regarded as an item of furniture rather than as a means of pleasure and self expression. It may have happened to you. You played the piano once, but there was no time to practise, the family did not share your enthusiasm, your tinkling annoyed them. It

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(*Top of the page*) You and your music can spend some very profitable leisure together in a room as inviting as this. The décor is simple but infinitely comfortable. (*Centre*) Not even a whole room, but just a comfortable corner—your own—in which to do those hours of reading you have always promised yourself. (*Left*) If growing things is to occupy your leisure, you will appreciate this room designed for contemplating the garden beyond and for displaying the flowers and foliage you have grown there

ROOMS

was all slightly difficult, so you and your music drifted apart.

But you need not have done. You could have *made* time for practice. The family could have been quelled if you and your hobby had had a place to go to on your own. Think what it would have meant to you now.

It is not too late. You may never become a very good pianist, but you can become a very happy one.

So if music is a delight to you, give yourself a chance to enjoy and understand it. A music room is probably out of the question, but have your piano, your gramophone, whatever instrument you favour, enthroned in a setting that is always ready to receive you. Let it be warm and intimate and personal.

You cannot commune with your music in a cold corner of a room that is only infrequently used. On the other hand, you must be able to get away from people. You *can* get away from them. It only involves a little reorganisation, possibly a little redecoration. It is worth it to make your leisure happy.

The same goes for reading. Are you a book nibbler or do you appreciate what a factor in your leisure, in your whole life, contact with good literature can be if you give yourself to it?

Give reading a chance. Make yourself a quiet retreat if it is only a corner that can be set aside for your use. Make it beautiful and comfortable and at least worthy of the big part your hobby is to play in your affairs.

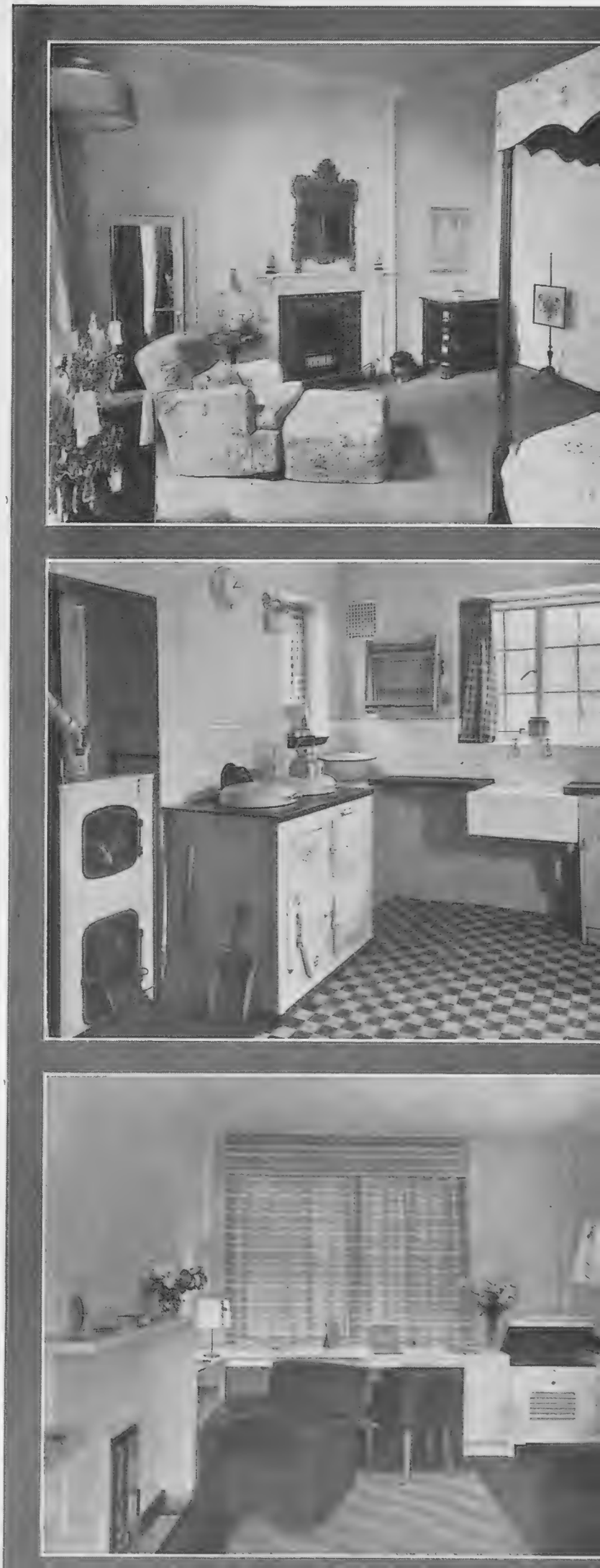
If you have to adapt part of your bedroom, build book shelves, make a writing corner, fix the lighting and give the room an atmosphere of comfort that you can withdraw into whenever you have the leisure to spare.

If you are a person whose interests lie in more practical undertakings, remember that cooking, as a hobby, is one of the most satisfying and the most challenging to skill. The cooking you do because you must eat and the kind which develops into an art are far apart.

If cooking becomes the companion of your leisure you will enjoy creating a kitchen worthy of your favourite occupation. You can build up a fine workshop by easy stages as your experience and your resources grow.

Good cooks never have time on their hands.

We have shown here some charming rooms to give you inspiration in making a setting for your own leisure occupation, whatever it may be. With the summer approaching it will be gardening for many, and this makes the sunny room on the left of particular interest. It is flanked on each side with windows, and decorated in pastel green, making a background for the riotous colouring of the garden which can be seen from every side. A room for the garden lover to sit in and contemplate her work and to display the flowers she loves.



(*Top of the page*) If you can't have a whole room to yourself, your own bedroom can be adapted as a place for reading, writing, sewing and receiving friends, something like this perhaps. (*Centre*) The cooking you do because you must eat, and the cooking you do because it is fun, are far apart. The latter demands a perfect kitchen, like this. (*Right*) If you can have any room of your own to pass your leisure in, you are lucky. If you can have one like this on the right you are even luckier

S-L-O-W down

The war is doing some pretty nasty things to some of us. Most of them are visible and in that sense combatable, but the worst are the less obvious ones because, having no recognition, they get no treatment.

What is the war doing to you? Much the same things as it is doing to others, of course, visible things. Is it also accelerating the pace at which you live in a way that you are hardly even aware of? Are you running your life now, as many are, rather like an engine at full pelt? If so, for goodness' sake slow down.

You may be all unaware of it. You might not even have realised what a strain you are putting upon your physical and nervous equipment. But you *will* realise, only too forcibly, unless you relax.

Perhaps you are not mechanically minded. Neither am I, but at least we know that you can't rev an engine indefinitely without a crack-up, and that is what a lot of us are doing now with the engine of the human system which is of a delicate kind.

I don't say you are necessarily overworking in the physical sense. Probably you are not, though war workers are being called upon to perform some pretty heavy feats of endurance. You may be leading a fairly unharassed sort of life in the physical sense and still be going the pace.

Everywhere now people are saying: "I can't seem to settle to anything. I feel I must be constantly on the go or else I'm bored." You can see it written in their faces. Restlessness. Tenseness.

In the amusement centres the pace is hot. Every one is working and playing violently. You are, perhaps, and you will regret it if you don't give yourself a rest.

There are plenty of grounds for the pace at which we are living. Nobody denies it. Worry about friends and loved ones, separation, insecurity, danger, are like aching teeth constantly nagging. The inevitable reaction is excitement, activity, the denial of all quiet things. Stop thinking. Keep going and forget.

It's understandable, but these measures are merely palliative, they don't cure and they bring their own disorders in the end.

An agitated mental state is the foundation of physical upset. You simply cannot go on taxing nervous resources without paying for it with your body and by taxing your nerves I mean never resting them.

"Well, what *is* resting them?" you ask, and to that I say that the art of relaxation is not learned in a day. But it is vital, at a time like this, to know something, even though elementary, of its beneficent effect upon the mind and body.

Sleep is, of course, the ultimate in relaxation, but not all sleep. You may go to bed and pass into unconsciousness but the recuperative effect upon your system can be nil.

How you wake up in the morning tells you that. If you feel refreshed, revitalised, your sleep has been beneficial. If you feel sluggish, irritable, sleep was ineffectual.

To get the very utmost from your sleeping you must relax mentally and physically.

Don't go to bed until your mind is quiet. If you are worried you will need much self control to put harrowing thoughts aside. To clean your mind as if it were a slate, so that rest and renewed strength can come to you.

It is not an easy thing, but it can be done. It *must* be done if you are going to face the emotional and the physical conflicts of this war and get the better of them.

Don't take your worries to bed with you. Concentrate deeply, deeply upon the futility of churning things over in your mind. Convince yourself of the service you do to yourself and others by maintaining that reserve of strength that only true relaxation can bring.

If you have no particular personal anxiety but are just generally tense, anxious about everything, the war and the fire insurance and the boys at the front and money, (Continued on p. 81)

CARE FOR CLOTHES

I have no quarrel with dry cleaners. Mine are excellent, and before Sir John Simon played such an absorbing part in my life, my weekly bundle of clothes to clean and press must have paid most of their rent.

Now—alas for their profits but goody-goody for my budget—I have learned to be my own valet. Gather round and I'll tell you how you can still look just out of the band-box, though your suit is threatening to leave you and live on its Old Age Pension.

First, don't stint on equipment. A lumpy blanket on a corner of the kitchen table will not make you the wizard with the smoothing-iron which your tightened purse-strings insists you must be.

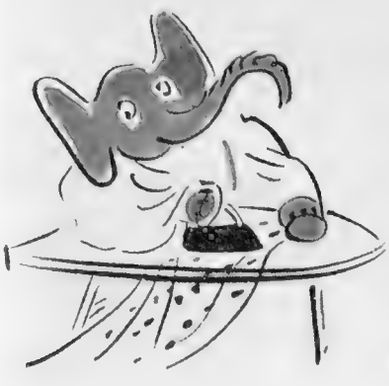
A properly-covered ironing-board is essential, not too wide for your skirts to be slipped easily round it. Sleeve boards always seem to be designed for ironing elephant's clothes. I find a padded rolling-pin far more useful. If you can run to an automatically heat-controlled iron, it makes the job absolute bliss, but a 7s. 6d. electric iron isn't to be despised, and the miniature travelling iron which you have popped away somewhere comes in very useful for tricky bits of frilling, as well as for negotiating puff sleeves, your own or the children's.

A small sponge is a help (3d. from a chemist) and you must have an adequate cloth for pressing, which won't leave bits of fluff behind on dark materials.

Since rayon has crept into most fabrics these days, never try to press a blouse or dress without first covering it with your evenly damped cloth. The result, if you ignore this heart-felt warning, will be a shiny patch which nothing will remove. With a damp cloth you can also unseat that skirt which has developed a pocket at the back for you to sit in. Slip the skirt over the board, with the baggy side facing you but wrong side out. Cover it with a very damp cloth and press with a hot iron until you have shrunk the material back to its original shape. Do this often and you won't have to work so hard over the job.

Now we come to men's suits. Give your husband fair warning that you intend to go through his pockets. Turn each pocket inside out and brush thoroughly; turn down the turn-ups of the trousers and clear out the road sweepings that have found a home there. Sew on any buttons that need it, and do the job thoroughly with proper linen thread, not 40 cotton, if they are buttons which take any strain.

If your husband's pockets develop money-losing holes, make new ones of thin chamois leather, and remind him to get his tailor to put this type in next time he buys a new suit. Good tailors will also stitch a strip of leather inside the back of the heel of each trouser leg, to prevent the turn-up from cutting through.



If any trousers have not been fitted with this, be sure to stitch a strip in yourself before any further damage is done.

On a loved but disreputable gardening jacket, out at elbows and frayed at the cuffs, you can fix patches of brown or chamois leather. I don't advise this as a beautiful surprise, though—have a word with the owner about it first.

When pressing a suit, always use a damp cloth, and take special care to get the crumples out of the sleeves. Follow the old trouser creases as though they were your mother's precepts, a misplaced crease is a major tragedy.

If you don't seem very good at this part of the job, buy an electric trouser-pressing gadget which is just whisked down each leg while the trousers are on. This costs 12s. 6d., and many a business man and woman has achieved a terrific reputation for grooming by secreting one in the office drawer, for it is equally good for pleated skirts.

To remove a generally shiny look, sponge, not too lavishly, with a weak solution of ammonia and water, then press under a dry cloth.

If the seat is very shiny, rub with a cut potato. Then cover with a damp cloth and press with a series of bangs. After each bang, lift up the cloth and tease the pile of the fabric with a stiff brush while it is still steaming.

Men's hats, like your own, need a rub over inside every week with a spirit cleaner to remove brilliantine from his, powder from yours. They both respond unbelievably by being held in the steam of a boiling kettle, then brushed.

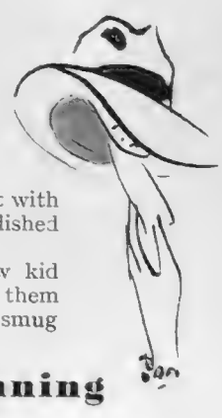
If his hats get ruined by hair oil, you might try hiding a band of clean blotting paper behind the inside band, changing it often and hoping you won't be discovered.

Most of the stains which used to make you send clothes to the cleaner in the old days can be removed with a good spirit cleaner such as Thawpit.

Keep a bottle in your bedroom, and use it to whisk off that infuriating powder mark which spoils the neckline of your black dresses, that grease mark at the back of the neck. The smell disappears in a moment, and even on a light fabric there is no danger of a ring if you blow furiously on the spot while rubbing it with the cleaner.

Both your husband's shoes and your own will last longer, and keep the rain out better, if they are long-soled when they need it. The cost is not much more than the half-soling most people have, but the difference in comfort is immense, and you don't have that depressed feeling of wearing obviously soled shoes.

Did you know that very fine glasspaper can be used to restore the first shiny patches on suède shoes? And did you know that hopelessly shiny suède can be transformed into glossy new kid?



Get a tube of good shoe cream, the white kind, such as Meltonian. Apply it with a clean soft cloth all over the shoes, working it well in and doing only a small patch at a time. A pair of shoes ought to take you an hour and it doesn't do to hurry the job. Start with the heels, and work away until you have polished the suède surface to a smooth shining kid.

Every one will think you have some new kid shoes, but you won't be able to resist telling them the truth—you will be feeling so disgustingly smug about this brilliant wartime economy.

Vere Denning

This Zipps up the Back

REQUIRED

5 oz. Ramada Super Fingering 3-ply in rust; 2 oz. Ramada Super Fingering 3-ply in pale blue; 1 pair each of Nos. 11, 12 and 13 Stratnoid knitting needles; 1 zipp fastener, 4½ ins. long; 1 pair shoulder pads.

MEASUREMENTS

34-in. bust; underarm seam: 5½ ins.; shoulder to hem: 17 ins.

TENSION

8 stitches and 11 rows to 1 in. in stitch B.

THE STITCHES

(A) For the welt, cuffs and collar work a rib of k. 2, p. 2, but work in the back of all knitted sts.

(B) For all the rest of the pullover, work in a double moss st., thus:

1st row: k. 1, p. 1, right along the row.

2nd row: k. the purled sts., and p. the knitted sts. of the last row.

3rd row: k. the knitted sts., and p. the purled sts. of the last row.

4th row: Like the 2nd. These 4 rows are repeated throughout.

BACK

With rust wool and No. 12 needles cast on 116 sts. Work in st. A for 3 ins. Change to st. B and No. 11 needles. In every 8th row inc. 1 st. at both ends of the needles until there are 134 sts. Continue working straight until work measures 9½ ins. from lower edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then take 2 together at the beg. of the next 10 rows (108 sts. remain). Continue working straight until work measures 13 ins. from lower edge. Now divide work into two parts and put half of the sts. on a spare needle. Continue working straight on the other half until work measures 17 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge in every other row until 18 sts. remain. Cast off. Work the other side to match.

FRONT

With rust wool and No. 12 needles cast on 122 sts. Work in st. A for 3 ins. Change to st. B and to No. 11 needles. Inc. 1 st. in every 8th row at both ends of the needle until there are 142 sts., and work measures 9½ ins. from lower edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Follow instructions given for Back armhole directions until 116 sts. remain. Continue working straight until work measures 15 ins. from lower edge, then cast off the middle 16 sts. of the work. Finish each side separately by casting off at the beg. of every other row at the neck edge 2 sts. six times and 1 st. twice. Work straight until work measures 17 ins.

TO SHAPE SHOULDER SEAM

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of every other row at the armhole edge, until all sts. are eliminated. Work the other side to match.

SLEEVES (Both Alike)

With blue wool and No. 12 needles cast on 80 sts. Work in st. A for 1¼ ins., then change to No. 11 needles and k. the next row as follows, with rust wool: *K. 5 sts., then inc. 1 st.; rep. from * until there are 33 sts. Now change to blue wool and continue inc. as before until there are 30 blue sts.; continue working again with rust wool and inc. as before until you have 32 rust sts. There are now 95 sts. Continue working in st. B, keeping the 30 middle sts. in blue wool, and inc. 1 st. at both ends of the needle in every 4th row, until there are 48 rows from ribbing and 119 sts.

TO SHAPE THE TOP

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of the next 58 rows and 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Now cast off all rust sts. and continue working straight with the blue part for 48 rows. Cast off.

ABBREVIATIONS

K.=knit; p.=purl; s.=slip stitch; st.=stitch; sts.=stitches; rep.=repeat; beg.=beginning; inc.=increase or increasing; dec.=decrease or decreasing; patt.=pattern; d.c.=double crochet.

THE COLLAR

With blue wool and No. 11 needles cast on 160 sts. and work straight in st. A for 12 rows, then change to No. 12 needles and work again for 12 rows. Finally, with No. 13 needles, work 12 rows all in st. A. Cast off.

THE POCKET

With rust wool and No. 11 needles cast on 2 sts. and work in st. B. Inc. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until there are 26 sts. Continue working straight for 22 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press the work on the wrong side under a damp cloth, lightly. Sew up the side, shoulder and sleeve seams, set in sleeves and the blue panel set on the shoulders, making a small pleat in the top of the sleeve on each side of the shoulder panel. Sew on the pocket. Sew the zipp fastener into the back opening. Sew on the collar around the neck-line with cast-off seam. Press all the seams. Sew in the shoulder pads.

This Buttons up the Back

REQUIRED

7 oz. Ramada Super Fingering wool, 3-ply; 1 pair each of No. 9 and No. 10 "Stratnoid" knitting needles; 12 small button moulds.

MEASUREMENTS

35-in. bust: length from top of shoulder to lower edge, 19½ ins.; length of sleeve seam, 6½ ins.

TENSION

8½ sts. to the in. in patt. on No. 9 needles; 9 rows to the in. in patt. on No. 9 needles.

FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 118 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 6 rows.

7th row: P. 1, k. 1, to end of row. Rep. this row 5 times.

These 12 rows form patt. Rep. the last 12 rows once. Rep. first 6 rows once. Change to No. 9 needles and complete the 3rd patt. Continue in patt.; inc. each end of the next and every following 6th row until 13 inc. rows have been worked (144 sts.). Work another 6 rows (9½ patts. should now have been worked and garment should measure 12½ ins. from beg.).

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. at each end of next 7 alternate rows (116 sts.).

Work without shaping for 1 patt. (12 rows) more. Change to No. 10 needles.

Next row: K. 6, * k. 2 tog., k. 4; rep. from * to last 8 sts., k. 8 (99 sts.).

YOKE

This is worked in a 6-row patt. (Continued on page 76)

Striped in Yellow and Brown

REQUIRED

3 oz. yellow Ramada Super Fingering wool, 3-ply; 2 oz. brown Ramada Super Fingering wool, 3-ply; 1 pair each of No. 12 and No. 10 "Stratnoid" knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Bust, 34 ins.; length from shoulder to hem, 19 ins.

TENSION

15 sts. to 2 ins. when pressed.

Work into the back of all cast-on sts.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and yellow wool cast on 127 sts. Work in ribs of k. 1, p. 1 for 4 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and patt. as follows:

1*st row:* K. 3, * s. 1, k. 3; rep. from * to end.

2*nd row:* P. 3, * s. 1, purlwise, p. 3; rep. from * to end.

3*rd row:* With brown wool, k. 1, s. 1, * k. 3, s. 1; rep. from * to end. K. 1.

4*th row:* With brown wool, p. 1, s. 1, * p. 3, s. 1; rep. from * to end; p. 1. These 4 rows form patt. Rep. patt. until work measures 12 ins.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off 3 at beg. of next 4 rows. Continue on remaining 91 sts. until work measures 19½ ins. Cast off 9 at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off the remainder.

FRONT

Work as instructed for back until work measures 12 ins. Shape armholes and neck.

Next row: Cast off 6, patt. 58, slip remaining 63 sts. on to a spare needle.

Next row: Patt.

Next row: Cast off 6, patt. to end.

Next row: Patt.

Next row: Cast off 3, patt. until 2 remain. K. 2 tog.

Next row: Patt. (Continued on page 76)

Off the Ration Book

Of course, most of us are taking the official tip from the Ministry of Food and, as far as we can, still buying the good cuts of meat.

However, an occasional incursion into the unrationed realms of "offal" will help when all the week's coupons have been mortgaged.

The woman who used to shudder at the very mention of tripe now lets her culinary fancy rove around not only tripe, but sheep's head, ox hearts and other portions of animal anatomy.

Most of these things need slow and prolonged cooking. So a good deep ovenglass casserole, capable of taking a pot roast as well as a stew, is a valuable addition to the *batterie de cuisine*. Phœnix produce a round one with a lid that can be reversed and used as an extra casserole; the biggest size (three and a half pints) costs 7s. 6d.

Then there is sugar. If you find that the ration comes hard on you, you can try plenty of dodges for eking it out.

One of the best is to sweeten stewed fruit or puddings with honey (a bit expensive, but good), syrup or jam.

A good trick is to make very thin pancakes and fill them with apples stewed without sugar. A squeeze of lemon juice while stewing improves the flavour.

Fold the pancakes in three and pour hot raspberry jam over. Jam sauce, so sickly when used with a pudding containing sugar, is quite sweet enough as a substitute.

And, of course, you are wise to the device of using sweetened dried fruit like dates and raisins in cakes and puddings.

Although vitaminised margarine is so good and nutritious, we don't say no to ideas for spinning out the butter ration. You can get glass churns which practically double your butter quota by blending milk with it; the result is milky but good.

Here's another simple method. Warm four tablespoonfuls of milk to blood heat. Add it gradually to your four ounces of butter, beating with a fork, and you will increase your ration to six and a half ounces.

You can also spin out the margarine and make a pretty convincing butter "stand-in" at the same time. To half a pound of margarine take one egg, half pint of milk, one small teaspoonful of salt and one level tablespoonful of cornflour.

Mix the cornflour smoothly with a little of the cold milk, and add to the beaten egg. Put the rest of the milk on to heat with the salt. Add the cornflour and stir till thickened. Leave to cool.

Cream the margarine well, add the cornflour mixture to it and beat all together. This will yield about one pound of butter.

Tripe and Cheese

Many people who say they don't like tripe will enjoy it this way. Buy two pounds of tripe ready prepared by the butcher—it is usually sold partly cooked. Wash it and cut in pieces. Cook slowly in a pan or lidded casserole for about two hours, with water to cover, four or five cloves and seasoning. (Regulo Mark 2.) Now remove from fire or oven and thicken with one ounce of flour and quarter pint of milk. Have ready quarter pound of grated cheese. Scatter this on top and brown in the oven or under the grill. (Regulo Mark 7.)

Sausage Meat Pie

This recipe comes from a woman cookery expert at the Ministry of Food.

You need half pound of sausage meat, quarter pound of mutton pieces (this small quantity will not eat into the ration book), half an onion chopped, two apples sliced, one ounce of breadcrumbs, quarter teaspoonful of mixed herbs, salt and pepper, water; pastry to cover.

Cut up the mutton and mix with the sausage meat, onion and seasonings. Put in a glass pie-dish, adding water to come half-way up the dish. Sprinkle crumbs on top and add a thick layer of apple slices. Cover with pastry, and bake for about three-quarters of an hour.

The pie can be made with beef sausages and beef pieces, either shin or flank. (Regulo Mark 6.)

Hazel Hen in Casserole

These little birds, in season now, are nice to serve at a small lunch or dinner party, when you naturally wish to have something off the ration card.

Sprinkle the bird with salt, pepper and a little ground ginger. Put in your covered oven casserole with one ounce of margarine, and cook until tender. Take out the bird and keep it hot. Put in the casserole a cupful of sour cream or top milk, and the juice of half a lemon. Reduce by about a third. Cut the bird into joints and put it back in the casserole. (Regulo Mark 4.) Serve with potato pancakes made as follows.

Grate four raw potatoes. Add salt, plenty of pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Mix well. Have ready a frying-pan with hot olive oil, drop in spoonfuls of the potato mixture and fry on both sides.

Date Pudding

This is made without sugar. You need six ounces each of plain flour and Atora shredded suet, quarter pound of stoned dates (weighed after stoning), one small egg, quarter pint of milk and a pinch of salt.

Sift the flour with the salt and add the other dry ingredients. Mix together. Stir in the beaten egg and milk, but do not beat.

Three-parts fill a greased basin with the mixture, fold a greased paper over the top and steam for four hours. Turn out and serve.

Sugarless Gingerbread

Ingredients are: nine ounces of flour, three ounces of oatmeal, three ounces of margarine, one and a half teaspoonfuls of ground ginger, half a pound of treacle, one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, one gill of milk.

Mix together the flour, oatmeal and ginger. Melt the margarine and treacle and add it. Now dissolve the soda in the milk and pour it in. Mix all together, and bake for about an hour in a moderate oven. (Regulo Mark 3.)

You don't like waste? Neither does any woman who cares about good cookery. Even in peace time I would join battle with the cook who casts into the dustbin that best scrap of fish or that perfectly good mutton bone, instead of pepping it up as a savoury or popping it into the stockpot.

Now that economy is a national duty, we can take a firm line in such matters without being a target for black looks which said, as plainly as plain cooks know how, "Mean old devil. . . ."

And really it's no hardship, but merely a sporting exercise of wits, to have to consider ways and means of utilising every scrap from the larder.

If your little ruse works, and no one remarks rudely, "What—mutton again?" you may congratulate yourself on scoring a point.

See that your kitchen cabinet contains a varied array of herbs and flavourings to aid your enterprise. There should be thyme, mace and bayleaves; there should be paprika and celery salt; there should be a bottle of good piquant sauce to add zest to what might otherwise be insipid; and, needless to say, there should always be fresh parsley and shallots at hand.

Poached Egg with Fish

For this, use any white fish left over. Flake it, season and heat in a saucepan with white sauce. Make a slice of toast for each person, and spread with margarine. Put a liberal portion of creamed fish on top and surmount with a poached egg. Add a little tomato purée (canned), scatter with margarined breadcrumbs and brown under the grill.

Fish Rissoles

This uses up cooked fish and potatoes. Skin, bone and flake about half pound of white fish. Put in a basin, and add quarter pound of mashed potatoes, two teaspoonfuls of Lea and Perrin's sauce (grand for adding an exciting flavour) and three ounces of grated cheese, with pepper, salt, made mustard and about one teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Mix together. Beat the egg and add just enough of it to bind the mixture.

Spread on a plate and divide into pieces. Scatter with flour and flour the hands. Shape each piece into a ball. Brush with the rest of the beaten egg, roll in breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat. Drain and serve hot.

Colonel's Curry

This is an easy way of fixing a dish for four people from about half a pound of left-over meat—corn beef if you like, or any other.

Warm a thick saucepan over the fire and put in margarine or other cooking fat. Chop two medium-sized onions and melt slowly, without browning.

Meanwhile, dice the meat and two good-sized apples; chop an outside stalk or two of celery (about a dessertspoonful). Also take one tablespoonful each of raisins and currants, and wash.

Mix all these together and grate a little lemon peel over. Blend in a cup two dessertspoonfuls of curry powder with enough stock or water to make a thin-cream mixture. (Left-over vegetable soup can be used instead of meat stock.) Add dry ingredients to onions, and stir over a slow fire.

Now mix in curry liquid, adding one tablespoonful of Lea and Perrin's sauce. Put on a slow fire, stirring occasionally. If dry, add a little stock or water. Takes about thirty minutes. Serve with rice.

Water must be boiling furiously before rice is put in. For four people, use a big pan of water and one and a half cupfuls of rice. Salt the water first and add slivers of lemon peel. Add rice slowly, and keep stirring meanwhile. When water is just starting to cloud (about twelve minutes) put rice in a colander, strain well, run a dash of cold water through and put colander in the oven. Stir round a bit to heat through.

Serve cut lemon and chutney with the curry.

Potato Cakes

Rub six ounces of dripping into half pound of flour. Work this into one and a quarter pounds of left-over mashed potatoes, which you have heated up, with salt and pepper. Roll out fairly thinly and cut into triangles. Bake in a hot oven or fry in the bacon fat. If baked, spread with margarine. (Regulo Mark 7.)

Salad Suggestion

Left-over rice is a useful addition to salads when fresh green lettuces are not so easy to get. This mixture, in fact, makes use of three "left-overs" for its ingredients. Take three parts boiled rice, two parts diced cooked beetroot and one part diced raw celery, chicory or seakale. Salt lightly and mix with mayonnaise.

Corn Beef Hash

Cold potatoes can be used up in a number of ways but one of the best is corn beef hash which the Americans like so much.

Open a tin of corn beef and chop it fairly small. Mash the cold potato with a little warm milk and mix together with the meat. Season well with salt and pepper. Spread in a well greased frying pan and fry slowly until golden brown. A little finely chopped onion is a savoury addition if you care for it.

Harriet Muir

Making over what's left over

(yes mum)

Confidently Recommended

What do you say to a scheme that would enable you to add substantially to your income by simple work at home?

It's intriguing, isn't it?

Suppose you owned a little machine that would enable you to repair stocking ladders for your friends and acquaintances. Don't you think there might be some business in that?

The Vitos is quite a small machine, worked by electricity from an electric lamp or power plug. It will restore stockings with three or more ladders to their original knit in a perfect manner, flawless, and without trace of repair.

The machine is so simple that any one can work it after a very little training. Consumption of electricity is negligible.

Stocking repairing is easy and profitable. Look into it if you want some easy money.

If all the cures, or alleged cures for rheumatism that are advertised, could be strung together, there would be a procession of them, half across the world. It speaks soberly for the extent of this complaint which, if we face facts, is one of the most stubborn to banish once it gets a hold upon the body.

The essential function of any medicine for rheumatism is to cleanse the system of accumulated acids and certain other impurities which give rise to pain.

This is not an easy matter, but Curicones have a remarkable record over a period of years, not only for relieving pain but for actually undermining the source of this painful and dangerous complaint.

Curicones are extensively prescribed by the medical profession, so it goes without saying that they are perfectly safe. There are numerous cases on record of people getting relief from discomfort after taking one box of these absolutely tasteless capsules of which a free sample is offered to all who care to apply for them.

We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

These are busy times. There are a good many reasons why women in the services, and in other forms of war work, have less time to spend than formerly on beauty treatments.

Yet the need for skin care is even greater than it was. Out in all weathers, with little leisure to spare for beauty care, complexions soon show the mark of neglect. That is, unless some daily form of skin nourishment is used. Palmolive soap, for instance.

The rich palm and olive oil contained in this soap soothes and nourishes the skin. In the bath it cleanses without irritation and beautifies as it works.

Women who never before considered cost are coming to Palmolive now. It is still only 3d.

To some women, perfume is just a pleasant solution to dab on the front of a dress on special occasions. To others it is the embodiment of delicacy and inseparable from the business of good grooming.

To these latter the choice of a perfume is as much a matter for serious consideration as that of make-up or the right colour to wear. They know the importance of a perfume that is refined in taste, subtle in appeal and suited to every occasion. They know in other words, that only a perfume of the quality and subtlety of "Seventh Heaven" is really worth having. Try "Seventh Heaven" yourself. It is packed in trial sizes at 1s. 3d., also at 3s., 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.

You have been looking for a new lipstick that combines the three essential qualities. "Slip" when applied to the lips, leaving a moist, natural surface; indelibility, which ensures against smears of red upon everything your mouth touches; and finally the colouring which will blend with any colour you may wear.

It is a lot to ask, but as it happens Laleek can give it to you.

The new Laleek lipsticks are unique. They contain a very special new and secret ingredient, which is part of the base, ensuring that it blends with any colouring. There are six new shades: Adel Mode, Adel Militaire, Adel Royal, Adel Rose, Cherry and Sunset.

The price is 2s. 6d.

The lowered vitality which goes with the common cold is sometimes the means through which more serious infections take a hold upon the body.

So it is not too much to say that colds are dangerous things.

But how prevent them? That is what every one would like to know.

A high standard of general health is the best preventative, but next to that, a good nasal spray is effective.

A splendid one has been designed for use with Milton. It distributes the vapour evenly and takes the place of gargling when that is inconvenient or impossible.

The active elements of Milton are chlorine and oxygen. Both these elements are powerful antiseptics, germicides and cleansers. When employed upon living tissues chemical elements are set free producing most beneficial results. It destroys all dead and foreign matter upon the surface and afterwards penetrates into the tissues themselves, killing germs and stimulating the natural processes of healing.

The daily use of Milton in the nasal spray will keep head colds away and give relief to winter catarrh and to summer catarrh which is frequently mistaken for hay fever. The spray costs 3s.

There is no doubt the war will make dressmakers of many of us who never thought to try our hands at it before. There are many reasons.

Rising prices, the difficulties of shopping for people who have evacuated to the country and the general need for all-round economies. All of these things must induce us to try home dressmaking. Summer dresses are good for amateurs to start on and with fashions so simple as they are and paper patterns so efficient even the most timid need have no fears.

Fortunately materials are still fairly plentiful and reassuringly cheap. For light summer dresses the Horrockses new range of materials offers quite a dazzling choice both of design, colouring and texture. Printed Haircord is made in cool colours with crisp little flower designs and some delightful nursery figures for children's dresses. Printed cambrics are made in multi-colour flower patterns, ideal for beach dresses, and Glee Spun, a delicate fabric with a mercerised finish, is perfect for blouses and underclothes.

The approximate prices of Horrockses fabrics is from 1s. 1½d. to 1s. 6d. a yard. Don't plan your summer wardrobe without seeing them.

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USE YOUR CAR...

It makes life far more pleasant

By A. Percy Bradley

AS anticipated, the figures which have been published disclose without a shadow of doubt that a very large proportion of car owners have parked their vehicles in their garages and have not licensed them for the coming quarter. The insistence of the Chancellor to extract from us owners twenty-five shillings per horse-power prompted these owners to give up motoring for the time being. The increase from fifteen shillings to twenty-five shillings per horse-power, the impossibility of obtaining petrol to take the car more than two hundred miles a month and the difficulties and risks of driving under the present blackout conditions convinced these one-time motorists that running a car at present was quite unattractive.

Those who did renew their licences at the beginning of the year may perhaps be considering whether they will carry on when the new quarter commences. To both these classes of motorists I would like to say a few words. The experiences of the former will undoubtedly confirm what I am going to say, but the latter will have to take my remarks on trust. If an individual has owned a car for any length of time, the sudden withdrawal of the facilities which it offers makes life far more unpleasant than might at first be imagined. With a car the owner can set forth on his journey just at whatever time is convenient. Travelling by train means arriving at the station at a certain hour and even doing that is an effort. The number of trains has been cut down severely; they frequently stop at stations which in peace time they passed through, with the result that seats are not always obtainable.

THOSE who have not relicensed their cars will, I am certain, have already arrived at the conclusion that they will start motoring again at the earliest possible moment, although it will cost more than they at first wished to spend. Perhaps some luxuries will have to be dispensed with, but anything will be worth while to make motoring possible again.

Every cloud, we are told, has a silver lining, and although the cloud created by the increased tax is indeed black, there is definitely a bright spot to it. In many parts of the country motoring to-day is rather like driving in one's own private estate. I find I can travel mile after mile without meeting another car. True, lorries are encountered every now and again, but I am not convinced that there are more on the road than in the piping times of peace. They appear to be more numerous because there is practically no background of private cars. Motoring in these conditions is really terribly pleasant, but, of course, when the next quarter comes along and more cars are licensed the roads will not wear quite the same deserted look. It will, however, be a long time before they become as congested as they were last summer.

Motoring to-day in some ways calls for more care to be expended than in ordinary times. First of all, it is the height of foolishness to set off on a journey without one's petrol coupons, and, secondly, even when armed with these it is not always easy to find a petrol station just as the tank runs dry. Some garages are closed for the duration and at night time even those which are still trading usually close when it gets dark. Drivers should be careful, therefore, to watch the petrol gauge on the dashboard, and those who own cars without such a tell-tale should frequently ascertain the amount left.

WE have all been told, or know by experience, how to drive in order to obtain the best possible petrol consumption, but although we may carry out conscientiously many of the hints which we have been given, the result is generally in doubt—at least, for a considerable time. Ever since petrol has been ladled out to me in spoonfuls, I have thought how comforting it would be to have a neat dial on the dashboard which would indicate the miles per gallon the car was doing at the moment just as a speedometer indicates the speed. One can buy a graduated test tank to hold a pint or a quart of fuel, and when this is coupled up to the carburettor instead of the standard tank the consumption can be ascertained after the car has covered some miles and after certain calculations have been effected. Not everyone desires to go to such trouble, but I think every motorist would like to have an instrument on the dash such as I suggest. Such an accessory might perhaps be costly to make, but I think if the manufacturers of speedometers got down to the problem and were able to turn out these flowmeters by the hundred thousand they could be sold at a price which the majority of motorists could afford.

THIS hard winter would in itself have put a severe strain on the self-starting equipment of any car, but the introduction of "Pool" petrol and the limitation of the distances that can be covered has added to the work which the starter has to perform. In normal times the average owner pays very little attention either to the electric motor or the battery, which play such important parts in starting the engine. That neglect perhaps did not matter to any noticeable extent, but to-day both the battery and the motor will soon cry out for attention if they are forgotten. Generally speaking, the motorist should not use his headlamp unless absolutely compelled to, and in the mornings when the engine is cold the starting handle should be employed whenever possible. Do not forget to top up the battery with distilled water every now and again, and if provision is made to oil the bearings of the electric motor; one or two drops, not more, should be applied every few months.

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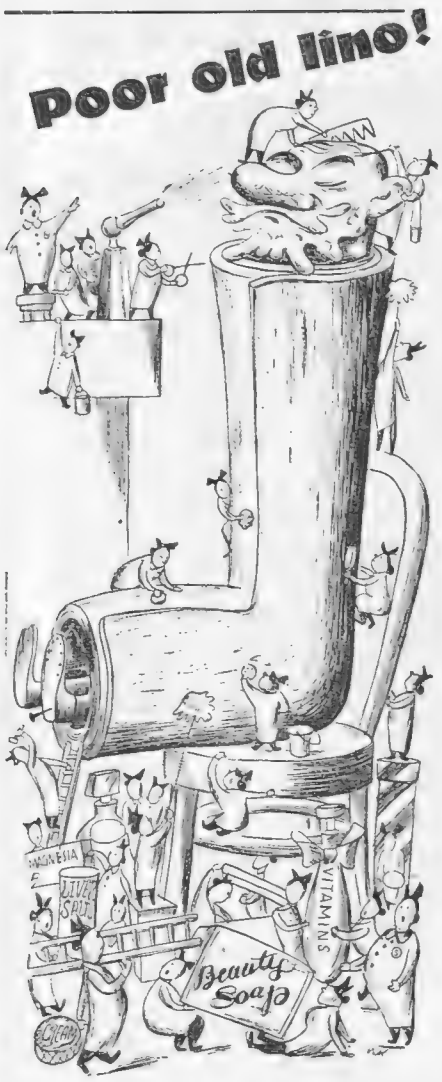

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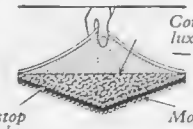

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The Latest Riley

The "Sixteen" Four-cylinder Saloon

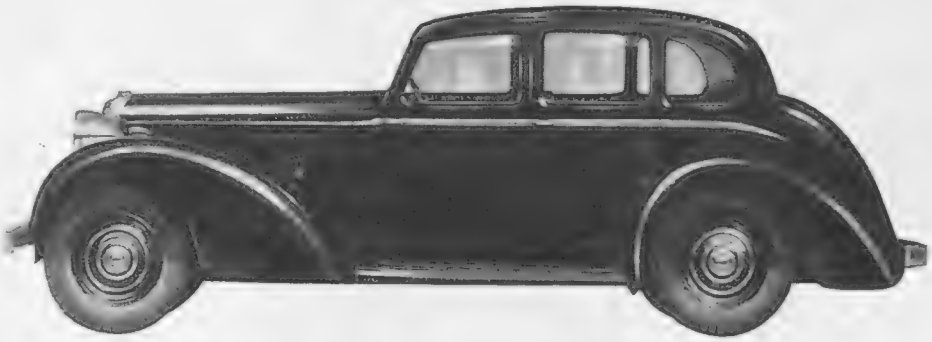
By A. Percy Bradley

THE majority of people who have driven or ridden in a Riley car have probably gained their experience in one of the smaller-engined models. It was my good fortune the other day to take out for a short test run an example of the latest 16 h.p. saloon. At the present moment this is the largest model catalogued by Riley (Coventry) Limited, and contrary to what most people would expect it is powered by a four-cylinder engine. Owing to wartime petrol restrictions, I was only able to cover about sixty miles, and it was not until half-way that I had occasion to lift the bonnet, when, to my amazement, I discovered that what I thought was a six-cylinder engine had only four "pots." It may, therefore, be gathered that the power unit does its work smoothly, flexibly and silently.

Since October 1, 1939, I have been driving what is probably the smallest of "baby" cars to get me to and from my work, and so when this large-looking Riley saloon was handed over to me to play with, as it were, for a short time, I experienced quite a thrill. Sitting behind the steering wheel, the bonnet looked longer than it probably was, and I pictured myself having a very pleasant drive even if only for a short distance. I certainly was not disappointed. The way this Riley romped up gradients was amazing, and as I had not looked at the catalogue I was quite certain that only a six-cylinder engine could perform in this manner. Needless to say, when I lifted the bonnet I could scarcely believe my eyes.

Most of my readers will recollect that some little time ago the Riley concern was transferred to Morris Motors Limited and I rather imagine that many Riley fans—and their number cannot be few—immediately jumped to the conclusion that the well-beloved Riley characteristics and design would disappear. When I lifted the bonnet of the car about which I am writing, I, too, fully imagined I would see an engine that bore no outward resemblance to previous Riley power units. I was completely mistaken, for there, in front of my eyes, was an engine which even I, who had never been fortunate enough to own a Riley, could recognise immediately the outward and visible signs of Riley design. There were the two polished aluminium semicircular valve covers on top of the engine and so there was no doubt whatever that in spite of the new direction of the company Riley design was still being employed. I have perhaps made a lot of this particular point, but so many of my friends have owned Rileys in the past, not only one car but several, one after another, that I feel they, at any rate, would like to know that the car's individuality has been preserved.

This "sixteen" saloon, so far as I could make out, cruises in an effortless manner at about 60 m.p.h., and it gave me the impression that it kept on doing this with only a whiff of gas. Main road gradients just did not exist, which in a way I regretted because when I did have to use the gearbox when the car was cold early in the morning or going round a hairpin bend, I found it a most delightful unit with one of the nicest gear levers to operate that I have ever come across. True, it is only a small point, but the lever is just in the right position and exactly the correct shape for comfort. The gears, too, were easy to engage and required no skill whatever to operate them in a noiseless manner. The steering, the suspension and brakes, all features which determine whether a car is pleasant to drive or not, were beyond criticism. The car held the road well, and although a comparatively large, roomy vehicle, handled lightly. As might be expected in a Riley, due consideration had been given to the comfort of the driver. In his seat behind the steering wheel the driver has a really good view of the road, has a position which makes him feel he is on top of his job.



The "sixteen" saloon four-cylinder Riley. The appearance of this car is most imposing and it is certainly one of the best-looking Rileys that has ever been seen on the road. The price of this model is £385

THE appearance of the car is most imposing and it is certainly one of the best-looking Rileys that has ever been seen on the road. The old familiar radiator immediately stamps it as a Riley, and it is really rather refreshing to find that what looks like a radiator actually is one and not a shell. The interior is more than usually roomy; the seats are comfortable, those in front being independent and capable of adjustment. The equipment is comprehensive and looks good and its looks are genuine. I would like to make a particular point that Riley cars can be purchased even in the present circumstances and that the price of the model in question is £385.

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On Duty—and Off (*Continued from page* 31)

On Duty

as sand, and wind-roughened necks. Another useful preparation at this time of year is Rose Laird's Pur-bac, which is made for those forgotten areas at the back of your neck, shoulders, tops of arms and also elbows and knees. This is a concentrated cleanser made like a light cream and you use it before your bath to get rid of pimples, blackheads and blocked pores, as well as gooseflesh. It is intended to whiten the skin and make it clear and smooth and soft.

I CAN never make out why women are so proud of suffering from insomnia. They will tell you boastfully of the fearful struggles they go through to snatch a few hours' sleep and describe the type of book they are forced to read in order to induce any signs of drowsiness. If you go into the problem at all you will discover that, roughly speaking, there are two kinds of sleeplessness. The first is a sort of synthetic insomnia which seems to be brought on by too much leisure and too many courses included in the last meal of the day. The second is the real thing and produced by over-stimulation of the brain, which may be caused by work, nerve strain, money worries or any kind of anxiety. I have known of a number of women whose habit it was to read in bed till three or four in the morning until the day dawned, when they went into business and had to be up and doing by eight o'clock a.m. Just so long as they worked they never appeared to be troubled by insomnia. If a woman can't work, then she should read more in the daytime and less at night and see that the last meal of the day is extremely light. Those who suffer from real insomnia should try anything which will help to relax both brain and muscle tension when they get to bed. If a little light reading will do this, then no harm comes of it.

The American, Edmund Jacobson, recommends a very special form of relaxation. You get into bed and lie on your back with your arms at your sides and one flattish pillow, or no pillow at all, under your head. Then you stretch both your arms high up over your head and clench your fists. After this you let your arms fall absolutely limply to your sides and allow them to remain quite relaxed. You must learn to stretch your legs, bending down both feet and toes, and holding them in this position for a minute or two unless you are attacked by cramp. Then you bend the toes back, after which you allow your legs and feet and toes to become completely limp. Jacobson even teaches his patients how to relax their chest and abdomen and how to relax forehead and eyes so that all frowns and creases disappear. When you are completely relaxed you can turn on your side if this is the way you will find it easiest to sleep. Counting sheep jumping over a gate is, of course, just another way of relaxing your mind and forgetting your worries.

When you are over-tired you will find that some part of you or another is tensed while you are trying to get to sleep. You may be wearing a worried frown or your brow may be corrugated, your fingers will be tensed or the muscles of your legs, feet or toes may even get cramp, which shows that they are suffering from tension caused by fatigue. This is supposed to be some kind of unconscious defence mechanism on the part of the muscles.

Off Duty

few tips which will enable you to provide the men in your house with those little extra comforts which the others haven't got.

(1) To soothe "sandpaper" faces, suggest the addition of one teaspoonful of powdered borax to half a basinful of luke-warm water to be used for rinsing the face after shaving. The borax helps to soften the water so it is particularly useful in places where the water is extra hard. If you want to do your man proud, provide Yardley's Lavendomeal, which comes in nice round plain-looking boxes. If borax is used it should be put in a large airtight tin or jar and a china or glass spoon kept in this so that the powder can be spooned out tidily.

(2) A little Larola or Miner's Milk of Olives Cream rubbed in after shaving will take any suspicion of tenderness out of the skin and leave it in perfect condition for the next shave. If you feel that it is necessary to disguise the fact that the preparation is intended for the female of the species, then soak off the label and stick on another marked "shaving lotion."

(3) There is nothing like lard mixed with a little sugar for easing the grime out of painfully chapped hands. This mixture will comfort a rough raw skin as nothing else can and leave it cleanly smooth. If you can spare the lard put a dessertspoonful in a large saucer and add a teaspoonful of caster sugar. When thoroughly mixed, rub the hands with this for several minutes, wipe off on an old rag and wash with luke-warm water and toilet soap.

(4) There is something about the shape of men's nails which seems to make them more prone to dirt than women's nails. Every well-cared-for man should be introduced to Cutex Nail Shampoo. In fact, the makers might well bring out a man-sized outfit to deal with this problem. The set includes a bottle of shampoo, an orange stick with a flat ridged rubber end-piece and a special little sponge with a rubber nail-brush on one side. After the hands are washed in the ordinary way and while they are still wet, the orange stick is dipped into the shampoo and the rubber end worked under the nails. Then a little of the preparation is poured on the sponge and lathers most silkily when rubbed on to the finger-tips. The rubber brush side is used to work in the lather and the way the dirt rolls down, leaving the nails dazzling white and the cuticles soft, is really most satisfactory.

I had the fun of seeing three light brunettes turned into blondes before my very eyes the other day. A special bleach called "Hiltone" was used, and its speed and efficiency was really astonishing. You can get this preparation put up for home use and it would surely save you at least fifty per cent of the time and bother involved with the use of ordinary peroxide. The outfit contains two bottles and a little brush. You mix four parts of one bottle with one of another, brush through the hair, using the ordinary partings necessary when bleaching, wrap round a towel, leave on for fifteen minutes and then, if your hair is light enough, you shampoo it. If the hair is not light enough you re-apply the treatment.

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page* 30)

Night was falling rapidly and heavy clouds were gathering. When the storm broke, the young man did not attempt to seek refuge from the rain; instead he rose, crossed the bridge, and made his way out on to the dreary moors of Tweedsmouth. He went on till he reached some bramble-bushes on the wayside, about two miles from Berwick.

There he stopped. For an hour he did not move from the bushes. Then the sound of a horse trotting attracted his attention. A horseman, who was the mail-carrier, was trotting up the road, his head bent against the driving rain. As he drew level with the bushes, the youth leapt from his hiding-place, grasped the horse's bridle and forced the man to stop. At the same time he shouted: "Dismount, or I shoot!" The astonished rider felt a pistol-barrel pressed against his stomach. Before he could protest, he was hauled from his saddle.

His assailant seized the leather bag which he was carrying, and disappeared with it across the heath.

In that mailbag was the death warrant of Sir John Cochrane. Without it, the execution could not take place.

Meanwhile, Sir John was counting his last hours. When he heard the key turn in the massive lock of the door of his cell, he dared not turn his head to see who was about to enter, knowing well that his visitor could only be the priest who had come to administer a last consolation.

But he was mistaken. It was his daughter Grizel. He pressed her to his bosom, scarcely believing the fact of her presence and exclaimed, "Oh, my child, I am dreaming!"

During their short time together, Grizel seemed in high spirits and again assured her father that he would not die.

Fifteen days elapsed during which Grizel's visits broke the terrible tension of his period of waiting for the executioner.

The Earl of Dundonald had not yet succeeded in reaching the ear of Father Petre. He needed more time. Meanwhile, news had reached the Cochrane family that a fresh warrant had been drafted and was awaiting the royal signature.

One evening, a little later, the officer carrying the king's mail was galloping at speed over the Berwick moors.

The rider carried a pistol and he gazed warily about him in all directions. Suddenly a loud report at point blank range caused the horse to rear up in terror. In trying to control the animal, the rider unwittingly pulled the trigger of his own weapon. The second report frightened the horse still more and it shied violently, throwing its rider from the saddle. Instantly the unseen assailant who had fired the first pistol leapt out, knelt on his chest and held the sharp point of a dagger against his throat.

"Give me your weapons, your bag and your horse, or you are a dead man," he muttered between clenched teeth.

The officer could do nothing but acquiesce. Within a moment, the attacker had jumped on the horse and galloped away.

Strangely enough, the stolen mailbag had contained the second death warrant of Sir John Cochrane.

Grizel brought the news of this second robbery to her father.

After thirteen days the cell door was flung open to reveal the venerable figure of the old Earl of Dundonald. He was triumphant. He cried: "*I have the reprieve, I have the reprieve!*"

Speechless with emotion, Sir John found himself once more walking through the streets, a free man.

Accompanied by his father, he entered his home, to be immediately surrounded by a clamour of loving excitement and joy. Grizel reminded him of the many times she had assured him that he would come home again. When the excitement abated, it was natural that they should all discuss the puzzling circumstances which had brought about this wonderful result. Everything hinged on the double postponement of the execution. Sir John thought that the mail robbery had been part of his father's plans; but Lord Dundonald disclaimed any hand in it.

Grizel had slipped away during the discussion. She reappeared now with two documents which she handed to her father.

Sir John took them. He unfolded the first, read it, and grew pale. He glanced at the second likewise. Then he asked Grizel: "Who gave you these?"

Proudly she said: "No one gave them to me. I took them by force when I stopped the mail carrier. Must I show you the evidence of my brigandage?"

She produced two large pistols, a pair of breeches, a jerkin—a full set of male attire, splashed with mud and mire. . . .

Again Sir John was speechless. His astonished gaze travelled from the heap of muddy clothing to the beautiful girl who stood before him. As he watched, she put on her head the wide-brimmed felt hat at a rakish angle.

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Personal Column (*Continued from page* 11)

back. I wonder if you would like the run?"

"Where are you going to stay?" Favel asked.

"The first hotel I like the look of. If you care to come along——"

"To the first hotel you like the look of?"

Penda saw she was laughing, he shook his head. "I don't understand you English girls."

"Some are different from others," Favel said. "What are you going down there for?"

He looked along the road, his eyelids were twitching as she had noticed they did when he had not a ready reply. "Just the drive; I've been writing rather a lot and want a break."

"I see. I rather like your idea, but——" Favel looked along the road.

"But what?"

She turned and looked straight at him. "I don't want you to get me wrong."

He laughed. "That's all right." Then he looked at her intently as he had done that Sunday. "Do you know, when I first saw you in the Metropole, I knew this was going to happen."

"Did you really?" Favel said. She was not quite sure what he meant.

As they drove off next day, Favel said: "I left word with the porter that I may not be back to-morrow."

"You won't be," Penda told her.

He looked very cool and pleased with himself, sitting at the wheel, wearing his favourite linen trousers and open-necked shirt. Their luggage was on the back seat; she had only brought a small dressing case; his suitcase was much bigger.

"How long will it take to get there?" she asked.

"We ought to reach Lyme Regis for lunch, that is on the border. We can either stay there or go on to Seaton."

"I want to see Devonshire."

"You shall. I promise you; I shall have to leave you for a little while in the afternoon, I've got some people I must see. I shall only be away a short time."

"All right, I'll amuse myself," Favel said.

So he was going off on his own in the afternoon. She wondered what she ought to do? Her instructions were to send Mrs. Wallace a sixpenny telegram giving the name of the town at which they stopped.

Cruising at forty-five miles an hour they reached Lyme Regis at one o'clock. He pulled up in front of a black and white timbered hotel in the main street; a freshly-painted sign hanging from the gibbet in front of the building announced that it was called "The Antlers."

"This is where we lunch," Penda said. "There is a filling station over there, I'll get some petrol."

Favel looked along the street, she saw a post office a few doors beyond the hotel, though she did not know where they would finally stop, it might be as well to send Mrs. Wallace a telegram saying where they were now.

She said: "While you are doing that, I am going to buy some postcards."

"All right, we will meet in the hotel." He held open the car door.

As she went into the post office she saw him standing by the car watching the gauge on the petrol pump. Inside the shop she first bought four coloured postcards of the Dorset and Devonshire coast, then asked for a telegraph form. After heading the message with Mrs. Wallace's telephone number, she wrote:

"ARRIVED ANTLERS LYME REGIS STOP LUNCHING HERE FAVEL"

She was reading this through when a voice said: "What are you doing in these parts?" Looking round Favel saw a gnome-like looking little man, wearing grey flannels and a pullover. She lost grip for an instant, stared at Walther wildly, then recovered and held out her hand: "Hullo! It's Herr Walther; we met at the Metropole."

"That's right," Walther said. "What are you doing here?"

"I have come down with Hengist Penda, he is at the hotel. One moment, I'll take you across." She picked up the pen, added: "Walter here" to the telegram and pushed the form under the grille. "Send that please," she said.

The West Country postmistress took the telegraph form and started to count the words with the point of a pencil. At one point she stopped, evidently not sure about a word. Favel leaned easily against the counter, though her nerves were taut. She was dreading the postmistress questioning her about the message, or even reading part of it aloud.

"A shilling, please," said the postmistress.

"Yes, we motored down this morning," Favel said to Walther. "We are going to lunch here and then go on and see a bit of Devonshire this afternoon. Are you stopping in these parts?"

"I came down yesterday." Walther, small and malevolent, seemed to Favel to be making no effort to hide his dislike for her.

"We'll go and find Hengist," she said.

Penda was in the bar when they came into the hotel; he was standing with his back to the entrance, drinking a glass of sherry.

"Here is a friend of yours," Favel called.

Penda turned round. "For heaven's sake! What are you doing here?" he exclaimed, staring at Walther. If it was acting, the expression on his face was good.

"I came down to see this part of the world. And you?" Walther looked from Penda to Favel.

"We are doing the same; Miss Wood wanted to have some real Devonshire cream."

"You have come a long way to get cream," Walther said.

"Where did you two meet?" Penda asked.

"In the post office; Miss Wood was sending a telegram."

Penda looked at Favel, she was holding the postcards she had bought in her hand; she knew he was wondering why she had not said she wanted to send a telegram.

Penda said to Walther: "You will lunch with us, won't you?"

"Thank you."

"How did you get down?"

"In a car, are you staying here this evening?"

"No, we are going on to Seaton, at least I don't know where we are going." Penda smiled at Favel. "The first hotel we like the look of—isn't that the arrangement."

Walther smirked in a way that made Favel want to hit him in the face.

"Well, let's have some lunch," Penda said. "A drink first?"

Favel and Walther shook their heads.

Favel sat down between the two men, Walther picked up the menu, he did not look at her, or make any attempt to be pleasant. Favel reasoned that his manner might be accounted for by his supposing that she was Penda's girl; she could see that Penda himself was embarrassed by the little gnome's behaviour. She said to Penda: "Weren't you surprised to find Mr. Walther here?"

"Very, if you had not met him in the post office, I should not have known about it. Or were you going to lunch here anyway?" Penda asked Walther.

"I was going to lunch here," Walther answered, without looking up from the menu. "Roast beef, potatoes, cabbage," he read aloud. "Do you English never eat anything but roast beef?" he asked Favel.

"And mutton," Favel answered.

Walther called up the waiter. "I will have roast beef, potatoes, but no cabbage."

"What would you like?" Penda asked Favel.

"Something cold—tongue and salad, and gooseberry tart."

"With Devonshire cream?" Penda smiled. "Don't forget why you came to Devonshire."

"We are not in Devonshire, this is Dorset, you are going to get me Devonshire cream for tea, that is the proper time to have it."

Walther's little black eyes looked at her over the menu, which he was still holding.

"Where do you have tea?"

Favel left Penda to answer this; she saw his mouth opening and shutting, and his eyelids twitching. He said: "I may have to be away longer than I expected, if I can't get back in time do you mind having tea here alone, then we can drive on in the cool of the evening?"

Favel turned to Walther. "He brings me down here, then goes off by himself to see friends; do you think that is kind of him?"

"He must see his friends." Walther looked at Penda who dropped his eyes.

Favel said to Walther: "You could stay and have tea with me?" Walther shook his head. "I go to see these friends also."

So they were going off together, leaving her at the hotel. The waiter came up: "Miss Wood," he asked.

"Yes, I'm Miss Wood," Favel said.

"You are wanted on the telephone."

"Excuse me, will you?" she said to Penda and Walther.

"So you also have friends near here?" Walther's little black eyes looked steadily into hers.

"Yes, that is why I was sending a telegram just now."

"Why do you not telephone?"

"Because I knew they would not be in before half-past one."

"You never told me you knew anybody at Lyme Regis," Penda said.

"I didn't think of it till we got here; excuse me, I must go."

"We shall be able to drop you at your friend's house on the way to see our friends," Penda offered.

Favel saw a grin on Walther's face; she thought: I'll get out of that by saying they have rung up to tell me they won't be in. "Thanks," she said, "don't let them take my gooseberry tart away."

When she got into the hall she found the telephone was an open one inside the reception office. She picked up the receiver. "Hullo!"

"Hullo, Favel." She knew that throaty voice. An open telephone in the reception office of an hotel was not a good place to talk to Mrs. Wallace. To let the old lady know where she was she said: "Speak a little louder please, there are people talking round me and I can't hear you."

"I understand, my dear." Mrs. Wallace did not raise her voice. "I've just got your telegram. Your report has not surprised us. We expected Walther would be there. Now this is what you are to do. Keep the receiver close to your ear and listen carefully."

Favel rejoined Penda and Walther, Penda was looking at his watch as she came up.

"I'm afraid we shall have to start," he said. "How about your friends?"

"They won't be at home, I'll be all right. I'll sit and read the paper for a bit and perhaps go for a walk."

"Very well, I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Isn't Mr. Walther coming back with you?"

"No," Penda said quickly, as he looked at his watch again. "I must go now."

Over his shoulder she saw a clock on the mantelpiece, the time was just after two.

Walther got up. "Come along," he said to Penda. "Are you going to stay here?" he asked Favel.

"Yes," she picked up a spoon and began eating the gooseberry tart. "I'm going to rest after lunch."

"It will be better for you," Walther said. His tone of voice, the way he looked at her as he spoke, everything about the little gnome, was smoothly menacing.

From the dining-room window she watched Walther and Penda walk to Penda's car; before getting in Walther looked in the back where Penda's big suitcase and her smaller one were lying on the seat. He spoke to Penda, who nodded; they both climbed in the car and drove away. She waited till the car disappeared down the street, then got up, left the hotel, and (*Continued on page* 68)

A MEDICAL LIGHT ON YOUR NEW BEAUTY PROBLEMS

WHITHER BEAUTY? Beauty's at the crossroads. Many young women now have less time for make-up, and more occasions when they would rather not look made up at all. Everyone wants to know a new way to look lovely, and very few really know what to do about it. Why don't *you* set the fashion and be one of the first to learn the new approach to beauty—via loveliness of the skin?

Be your own skin specialist

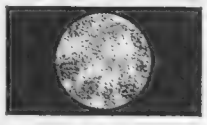
Concentrate on your skin. Get it pure, and get it smooth, and don't be satisfied till you do. Prescribe for your skin what a doctor would—something that will improve your skin all the time, *even under make-up.*

If you could look through a chemist's prescription book, you would see the word "Cal" in 90 out of 100 prescriptions for the skin. "Cal" stands for Calamine, recognised since the beginning of medical science as having the most gentle therapeutic, or healing, action on the skin.

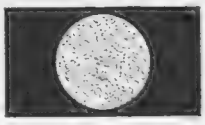
Beauty Calamine is *Lacto-Calamine*

Crookes' Lacto-Calamine contains Calamine in its purest form, and is prepared by a colloidal process in which the particles reach a state of *ultra*microscopic fineness attained by few beauty preparations. Afterwards scientifically combined with nourishing, emollient milk of almonds and soothing witch hazel, Lacto-Calamine is delicately soft and creamy, in a skilfully blending skin tone. *Lacto-Calamine also contains the important skin Vitamin A.*

Through the microscope



MONDAY *A micro-photograph showing a section of the skin of a London girl's face, magnified 104 times, before application of Lacto-Calamine. Skin roughness appears as ridges.*



WEDNESDAY *The same skin after two nights and one day of using Lacto-Calamine. The micro-photograph now records no unevenness of the skin's surface.*

TWIN-PURPOSE. Let Lacto-Calamine look after your skin beauty day and night. Use it as a powder base, clinging and absolutely non-greasy (some consider it unnecessary to powder over its lovely matt bloom). And last thing every night, smooth in its gentle milkiness. No more unflattering stickiness—your skin completely absorbs Lacto-Calamine.

Doctor's view of
BEAUTY

'Most women have recently been undergoing an unusual amount of nervous strain. This almost always results at the time, in unconscious tightening of the facial muscles, so that the skin becomes 'fatigued'. Minor skin blemishes are very apt to occur in this condition. The therapeutic action of Lacto-Calamine would be beneficial to every woman's complexion just now.'

CROOKES'

Lacto-Calamine

A Medical Beauty Culture

POWDER BASE · SKIN FOOD

Prepared by Crookes, Makers of Famous Vitamin Products. You can get Lacto-Calamine at all good pharmacies

walked to the garage where Penda had got petrol.

The proprietor was standing in his doorway; he was a strongly-built young West Countryman.

"I want to hire a car to go for a short drive," Favel said. "Can you take me yourself?"

"Yes, miss, when do you want to leave?"

"Now. I want to go as far as a place called Tor Cross, where I am told I can get a pretty view of the coast; I shall be going down to the beach for a little time, then you can bring me back here."

"Very good miss," the proprietor went to get out his car.

They reached the red granite cross in quick time, Penda's car was parked just beyond the cross. Favel looked carefully to see there was no one in sight before she got out herself.

"Which is Start Point?" she asked the driver.

He pointed to a headland.

"Thanks. If I'm not back in an hour, you might have a look and see if I have fallen over the cliffs," she spoke jokingly.

"I hope you won't do that, miss; you'll find a path down to the beach just over there," he showed her where the path began.

As she neared the cliff's edge Favel slowed down, she did not want to be seen descending. The sea stretched in front of her, dead calm and very blue; a small fishing boat was drifting slowly with the tide a long way out, no other vessel was in sight.

From Mrs. Wallace's directions she gathered the path did not come within view of the part of the beach where Penda and Walther would be, until after it had rounded a rock. This proved right. From the top of the cliff Favel could see the cove below, but the path zig-zagged down on the other side of one of the spurs that formed the cove. She began the descent, continuing until she had gone down threequarters of the way. Here she found the rock. She was not more than forty feet above sea level. She started to crawl round the rock on her hands and knees. When the far side of the cove came in sight she lay flat and moved forward by inches. Presently the back of Penda's head came into view; earphones were clamped over his dark hair, she could not tell if he was standing or sitting. She worked her way forward and saw that he was sprawling on the sand supporting himself on one elbow and writing in a book. The big suitcase stood open close by. A wire ran from the suitcase to the earphones on his head, another wire was stretched out on the beach leading towards the sea. She lay flat on her chest, watching.

"Lovely view, isn't it!" a voice said.

She stiffened; she knew that voice. Looking up she saw Walther standing behind her; he had an automatic with a funny-shaped squat barrel in his hand; his mouth was grinning, but his little black eyes were savage.

Favel lay still. Keeping her covered, Walther leaned against the rock. "I am speaking in a whisper because I don't want to disturb Penda. I thought you would do this, that is why I stayed on the other side of this rock instead of going down to the beach. How did you come here?"

"In a car," Favel said.

"I see. You are a British Intelligence agent!"

Favel did not answer.

"I thought that was what you were." Walther stroked the barrel of his gun. "I saw you in the Metropole when Penda answered that advertisement; then you came out to the hotel near his farm; now you are here. I told Penda what I suspected; he would not believe me. Do not speak; he will look up if he hears your voice; his attention must not be interrupted."

Below, Penda was still listening through the earphones and writing.

"Penda is a stupid fellow," Walther went on; "but I did not believe he would be so silly as to bring you here. A little mad I think—or shall we say bewitched?" the gnome leered at her.

"Even when I told him I found you in the post office sending a telegram he would not believe me," Walther continued; "he is so vain; he tells me you came with him all the way to the West Country for Devonshire cream! He laughs when he tells me. But now——" Walther looked down; Penda was still tapping the cable. "Now he will know the truth."

Walther looked at Favel. "You are alone, I think. Do you know how I know that? Because I read your telegram." He smiled at her astonishment. "While the postmistress counts the words I read the telegram upside down. That is easy if you have learnt how. If your people were here waiting for us you would not send a telegram. Yes, I can see in your eyes that I am right. You have no one with you." Walther looked down at the beach again. "Ah! he has finished."

Favel saw Penda taking off his earphones. "Now we will go down and have a little talk. Get up!" Walther prodded her with the automatic. "If you call out, I kill you."

TWENTY-FOUR hours later Favel was in Mrs. Wallace's sitting-room in Ebury Street.

"Yes, they would have killed you," Mrs. Wallace said; "but your telegram gave us time to get men down to the beach; for, of course, we knew by then that that was where they were going."

"What were they doing on the beach?" Favel asked.

"Tapping a cable which runs at that point under the sand to the sea.

"How can they do that?"

"Very easily; it was found in the last war that a submarine could submerge by the side of an ocean cable, stretch wires alongside for several hundred feet, and so enable the telegraph operator in the submarine to read messages passing along the cable by induction. The same thing can be done on land. Am I being too technical?"

"No," Favel said.

"Of course, important messages would be in cipher," Mrs. Wallace continued; "that is where Herr Walther comes in."

"Is he a cipher expert?"

"One of the best in Europe. You have made a good catch."

"What will happen to them?"

Mrs. Wallace pointed to an old print over the mantelpiece. The print depicted the gates of the Tower.

Mrs. Wrong (*Continued from page* 32)

her own circumstances. She loves colour but she is rigidly conventional about it, and nobody has ever told her that certain hues are not improving in cold rooms or that tinted ceilings are depressing if they are low.

She reads a great deal about decoration in the magazines and gets new ideas for the house at regular and very frequent intervals. Consequently nothing stays put and carpets and walls very seldom match because the ever-changing colour schemes involved absolutely forbid continued unity in this respect.

It is not an uncomfortable home, but it is overcrowded with comforts and defeats its own ends.

CLEANING She complains long and bitterly about her housework because it is never finished. And it never is. She nibbles at it here and nibbles at it there. There is no system and she scarcely ever finishes one job properly before embarking upon another.

She is a late riser and there is always a lot of talking to be done on the telephone throughout the morning as well as a cup of coffee and a glance at the paper around eleven.

By that time there is some shopping to be done and simply nothing accomplished in the bedrooms. Anyhow she is already very bored with the whole business.

Utensils are continually getting lost. Brushes and brooms and cleaning materials are never where she thinks she last put them and the switch is bound to have broken on the suction cleaner just as she is about to start on the carpets.

She would cry if you called her inefficient. She cries about practically everything, including the awful boredom and the indignity of having to run a house at all.

ECONOMICS Mrs. Wrong is convinced of the ultimate economy of not paying for anything until she is absolutely obliged to. She is charmingly vague about the cost of everything and simply orders what she wants with a cheerful assumption that the money will be found somehow.

She has occasionally frenzied bursts of saving, during which time she economises upon entirely the wrong things. That is by cutting down expenses on foodstuffs which are essential to good health and by wantonly wasting it elsewhere on a new biscuit barrel.

She has not the slightest idea what the relationship may be between her outgoings and her incomings. She only knows that there is a perpetual tiresome unbalance, and that the harshness of life is to be blamed rather than her own lack of ability.

Mrs. Right (*continued from page* 33)

She is an ardent copyist when it comes to introducing colour effects and touches of furnishing interest in the home, but though a copyist she is selective. She copies only the best.

She uses colour boldly but discriminately, keeping the motif comfort predominant over that of effect, and she never introduces some individually pleasing feature unless it is improving to the ensemble.

She likes experimenting with her home, but she is against constant changes. She has a good idea of what a thing will look like before she tries it, but is clever enough to scrap a failure when she recognises one.

CLEANING Housework comes quite easy to her because she works to a schedule. She understands the value of methodical routine.

Every day has its allotted task in the house. Moreover, she works as far as possible to a time schedule, calculating that each task should occupy so much time. In this way she is able to plan her day *and* her leisure.

She is tidy, of course, knowing that a muddled house is a source of mental as well as physical fatigue. The utensils she uses are of the best quality and always up to date. She considers them an economy because they lighten labour and, frequently, save their initial cost. Electrical labour savers cut her work in halves. She would as soon be without a fire as without a G.E.C. electric kettle.

Amongst other things, she adopts a cheerful attitude towards the menial tasks of housekeeping, never considering them beneath her dignity but as part of a greater trust in which her skill and ingenuity are challenged.

ECONOMICS She plans her budget strictly according to her income. She knows that the only safe means of keeping a check upon expenditure is to allot a certain sum to particular needs and to assure that this sum is not exceeded. Thus, two pounds per month may be set aside for lighting and heating, ten shillings per week for household repairs and replacements and so on, throughout the household budget.

She knows the enduring quality of good quality clothes and household things. She spends less than Mrs. Wrong but puts up a far better appearance.

END

We're an A.1 family now!

★ SINCE MOTHER BROUGHT HOME TO US THE IMPORTANCE OF SHREDDED WHEAT WITH ITS *Five Food Values*

THE 5 FOOD-VALUES IN SHREDDED WHEAT	
1 *Vitamin 'B'*	FOR GROWTH
2 *Proteins*	FOR BODY-BUILDING
3 *Mineral Salts*	FOR NEW TISSUES
4 *Carbo-hydrates*	FOR ENERGY
5 *Bran*	FOR REGULARITY

THERE'S HEALTH IN EVERY HELPING!

● Wives and mothers are today very much aware of their responsibilities in watching the health of husband and children. That is why more and more attention is paid to food and food-values. And that is why Shredded Wheat figures so prominently in their weekly shopping. They have discovered that Shredded Wheat, being nothing but the glorious golden yield of harvest fields, must be, of all foods, one of the most wholesome and beneficial. In this they are as right as can be. Look at the chart above. This shows the vital Five Food Values which Shredded Wheat brings to the system in every delicious helping. All play their part in building and sustaining family health in Nature's own way. Its appealing wheaten flavour has won the hearts of thousands—just as its handiness, adaptability and economy in serving have endeared it to housewives everywhere. Be sure to serve Shredded Wheat every day and let the Five Food Values play their part in building up an A1 family.

Best Breakfast for the Boys

A Father writes: My son aged six years is one of the happiest kiddies . . . He has been having his Shredded Wheat since the age of 2 years and now my youngest has started having his daily portion. Mother says it is the best breakfast for the boys and attributes their fitness and freedom from illness to their daily breakfast of your cereal.

It set up her Boy

A Mother writes: I must tell you that Shredded Wheat has set my youngest boy up. He was a poor delicate little thing . . . So I gave him Shredded Wheat. He has got on fine. I cannot speak too highly of Shredded Wheat.

SHREDDED WHEAT

The Food for General Fitness

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY LIMITED, WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE. *(Pratt's)*

War Birds of the World (*Continued from page 7*)

miles, and a top speed of about 300 m.p.h. Five gun-nest "blisters" protect its sleek, streamlined body, some beneath the hull, some above, one in the tip of the thick glass nose, one in the extreme tail; it can carry over ten thousand pounds of bombs and ammunition as well as a large crew.

In Germany, Junkers and Dornier bombers attain similar proportions and performances. Years ago, I flew a Dornier twelve-engined monster that could carry one hundred and sixty people. Do a sum in simple arithmetic; replace the people by bombs, multiply by two to account for progress in the interim, and the answer, which is staggering, tells you something of one of Germany's weapons to-day.

In Russia, the CKB and ANT types run close—or, perchance, are bigger still. Italy has her Savoia-Marchettis; France has Breguets and others; Britain has Whitleys, Hampdens, Wellingtons, Wellesleys, Heyfords and plenty more.

Marvels? Terrors? It all depends on the way you look at it!

And then the fighters! Whirling like dead leaves in the skies, able to stoop like hawks and to belch death like dragons, they are perhaps the greatest wonder of all man's mechanical miracles.

There is, for instance, the hornet-like Heinkel "He 112 U," with its strange up-curved wing and its astounding speed of over 470 m.p.h. in level flight.

I have power-dived British machines at well over 500 m.p.h., but that is another story and I dare not tell it because it contains official secrets. There is a machine building at Heston now that is to use a new Napier engine, and when it takes the air it will leave the Heinkel, and its equally fast little cousin the German Messerschmitt "109" fighter, standing. But I have not actually seen it, and though I have the figures from breathless men who have, I cannot quote them.

But that Heinkel. . . . A little, steely wonder of the air, equipped with an engine of over 1,000 h.p. and armed with a motor cannon that fires one thousand one-and-a-half-pound shells a minute, as well as a couple of high velocity machine guns! A deadly little beauty, of the sort that pilots love with a fondness surpassing the love of women.

And the almost fabled U.S. Lockheed, a monoplane of revolutionary design, with a sort of double fuselage, carrying (if we can believe it!) twin 2,250-h.p. Allison engines, a twin tail assembly, and capable of a speed of over 500 m.p.h. already!

And the new French Bloch, not a bit dissimilar in type from the Heinkel "He 112 U"—one of the finest aircraft turned out by the reorganised and reinvigorated factories of the great republic.

Then there is a new British fighter. No one is supposed to know anything about it. It is a fighter of tremendous range.

I must not omit the long-nosed Blenheim, built as a bomber, but so amazing in performance that it has been adapted as a heavy and formidable fighter, with a top speed of about 310 m.p.h., a range of two thousand miles and a heavy armament. Or the American Bell Airacuda twin-engined pusher fighter, with its two big 37 mm. cannons and four machine guns, manned by a crew of five. Or the Italian Fiat "G 50" and Macchi "C 200," for both which speeds round the 400 m.p.h. mark are claimed.

The Russians have some good ones, though they are not quite up to top notch. The French Potez "63," with two 20 mm. cannons and a machine gun, is already being superseded by something even more formidable from the same factory.

One of Germany's best is the Dornier "Do 17" twin-engined battleplane. It is a semi-high wing monoplane with retractable landing gear, distinguishable by its slender fuselage and double-rudder unit. The pilot's cockpit is in the nose, beyond the airscrews' level—an all-glass nest which also contains two machine guns. Behind this is another gunner's compartment, with two more high-power guns, and behind this the bomb compartment.

Two 1,200-h.p. engines give a top speed in the region of 400 m.p.h., and the machine has a very long range.

Finally, I come to the British "Spitfire," developed directly from a series of Schneider racers, some of which I had the honour of flying for Britain.

It is a day and night single-seat fighter, with a range of over one thousand miles, its eight machine guns entirely concealed in the wings.

I have flown as part of a formation attacking a towed target, and seen it riddled through with grey "tracer bullets" till it looked like a cushion spitted by a thousand silver rapiers; and I believe that the lot of a bomber squadron being attacked by formations of modern fighters of the "Spitfire" type would be awful indeed.

And, last of all, what of the flying sea raiders?

Such machines as the vast Short "Sunderland," and the huge German "Do 24," must be taken into serious account by the belligerent naval tacticians.

The recent attacks on our ships have, many of them, been made by the "Do 24."

Three gun nests provide a very formidable armament; the machine has a tremendous range and is equipped so as to remain independent of any land base for a very long period. Three 900 h.p. engines give a considerable speed; actual details of this and the overwhelming bomb load were German naval secrets, but we have a fairly accurate idea of what this machine can do.

The British Short "Sunderland," one of the biggest of all our fighting air giants, is a high-wing monoplane with a hundred and thirteen foot wing span, a cruising speed of about 180 m.p.h., and a range of over two thousand miles. It is one of the most powerful machines in the world. It can easily be put down on eight hundred yards of water.

What marvels they are, these mechanical war birds! What a world it will be when all this human ingenuity and all the millions of money spent on them is turned again to the legitimate work of ferrying goods, business men and pleasure parties through a new world's unclouded skies!

END

Books (*Continued from page 26*)

Scandals—in presenting United States ladies at Court, for example—are merely implied; as when a candidate waved gaily to one of the embassy secretaries lunching at the Ritz:

"Who is that?" he asked. "She looks familiar."

"Does she? She is Mrs. J. K., the wife of J. K."

"You know who she used to be, don't you? I knew her years ago and——" It was not a pretty story.

There was a rumpus over that lady's past. Mr. Reid had to delegate one of the secretaries to go post-haste to Marienbad to explain matters to King Edward VII. "The woman," Miss Bax adds, "left her husband and he remained in London a broken man. She returned again a few months later, but when she left the second time, this time for good with another man, she took with her most of his money. He died a few years afterwards, a drunkard, at one of the Continental resorts."

But we still don't know that purple past, which is just too bad.

We do know, however, of private secretary De-Lancey Jay's dress suit and poetess Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Court head-dress. Mr. Jay eclipsed our "Rt. Hon. Dress Shirt's" record by wearing his evening suit for three whole days during which he had so many formal engagements—Buckingham Palace, Dorchester House, the Corps Diplomatique and so forth—that he couldn't be bothered changing from a.m. to p.m. And the fourth morning his butler put out the suit again, from habit. . . .

Miss Wilcox wanted to wear a band of water-lilies on her head for her presentation instead of the regulation Court feathers and veil; and argued with the Lord Chamberlain many times, many days, before he could convince her that such poetic licence was impermissible and she must either dress *à la mode* or stay at home. . . .

Trifles, maybe; but with more serious State matters they make an agreeable chronicle which discloses that embassy chaps—with the lid off—sometimes say more vital things than "I am credibly informed."

"GONE are the bound feet, the downcast eyes, the delicate, flower-like pathetic little women of the ancient romances and the poets' dreams," writes Mrs. Charlotte Haldane in her Preface to Madame Chiang Kai-Shek's "China in Peace and War" (Hurst & Blackett, 16s.). "In their place China to-day is producing women who fear nothing, who stick at nothing to defend their country; women who value their own lives lightly and those of the people, and especially of the children, as their greatest treasure."

We accordingly learn of short-cropped women toting rifles at the front, sharing the hardships and dangers with the men; of hosts of women auxiliaries; of Madame Chao, "Mother of the Guerillas," at fifty-eight, the farmer's wife who organised thousands of peasants into guerilla armies, though she could neither read nor write.

This book is not only a reminder; it indicates that, in human and spiritual values, such a woman is probably worth a few hundred of the invading toughs who trample the soil, bomb the cities, in the sacred name of patriotism and emperor. She gives a first-hand account of an air raid on defenceless civilians which will make civilised women writhe the world over.

"MY life would make a book; and that's a fact," said Julie, dance hostess in a night club of a provincial city. Miss Ethel Mannin has made a very good book indeed of her in "Julie" (Jarrolds, 8s. 3d.). Life hasn't been too kind to Julie. A simple, casual affair left her with a son whose father she hardly knows, much less understands, when she sees him again through a maturer, worldlier mind. She has been a waitress, and as for the hostessing:

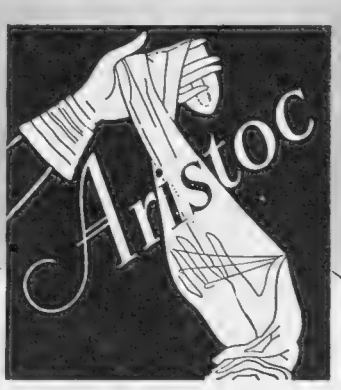
". . . Club work was different; you had to get used to taking half a crown from a man and feeling 'cheap.' You had first to learn to swallow your pride, and then to be hard-boiled, thick-skinned . . . you had to learn to angle for 'presents,' which might be anything from a ten-shilling note up to a silver cigarette-case with a little something extra folded inside. You had to learn to gold-dig; your capacity to do so was the measure of your success as a dance hostess."

When you lived in Newchester and wanted air you went by tram to Easdon Heights: "You do your courting on Easdon Heights, and afterwards come pushing the pram. The children come with their kites, and the colliery lads to play football. It is the local recreation ground. On fine evenings the young people stroll along the promenade, affectionately known as the 'monkey parade,' the girls showing off their clothes and hair styles, the young men 'clicking' with the girls. . . ."

That is Julie's background, with "homey" lodgings and the vague hope, cherished by most dance hostesses, of landing a sugar-daddy who will be more generous than poisonous and perhaps open the way to a fuller, richer life away from the drink and the tinsel. Her landlady's son offers one escape, but not from Newchester. Fate comes to her eventually in a sophisticated young journalist from London, but (*Continued on page 72*)

Aristoc

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS



even then her path is not easy. She is pathetic, lovable; a girl of the people, making the best of a raw deal.

She could not have a better interpreter than Miss Mannin, a novelist of the people. I admire this book; I admire its author, who can so mature her craft as to be worthy of such a conscientious achievement.

AFTER drab Newchester—PARIS IN SPRING! That is the triumphant opening note of Miss Netta Muskett's "Scarlet Heels" (Hutchinson, 9s.). Spring on the boulevards, and a saucy *midinette* who flops on to a café chair with her gaudy box and says: "*Oh, la la! 'fait chaud!*" Sitting at the table, also very *chaud*, is an English clergyman, come to Paris on family affairs and for a funeral. Jeanette insists on talking. He has ordered *limonade* because he thought it would be safe.

"You come to Paris to be *safe*, monsieur?" she asks.

He says he has but one night in Paris, and will probably go to Notre Dame, and then to bed.

"When you have but one night in Paris?" she asks him.

Oh, la la! She takes charge of his one night in Paris . . . in Spring. She shows him the sights, and what Paris was made for from time immemorial: love. The outcome of that strange meeting is Jena, christened Jane, "the sombre garments of her father clashing in her make-up with the scarlet heels of her mother's Parisian shoes."

Miss Muskett is enchanting at this kind of story. She has a light, romantic touch on Pierrot and Pierrette. She believes in the traditional, timeless kind of love. She captivates as William J. Locke captivated. Through her book you may live a dream.

TO dream about Miss Marguerite Brener's "My Family 'Tis of Thee" (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 3d.). 'Tis an American story, full of goddam. The Gates inhabit a prosperous home, but instead of "WELCOME" on the mat there would seem to be "QUIT! GET GOIN'!"

They all want to escape. Son Jerry rankles under parental interference. Daughter Mona rebels against protective chains. Pa grieves for his lost youth and suffers from trade depression. Ma, at dangerous forty-three, feels she is useless: no longer wanted by husband and juniors. There seems to be a lot of this kind of home in America. Perhaps they all go too much to the flicks. Anyway, the Gates go their separate ways; they have become unhinged with too much swing.

Need I add that the Gates all click together again in the end?—"Just the four of us. Together." As happy this time as the Frothblowers' Anthem. . . ."

MR. Wheatley's stop-press spy story of the war, "The Scarlet Impostor" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), has a strong wish-fulfilment appeal. Who has not dreamed, amid present discontents, of discovering some secret formula, overthrowing the Nazis, and ending the war single-handed? Who has not seen himself as Europe's deliverer, possessed of magic power over these brutal warmakers and downing them at one fell blow?

Our old friend Gregory Sallust, as secret service agent, really equipped with a secret, does that. Armed with a list of the Inner Gestapo, the Sons of Siegfried, he penetrates Germany alone and foments a vast conspiracy to sabotage Nazi tyranny, bring down the Government in a dire blood-bath, and create a more humane Germany with which the Allies may honourably treat.

At first, in the guise of a German general, he fails and is all but killed by a Gestapo agent; then turns the tables by posing as the agent himself. His hair-breadth escapes from a hundred dangers provide the thrills in this up-to-the-minute melodrama. The lovely Erika von Epp, a stake in the conspiracy, provides the love interest.

Because of his unflagging zest for the financial and publicity side of authorship—Mr. Frankau has it, too—I once amused Mr. Wheatley by calling him a "Stop Me and Buy One" author. With "The Scarlet Impostor," he is pedalling away more energetically than ever—and ringing the bell. His round seems to cover half the world, for the jacket informs me:—

"Patagonia to Alaska, Iceland, East to Mandalay, Wheatley thrills his thousands *every* hour of *every* day!"

I appreciate the modesty of "thousands" instead of "millions"; but he might have respected little Iceland's neutrality.

A WORKHOUSE may not seem very cheerful fare for wartime reading. Mr. Chris Massie spent seven years in one, and makes it the background of "Penny Whipp" (Secker & Warburg, 7s. 6d.). Penelope Whipp is a simple, excitingly physical hobo girl who meets Daniel Bond at strawberry-picking in Norfolk and stays with him at an inn before going hand-in-hand with him through the workhouse gates.

"Her destitution meant there were no other social brands upon her, none of those insidious respectabilities which so often slimed the rose of her sex. She was in complete separation from the rest of humanity; a free and immaculate gift like the earth, air, sun and sea!"

Mr. Massie makes of this episode a delightfully pagan idyll. The workhouse days are concerned with Penny as a pathological sex case who has to find physical relief for a "red imp" hallucination which leads to cataleptic trance—one, Mr. Massie says, actually founded on fact.

Her strange sex-lure attracts her to Mercy Kibble, a procuress who comes to the workhouse for what she can find; to a relieving officer, whom Mercy blackmails; to Mr. Goast, the neurotic chaplain and librarian, whose saintliness makes him a tragic victim. And all the time there is Danny, wanting her as he has wanted nothing in life.

This is easily the most original novel of the batch. It will appeal strongly to admirers of J. C. Powys, to whom it is dedicated; and to D. H. Lawrenceans.

THE loves, hates, envies, jealousies, fights of a troupe of cabaret glamour girls at a West End hotel "between the Dorchester and Grosvenor House in famous Park Lane," are Mr. John Paddy Carstairs' concern in "Vinegar and Brown Paper" (Hurst & Blackett, 7s. 6d.). It is written in rapid quick-fire style with nothing left out and the most risque contents luridly underlined:

It is the sensational lowdown on West End show life, with its waster layabouts and hangers-on, in the blatant casting-couch tradition. Its loud sophistication will delight those who like their Mayfair presented as a compound of Babylon, bottle parties, and bitchery and not (what it also is), a place of surviving dignities and graceful civilised living. The *real* show girls of Park Lane will probably be surprised to learn from Mr. Carstairs' first novel, what a wild, raucous life they live . . . But one gives it full marks for entertainment value.

EERIE, haunting romance against a background of West of Ireland bog and Cambridgeshire heath is Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole's "The Ghost Girl" (Hutchinson, 8s. 3d.). No need to emphasise what this master story-teller can do with a theme which deals with a mysterious heroine reputed to hunt with a phantom pack, the "Pope's hounds" of local legend.

The *milieu* is lustily county and horsey. There is a villain who destroys wills and robs rightful inheritors of their property and estates. The M.F.H. wife of one victim determined to have "a last lather with the hounds" before quitting. Only the whip was with her when they raised a fox and ran him across country—straight over a cliff. The whip's horse reined in just in time, but "the hounds and the fox and the woman and all were gone as if they'd rid into the black of the night and the foul weather that was coming in . . ." The usurper now cares for her daughter Deirdre, and "there's them that says she's not right in her head and that she hunts with Pope's hounds."

How she comes to make another tragic ride is part of the drama; but the appeal of the book is also in the local characters and ancestral countryside, which the author presents with such skill. To hold the reader spellbound he needs no Blue Lagoon.

MR. STEPHEN SLANT'S "The Blasted Burning Ball" (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) seemed promising, original. I was intrigued by the layout. Henry had thrown up advertisement writing to live in a country bungalow and write his masterpiece. His wife Celia was also writing *her* masterpiece—on economics and sociology. Whenever she struck a knotty point she went for a shilling ride on the local bus because the driver was a young Communist and sociologist, back from fighting in Spain, who could elucidate it for her. There was also pretty Ann, who came to stay and was obviously interested in Henry. Nice ingredients for a triangle love-yarn.

END

Reshape Your Body (*Continued from page 41*)

may not be first favourite, hips must be kept within limits if you want to look and feel your best. Rolling exercises are fine for combating this surplus tissue, so get down to it properly, every day, on the floor.

Stomachs may be due to over-eating (a common fault), over-drinking (non-intoxicating as well as intoxicating liquids) and bad deportment. Remember always the Posture. Venus de Milo may look lovely with a slightly rounded stomach but more than that, or even that, is ruination to clothed beauty. Relaxed stomach muscles are the end of a perfect figure, and if you depend entirely on whalebone to keep the muscles up you'll need more and more as the years roll by.

Thighs that have been hiding under skirts during the winter, must get the required attention so that they can be an added charm rather than a liability, when the warmed seasons arrive. The essential charm of thighs is that, rounded or slim, they should be youthful. And nothing can give you the healthy firmness of youthful limbs as surely as exercises.

Calves are the *bête noire* of nine out of every ten Englishwomen and before you walk proudly on considering yourself the tenth woman, get out that tape-measure again, or persuade a very honest friend to follow you down the street. Thick calves can completely ruin the smartest suit, the frilliest frock, even if your *ankles* are slender. If your ankles are not slender your calves will look even worse, so the first thing to do is to get your ankles down to their minimum. Of course, bone formations cannot be changed but every ankle has possibilities.

Feet mean more than seaside or bare-footed beauty—they mean health, bright eyes and good deportment if they are kept in a supple healthy state. Exercises for the feet are vitally important. There are so many little bones that are inclined to jut or collapse when you have been walking on them for about thirty years. These little bones may creak with alarm when you first start exercising but, after a few days, they will enter into the spirit of the thing and be really well behaved. A body beautiful cannot have feet of clay.

END

Mrs Colman explains to the Sewing Circle how she makes her rations go further

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When Big Ships Go Into Action (*Continued from page 19*)

Boat davits are "dropped," fire hoses are run out, and the ship's carpenter and his men stand by with baulks of timber, already sawn to suitable lengths for shoring up shattered bulkheads and the beams under the various decks. Finally the sick bay is prepared and men stand by to pass along casualties through narrow communicating passages left when the bulkheads are closed. Armourers also get ready to carry out repairs should shells blast their way through the plate, and a party is ready with special steel plugs to fill shell holes in dangerous positions.

Up in the control top—we are neglecting in this article the fact that probably aeroplanes are already harassing the ship and that pom-pom and other anti-aircraft guns are already blazing away at the dive bombers. Forget, too, that other vessels in the battle are going into action, destroyers are hunting submarines and cruisers, the latter are trying to head off the big vessels as the *Ajax* and *Achilles* did the *Graf Spee*. Overlook the aircraft carriers, beyond the horizon, with their planes hard at work protecting and attacking, and the special anti-aircraft cruisers and destroyers, converted from reserve ships to form floating air protection for the capital ships.

Aboard our vessel, one of a line of big fellows, everything is ready. Hours of manœuvring have brought the enemy within a range of twelve miles. Range finders, with "arms" of anything from ten to thirty feet, set in the control platforms are set to work. The two images of the enemy—his whole deckline can be seen and half his hull from forty feet up the mast of our vessel—in the range finder are brought together to form one image. The instrument is "on" and the range in yards can be read off.

It is signalled to the plotting room. With it goes such information as wind direction and speed, speed of our boat, adjudged speed of the enemy and his direction, air humidity and sunlight, if any. Special calculating machines work out the requisite gun settings from these facts, and further corrections are made for each individual gun to offset wear or any slight idiosyncrasy.

Yet there is a certain amount of guesswork. The wind some two or three miles up is an unknown quantity, unless aircraft can assist in providing approximate direction and speed. The shells have to transverse the upper atmosphere and may be blown out of their course sufficiently to fall very wide of the target.

Thus, it is not expected that the first shots will strike the target. Several broadsides will be fired as "sighting" shots before the enemy is "straddled."

It is broadsides that are aimed at, too, for the impact of three or six shells falling at once on a ship is far more damaging than the same number of shells striking at intervals.

While the range is being taken and calculations worked out the guns are ordered to "Commence firing." That means that the shells are loaded, charges follow and the breeches are closed. A few minutes suffice for the whole task. Back to the control top goes the signal from each gun . . . "Ready."

When all turrets are loaded, and the guns are "laid" according to directions from the plotting room, a final signal is made and from the control top comes the order to stand by. Normally the guns are fired simultaneously by closing a key in the control top, the crews springing into action again as soon as the recoil is over to re-load the guns.

Ten seconds or more elapse as the shells scream across the sea, seconds impatiently awaited by the spotting officer as he keeps the enemy well sighted in his binoculars.

At last the geysers of water caused by the falling shells spring into the sky. As they fall they leave a white line, and it is this line, compared in position with that of the target, that the spotter is waiting for. It gives him his error in firing. Corrections are made and the process is repeated.

Eventually a hit is scored—it took the *Graf Spee* three broadsides before she hit the *Exeter* and then another four before a second hit was registered—and for a few minutes the guns roar.

For a few minutes only, then there is usually a pause. The enemy has not been idle all this time. He has been getting the range, too, and both he and the British ships are still manœuvring for position, trying to close to obtain more effective fire, to dodge the attacks of cruisers and aircraft, and to avoid getting either head or stern on to the attacker.

It is easier to hit the ship "edge on" than when she is broadside because whereas it is simple to "lay" a gun so that the direction is right, it is exceedingly difficult to get the elevation correct. Thus when the breadth of the ship is the main target—some ninety feet—the shells will be more likely to go over or fall short than if the length of 600 feet is available as a target. It must not be overlooked that the shells have a steep trajectory and are falling rapidly when they reach their target.

One thing we have not taken into account at all so far, and it is one of the causes for a great deal of waiting and watching in the control top. The gun is laid, ready to fire. Range is "on." The enemy is apparently on a straight course for a time. He is clear of the smoke screen he has laid, or has been laid for him by a destroyer. Then our ship rolls heavily. Guns swing high into the air, then twist downwards as the nose of the ship buries itself in the sea.

Round the ship comes, the firing is held up until the ship regains an even keel or a position in which there is reasonable chance that the guns will be "on" their target. Down goes the firing key and the guns speak. But the delay may have been one of a minute or more, and during that time it may be that the enemy has changed course, to throw the whole procedure out of gear and to necessitate re-laying the guns.

Higher mathematics have to be called into service to provide the data for firing of these huge guns, mathematics that would be too intricate for the most brilliant professor to work out in reasonable time. Machines have come to the rescue, and it is by setting various wheels and buttons at the right readings on the machines that the plotting-room of a battleship is able to keep pace with the movements of the ships and the changes in other factors.

A director "gun" is used as a dummy with which to check the moment of firing of the real guns in the turrets. When the director is "on" according to the special sights which have been set by the mathematical calculations of these intricate machines, the other guns are "on" and can be fired with reasonable hope of success.

END

In Dachau Concentration Camp (*Continued from page 18*)

the blazing sun, without anything on their heads, had to drag blocks of stone some hundreds of metres at a running pace, without getting a drop of water. The number who collapsed daily was about ten, and in winter from twenty-five to thirty.

At eleven o'clock we had our midday interval. We all went back to the barracks, and the strongest men had the job of fetching the "dinner." This was in large pails, which weighed about 120 lb. when empty and were of enormous weight when filled with soup. Three men had to carry two pails from the kitchen into the camp without stopping on the way. They were escorted behind and on either side by "S.S." men, who whipped them to go fast. If a man slipped, then the whole block got nothing to eat. The "dinner" consisted of a soup-like concoction, which was generally very badly cooked, and old rotten potatoes, which were afterwards replaced by better ones. After the meal was over everybody rushed to clean his utensils. At first we had only a basin and a spoon, but no chairs or tables; later we were given these and also forks and knives. Everything had to be made to look spick and span when we had finished, otherwise there was the devil to pay. The room orderlies had again to do their duties, including the cleaning of lavatory and washing-room.

At twelve-fifteen p.m. the bugle sounded again; we marched to the parade ground, and the labour squads were again formed and marched off. We were again exposed to five hours of torture, in which the work itself was the least. How often did it happen that prisoners were compelled by "S.S." men holding revolvers to trespass on the forbidden zone near the fence, only to be shot at by the sentries with machine guns who were waiting for them. This was also called "shot while trying to escape."

At six o'clock the work was stopped and evening roll-call was held. If any prisoner was absent the whole camp had to stand to attention until he was found.

In Dachau the prisoners had to stand still in the winter, in the icy cold, for thirty hours, because one was missing: the result was that many died or were severely injured through frost bite. After the roll-call the punishments were carried out: the lightest of these consisted in the prisoners standing to attention facing the wall for hours without moving. Every "S.S." man who passed pushed their heads against the wall, so that the prisoners' faces were often disfigured by injuries. This punishment was imposed for six weeks to three months. The next punishment was penal labour. After the roll-call the prisoners had to continue working under a special "S.S." guard. If the officer in charge wished he made them do "penal exercise." The prisoners had to run, fall on the ground, roll in the mud, jump up, continue running, fall on the ground again, and so on. The "S.S." took particular delight in "frog hopping": prisoners had to hop like frogs for hours. Whoever was unable to do this was trodden upon and beaten, and more than one was killed in this way.

Penal labour also lasted for six weeks to three months.

In the case of flogging, the reason for this sentence was read out to the prisoner: because of too slow work, or his coat button was unfastened, or for some quite paltry reason, though mostly from purely sadistic motives. The unfortunate fellow was bound to a wooden horse, his feet was secured by clamps fixed to the legs, his head was held down by an "S.S." man, and two other "S.S." men belaboured him with heavy whips with all their strength until they had given him at least twenty-five strokes, which often increased to fifty. Many of them became unconscious after the first few strokes, but this did not prevent their inhuman torturers—mostly young fellows between seventeen and twenty-five—from continuing their barbarity. If anybody died under this punishment it simply meant that there was a vacancy in the camp. These floggings in Dachau were carried out in the yard near the punishment cells. Only once was a flogging conducted in public for the edification of us Viennese.

In the evening, if one was able, after a supper of soup and bread, to lie down on one's straw sack, hale and uninjured, without having had to suffer any punishment, one had every reason to thank God.

END

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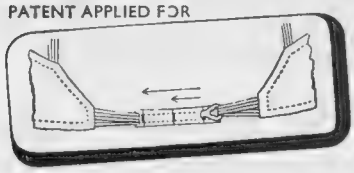

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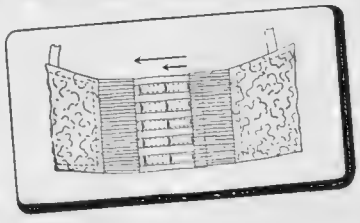

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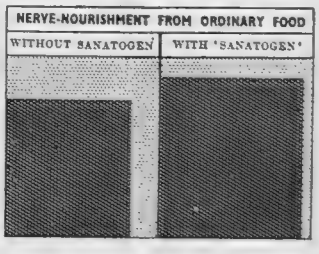

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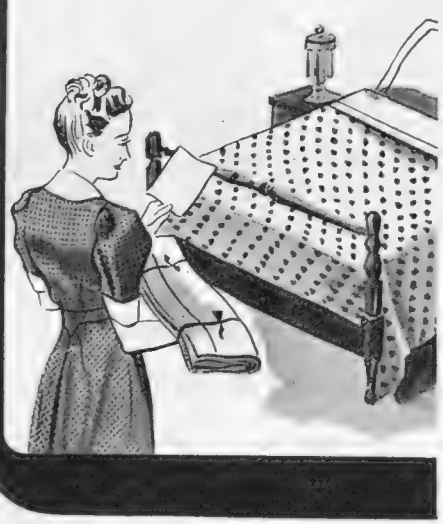


Striped in Yellow and Brown

(*Continued from page* 55)

Next row : Cast off 3, patt. to end.
Next row : Patt.
Next row : Patt. till 2 remain. K. 2 tog.

Continue in patt. with the armhole end straight but k. 2 tog. at the neck end every 4th row until 27 sts. remain. Continue on 27 sts. until work measures 19½ ins. Cast off 9 at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Pick up sts. from spare needle, join on wool to neck edge and work to match the opposite side.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles and yellow wool cast on 2 sts.
1*st row :* K. 1, p. 1.
2*nd row :* K. 1, inc. in next st.
3*rd row :* Inc. in first st. rib 2. Continue in ribs of k. 1, p. 1, and inc. on the one side of the work every row until 14 sts. are on needle. Continue on 14 sts. until work measures 23 ins., then k. 2 tog. every row on the same side as you work the incs. until 2 remain. Cast off.

RIBBING FOR ARMHOLES

With No. 12 needles and yellow wool cast on 14 sts. and rib for 20 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Sew the seams. Sew on the neck ribbing with the shaped ends to centre front. Sew on the armhole ribbing and finally press seams.

This Buttons up the Back (*Continued from page* 55)

1*st row :* K. (wrong side of work).
2*nd row :* P.
3*rd row :* K.
4*th row :* K.
5*th row :* P.
6*th row :* K.

Continue in patt. until 23 rows have been worked.

Next row : (Right side of work facing) K. 8, * k. 2 tog., k. 14; rep. from * to last 11 sts., k. 11 (94 sts.).

Continue in patt. until 7 raised stripes have been worked.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Continuing in patt., cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. (Keep 6 rows of p. across the centre. This will roll over and make a neat finish to the neck.) Cast off the remaining sts.

LEFT HALF OF BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 62 sts. Work in alternate rib for 2½ patts. Change to No. 9 needles and complete the 3rd patt., inc. at the end of the next and every following 6th row, until 8 patts. have been worked.

Next row : Cast on 4 sts. for under-flap, and continue in patt., inc. at the seam edge on every 6th row until 13 inc. have been worked in all. Work 9½ patts.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Dec. at armhole edge in the same way as the Front, until 14 sts. have been dec. (65 sts.). Work without shaping until the 4th row of the 13th patt. has been worked. Here change to No. 10 needles.

Next row : K. 5, k. 2 tog., * k. 3, k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to last 3 sts., k. 3.

YOKE

Next row : K. Continue in the yoke patt. as for the Front, until there are 6 raised stripes. K. 1 row.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Continue in patt., cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge on the next 4 alternate rows, purling the 6 rows across the centre as in the Front. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT HALF OF BACK

Work in same way as left half, until the 8th row of the 9th patt. has been worked.

Next row : Work in patt. to last 7 sts., then k. 2 tog., wool round needle 3 times; k. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1 (for buttonhole).

Next row : P. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, then p. 1, k. 1, in the made sts. Work in patt. to end of the row. When 9½ patts. have been worked, shape armhole as for the front.

When 10th patt. is completed, make a second buttonhole in the same way as instructed. Continue in patt.

Make 3rd buttonhole in 3rd row of 12th patt. Continue in patt. as for left half until 1st dec. row of yoke has been completed. Make 4th buttonhole in 1st k. row of yoke :

Next row (wrong side facing) : K. 3, cast off 3, k. to end.

Next row : P. to the cast-off sts., cast on 3. P. 3. Continue in patt. as for left half of back, making 2 more buttonholes in the same way as the 4th, with 16 rows between each. Shape shoulder and neck as for left half.

SLEEVES (Both Alike)

With No. 10 needles, cast on 90 sts. Work 2 complete patts. Change to No. 9 needles, and continue in patt., inc. at each end of the next and every following 6th row until there are 100 sts. Work 6 more rows in patt.

SHAPE TOP OF SLEEVE

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. at beg. of next 12 rows. Work 4 rows without shaping.

5*th row :* Dec. at each end of row.

Continue in patt., dec. at each end of every 4th row until there are 62 sts. and 10 whole patts. have been worked. K. 2 tog. all along the row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts *lightly* under a damp cloth. Join side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves, gathering the fullness at the shoulder. Sew together the centre edges of the back (the right one overlapping the left by 3 sts.) as far as the under-flap. Make crochet button-mould covers thus :

Make 3 chain. Join in a ring. Work 6 d.c. in ring. Work 2 d.c. in each st. of last row. Work 3 rows without shaping. Work 1 d.c. in every alternate st. of last row. Insert the mould. Rep. last row once. Fasten off.

Sew buttons opposite buttonholes, and at regular intervals down the back to lower edge.

Work 1 row d.c. down centre edge of right back, and round each buttonhole, along lower edge and sleeve edges. Press all seams on wrong side.

This jumper is buttoned up the back, but can be worn with front buttoning if preferred.

END

It Might Have Been You (*Continued from page* 13)

And simple, too, is the story of Helen Gilbert, one of the most exquisite girls I have ever noticed in a Hollywood studio. But at the time I noticed her she was not an actress, and never intended to become one. She was a musician; a 'celloist, to be precise. She played in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio orchestra, conducted by Herbert Stothart. I went to the music stage, where songs and incidental music are recorded, to be linked later to acted scenes. The stars I went to hear were Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

Watching and listening I found myself looking at a girl whose lovely face and sweet expression riveted my attention. She was playing a 'cello.

I asked the publicity man with me if he knew her name. He laughed. "Certainly I know her name, it's Helen Gilbert," he said.

Last year, when the studio made *Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever* there was a part in it for which Helen Gilbert seemed to have been born. Once again a bunch of important personages went to the music stage, determined to make Helen Gilbert put her 'cello in its case, and turn herself into an actress. Helen Gilbert was tested for the part of the drama teacher with whom Mickey Rooney fell in love, in the film. Her test was magnificent. She played the part, and will go on playing roles on the screen instead of notes on the 'cello.

Another beauty in pictures—who had never the smallest idea of facing a moving picture camera—is Mary Healy, who does her screen emoting for Twentieth Century-Fox. Mary Healy comes from New Orleans, in the state of Louisiana; she applied for a job as secretary in the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Exchange, in New Orleans. The job was hers; and for some time Mary punched her typewriter, and took a terrific interest in films—once they were safely in their neat round tin cans.

But she never thought of them in their earlier stages, when actors and actresses had to face cameras in order to produce pictures on celluloid. Every year the studio sent talent scouts and other executives touring round their various exchanges, in various states; and when the scouts arrived in New Orleans a member of the party had occasion to dictate some business correspondence back to the Hollywood studio. The girl to whom he dictated the correspondence was Mary Healy.

While she took down the information he had to convey to his chiefs, he noticed her, and was so struck with her appearance and her delightful speaking voice that he asked if she had ever thought of going into films. Never, replied Miss Healy. She liked her job as secretary far too well to risk losing it for the kind of precarious profession she believed film acting to be.

But the talent scout was persistent and persuasive. A test was made of Mary Healy; and when the studio saw it they told Mary they intended to go on paying her a salary for a long time—not as a secretary, but as a screen actress. Her first film was *Second Fiddle*, the Sonja Henie picture; and in it Mary Healy had the good luck to sing two songs specially written for the film by Irving Berlin.

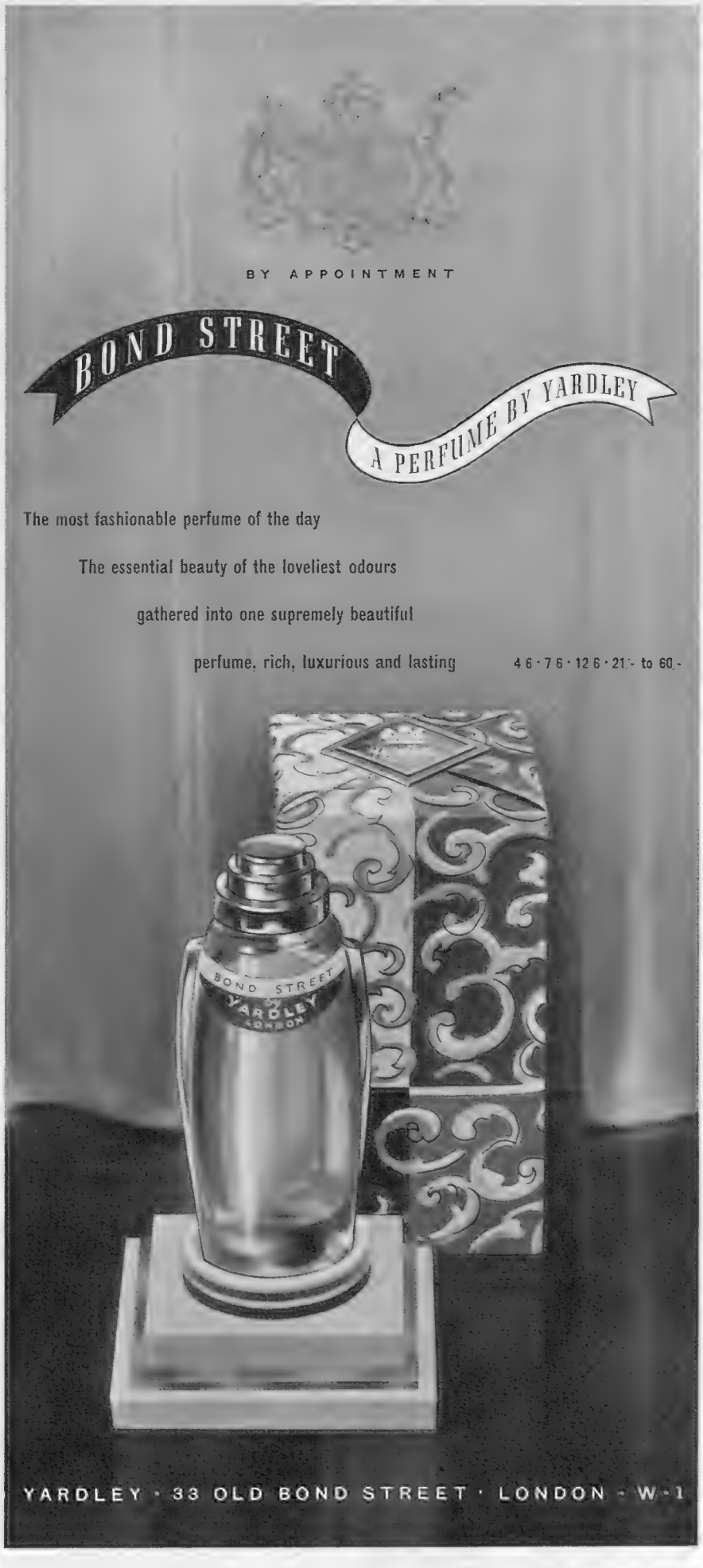
Mr. Berlin was so struck with the way this unknown newcomer to Hollywood sang those two numbers that he demanded permission to send her to Broadway to star in his new musical comedy, *Louisiana Purchase*. Curious coincidence, that title, since it was from Louisiana that Mary Healy came.

THE name of William Franklin Beedle, Jr., means nothing at all to the most ardent filmgoer. But to any one who has seen that brilliant film *Golden Boy* the name of William Holden means quite a lot. For Bill Holden played the part of Golden Boy—the screen's biggest plum for last year. And he played it without even knowing that he was *trying* to win this important role.

The story of Bill Holden, and the way he played *Golden Boy*, is one of Hollywood's genuine miracle stories. He was still a student at Pasadena Junior College when a studio talent scout saw him playing a seventy-year-old man, in *Manya*. When the show ended the scout sought Bill in his dressing-room, and told him to drag off those whiskers, pronto. The result was that Bill, greatly startled, heard himself being invited to go over to Paramount Studios next day, and make a screen test.

That test brought him a stock contract with Paramount.

Columbia Studios, all set to make the film version of the stage play *Golden Boy*, could not find a young actor to play the lead. Not one they considered suitable, anyway—although every young and handsome actor in Hollywood had been mentioned as a positive certainty for the part. Giving up the search for their ideal *Golden Boy* for a day or so, Columbia told Rouben Mamoulian—who was to direct the film—to concentrate on a hunt for a girl (*Continued on page* 78)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to play the role of Golden Boy's sister.

From every big studio they asked for tests of new young actresses to be rushed over for Mr. Mamoulian's inspection. Among those tests was one of a girl at Paramount. The boy in that test was William Holden. When Mr. Mamoulian sat watching the screen in the projection room he shouted: "Hold everything!" Not because he intended to engage the girl whose test it really was; but because he knew he had found his Golden Boy, at last.

Next day William Holden was taken over to Columbia for a test of his own; and on the third day of this exciting week he was handed a joint Columbia-Paramount contract that gave him the role of *Golden Boy*—though he had never played any screen part in his life. That was early in April, 1939; on April 17 William Holden celebrated his twenty-first birthday, and played his first love scene with Barbara Stanwyck.

ELLEN DREW came to Hollywood from her distant hometown, to get any kind of job that offered itself. She found a candy shop next door to the celebrated Chinese Theatre, on Hollywood Boulevard.

Came a day on which a Paramount executive wanted some candy for his wife, during an interval in the show at the Chinese. What more natural than that he should stroll across the courtyard—and wander in to the shop where Ellen Drew stood smiling behind the counter.

He asked for the candy for his wife; and as Ellen handed it to him, she smiled, right over the counter into his eyes. Now, Ellen has red-gold hair, a creamy skin, a face that is almost the shape of a heart, and blue-green eyes that look like pools in which the sun is shining. The executive asked Miss Drew if she had ever made a film test. She had not. But she made one, the next day; simply because an executive's wife wanted some candy to munch while she watched a film.

Arleen Whelan had bright red hair, green eyes, wide-set, and a lovely smile. She knew how to give a really good manicure; and so she worked at the best-known barber's shop in Hollywood, near the junction of the Boulevard and Highland Avenue. Every one who mattered, in the masculine line, went to that barber's shop. Thus was Arleen commanded to carry her manicure tray over to a certain chair, where a certain Mr. "Lucky" Humberstone, who directs pictures at Twentieth Century-Fox wanted to have his hands attended to, while his favourite hair-cutter put his hair in order.

When he asked Arleen to go to his studio the next day, for a test, she was very polite, and smiled her grateful thanks; but she did not believe a word he said. She thought it was just "a line"—the same kind of "line" so many attractive men had handed out to her, on many, many past afternoons, across her manicure tray. But Mr. Humberstone was in earnest. So much in earnest that when she failed to show up at the studio he came over to the barber's shop, and fetched her himself.

Don Ameche was going to sell cars, or life insurance, or work in a Wall Street office. This tall young Italian-American smiled at life, and did not mind much what he did, so long as it brought him in enough money to marry the girl he adored, whose name was—and is—Honore.

One afternoon a friend had to visit one of the big broadcasting corporations, where he was due to take part in an audition. A singing compère was wanted for a new air show. Because he hated doing this sort of thing on his own, the friend asked Don Ameche to come along.

Off they went; and in the crowd that milled round the ante-room Don was separated from his friend. Don did not know that every one in that crowd was there by invitation, to take part in the audition. So when a flustered man banged him between the shoulders, and told him to step up to the microphone, and announce what song he proposed to sing, Don burst out laughing at the absurdity of the whole thing.

Result; the friend with whom Don had gone to that audition found himself among the discards. But Don won the job for which he was not even trying. From radio he went into vaudeville; and from vaudeville Hollywood beckoned. He is there, still.

It Might Have Been You

Osa Massen is twenty-five years old. She is Danish, and speaks English with a fascinating accent, hard to imitate. She is the daughter-in-law of Jean Hersholt; and it was in his house that I met Osa last March. At that time Osa had no thought of becoming a film actress, she wanted to be simply Mrs. Allan Hersholt. Jean Hersholt told me her history.

She became a professional photographer in Denmark, when she was eighteen. While she was taking still pictures at the Palladium Film Studios she was asked to make a film test herself. That test brought her an offer to play in an important film, but Osa turned it down flat. She wanted to take photographs, or else to be allowed to edit films; but acting in them did not interest her. So she became a film editor, first in Denmark, and then at Denham which is near London. She studied English for five months, and was given a contract as an actress; but she did not make a film in England.

Instead, she helped to photograph tests of other people. In the end, she was sent to Hollywood on the strength of her own test; but she never saw any one who mattered, in the studio, and never faced a camera. Meantime, she met Allan Hersholt, and fell in love with him. She was just giving up her screen career for good, when she went to the Paramount Studios one day to meet a friend. On the staircase she passed Edward H. Griffith, a clever director. He was hunting for a young girl to play the second female lead in *Husbands or Lovers*, with Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray. Osa Massen played the part—solely through that accidental meeting on the stairs.

Brenda Joyce was a student at the University of Southern California when a film magnate went to watch some sports one Saturday afternoon on the college campus; he went because his daughter had a great friend who was expected to win several events. But he did not bother about the friend; for he had seen Brenda Joyce, strolling about, talking, laughing. And he knew she was just what the screen needed. That is how Brenda won her first big chance, in *The Rains Came*.

Dorothy Lamour was working an elevator in one of Chicago's big stores when somebody heard her singing away under her breath, forgetting that her elevator still contained a customer. That customer got her a job singing soothing ballads with an orchestra in a big café. After the café came much work in radio. Then the eagle eye and ear of Samuel Goldwyn picked Miss Lamour from the crowd, and bought her a ticket on a fast train for California.

Little Carolyn Lee, four years old, is one of the greatest joys films have seen for many a long month. It is terrible to have to believe that she is going home to be a baby, again, and will make no more pictures after her one delightful performance in *Husbands or Lovers*, when she certainly stole the picture from under the very accomplished noses of its stars. Carolyn went into pictures because Frank Freeman, of the Paramount Studios, was buying toys for a small relation in a big Hollywood store; and next to him Carolyn Lee, with the help of her mother, was choosing a toy for herself.

While she chose, Carolyn kept up a gentle, haunting sort of monologue, all about a little girl who had a brown roll for her breakfast, and what she said to the farmer who helped to make the roll, and to any one else who was concerned in putting the roll into this world.

So struck was Mr. Freeman with the tiny child, and the way she talked, that he begged her mother to allow her to make a test at his studio. Reluctantly Mrs. Lee consented.

The test was so terrific that all kinds of persuasion was brought into play; and Carolyn *did* make the film! She worked for twenty-four of the forty-eight days it took to produce the picture. And then she went home. I hope she comes out again, one day.

END

Hohenzollern Resurrection?

(*Continued from page 5*)

arch-chamberlains in the imperial hierarchy they had to hand the wash basin to the emperors of Germany (only a person of the blood royal had the privilege of handing that personage his shirt).

Their kingdom was still only a petty one containing 2,000,000 subjects when Frederick the Great inherited it half a century later. He set to work to remedy the defect. In his blue coat and stained yellow waistcoat, booted, spurred, shabby, sweating, dusty, always with a phial of poison in case he lost his game, Frederick warred with embattled Europe and defied the fourteen German ruling princes who had united against him. His teeth fell out, his hair went white, nameless ills attacked his flesh; but by the time he was through he had established the Hohenzollern ascendancy over Central Europe and the family of German kings and princes.

After him, the war lords of the new and powerful Prussia were served instead of serving. Without fatigue, a fat and amorous Hohenzollern added a bigger slice to the Hohenzollern kingdom than Frederick the Great had won with all his sweat and wars.

William I had the formidable Bismarck to handle his affairs of State, and the great Moltke to wage his wars. As a result, without risking a flesh wound or losing sleep, he saw his kingdom immensely aggrandised, and in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, with a young lieutenant named Hindenburg commanding the guard outside, he assumed the imperial crown before whose great old-time wearers his acquisitive ancestors bowed the knee.

The third emperor of the German league agreed with the "forward" war party that the time had come to challenge Britain and move west. Before the Berlin garrison he pledged himself to reorganise "my navy . . . so that the German Empire may win the place it has not yet attained."

These words, uttered forty years ago by a young emperor with a long nose and a fiercely upturned moustache, evoked uproarious applause in Germany, and rolled thunderously around the world. But eighteen years later, the man who had uttered them, the grandest and most ambitious of all the Hohenzollerns, reduced to a grey-faced and execrated refugee, fled, and did not stop until he was safe behind the barbed wire entanglements of the Dutch frontier. On that day everything for which a thousand years of Hohenzollerns had fought, lied, intrigued, sweated and died—everything seemed lost.

As Wilhelm ran, his empire rocked and crashed into fragments behind him. Off their thrones fell all the German kings and princes, and into the gutter rolled the sceptre of the Prussian kings and the imperial crown of Otto. In Berlin, from the roof of the Reichstag, the Socialist Schneidermann proclaimed a new order, with the saddler, Ebert, as first president of the new republic. It really looked as if the Hohenzollerns, as monarchs, overnight had become as extinct as the great auk. Hitler at the time was a lance-corporal gnawing a rat-tail moustache in the barracks of the 2nd Bavarian Infantry Regiment in Munich.

But all that was long ago.

Hitler used the monarchists in his play for power. There were half promises. Auwi joined the Nazis and thought he had quite a chance. The brown-shirted prince knew Hitler very well. Hitler addressed him courteously as "Your Royal Highness." Auwi had the sense to maintain a deferential attitude towards the Austrian ex-lance-corporal who became a great revolutionary party leader.

"Little Willie" became very jealous of his young brother, and cultivated the Nazi leaders. The latter were not, however, very responsive. There was no kudos in cultivating "Little Willie." He was a puppet of the reactionaries of the Herren Club anyway; and they knew that (*Continued on page 80*)

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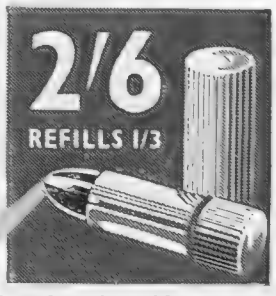

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Hitler, once in power, would have no use for a Hohenzollern, or any left-over of the old regime.

An embittered and frustrated man, the ex-Crown Prince.

His wife, large, dark, plain, but with great vitality and shrewdness, manages the family life firmly. They maintain stiff etiquette. Both may seem informal in manner, but their entertaining is strictly formal.

I met the ex-Crown Prince at a garden party given by a film studio magnate in pre-Nazi days. He liked to be taken for a "good fellow" by British and American journalists—German journalists told me he was not quite so gracious with them. He had a trick which he used continually to give the impression that he was democratic. Even if one were smoking, he pulled out his thin, flat gold case and offered one a cigarette, his own specials with his crest on the paper. It was all good politics while there was a chance of a restoration.

There have been chances.

Sinking the old Hohenzollern jealousy of the son and heir, his father, in the garden of the Villa Fraineuse in Belgium, on the morning of November 9, 1918, urged upon Hindenburg and Groner the project of abdication in favour of son Friedrich Wilhelm. Thus the dynasty might yet be saved. But Groner said it was too late, and Hindenburg remained massively silent.

Prince Wilhelm himself showed no desire to play the heroic rôle at the head of a regiment of loyal guards, even if such a force then existed, which is doubtful. Summoned to Spa headquarters he arrived smiling. So the game's up? Poor papa! Ah, well, here we go. At the frontier he handed his sword over to a Dutch lieutenant, and was locked in a room in the prefecture. Thence he passed to the castle of Roermond. A small parsonage on the bare islet of Wieringen harboured him during the remaining five years of his enforced exile.

He talked pathetically of his sufferings in exile, but that was for the benefit of royalists whose heartstrings are torn at the thought of royalty inconvenienced. In his exile he had freedom to come and go between the island and the mainland. He visited papa at Doorn, received friends, used the mails and the telephone; and got back to Germany in 1923.

Two further chances occurred. At a *Steelhelm* rally at Breslau in 1932 he received a great ovation. Thus encouraged, he lent himself to one of Franz von Papen's characteristic half-baked plans. Old Hindenburg was getting very shaky. He was to be persuaded to retire. The presidency would be abolished and the Crown Prince would be requested by Chancellor von Papen—the Reichswehr, under General von Schleicher, approving—to assume office as regent. There would be a fuss, but the *Junker*-militarist group would put behind him the loyal Reichswehr, 200,000 hand-picked men, along with Reich-controlled armed police. As regent, Wilhelm could prepare for the re-establishment of monarchy, with his eldest son as the emperor of a monarchical Germany of to-morrow. Simultaneously, the monarchist regime was to be introduced into Saxony, Würtemberg, and Bavaria. These three States would be federalised as a Danubian kingdom under the former Bavarian Crown Prince, Prince Rupprecht of Wittelsbach.

Unfortunately for this little plot, Wilhelm went about the Salzkammergut in Austria that summer, boasting openly of the rosy future. For success, a coup was needed. Instead, the blow was signalled in advance. The generals took alarm at foreign reaction. Hindenburg wouldn't play. Hitler threatened civil war, and the Reichstag defeated von Papen. The whole show petered out. General von Schleicher then double-crossed the over-wily Franz, proceeded to play his own hand, and Papen, the bankers, industrialists, and the generals made their celebrated deal with Hitler: and that was the end of the ex-Crown Prince's hopes.

But at Doorn old Wilhelm hoped on. He held a good opinion of his eldest son's younger boy, Louis Ferdinand. Louis had been sent

Hohenzollern Resurrection?

off to America to make connexions and gain the democratic touch. He got fixed up with the Ford company, and worked in the Ford plant. He went right through, training for the job of Ford representative in Berlin. He was brought back when Hitler achieved power. Just as well to have him on the spot.

But the Nazis didn't get along with him, or he with the Nazis. He's tall, slim, dark. He has his mother's brown eyes. He is the artist of the family, fitful and wayward. It's the Russian in him (on his mother's side). He speaks perfect Russian, adores Chopin, and could earn his living as a concert pianist.

However, there are plenty of Hohenzollerns: a most prolific tribe.

Wilhelm himself may wish to find a final resting place among the stone tombs of his ancestors in the old garrison church at Potsdam. But even when Hitler became chancellor—flanked by von Papen—and the Crown Prince reappeared on the scene in his Death's Head Hussar uniform, occupying the old imperial box in the church for the great "Potsdam Day" tableau Hitler staged, Wilhelm can scarcely have had even a far vision of himself returning, white-haired and very old, but triumphant, amid the "*hochs*" of an enthusiastic people, to the royal parks and palaces of his old imperial realm. He must be aware that even the royalists, men like Blomberg, and the ill-fated Fritsch, von Neurath and Hugenberg, regard Germany as their collective fief, and wish he had eased the restoration problem by dying gloriously, like an earlier Hohenzollern, facing the enemy's weapons.

SINCE 1930, when the German Reichstag dropped from the law for the protection of the republic, that clause prohibiting the return of the ex-Kaiser, nothing has existed to prevent the return to Germany of the head of the House of Hohenzollern, except his own and his advisers' common sense. He received no call; therefore he has remained behind the fences of his Doorn estate, receiving monarchist emissaries, discussing the world situation endlessly, living the life of a *Junker* on his family estate, waiting.

On his last birthday, the ex-Kaiser was reported in good spirits and health. He presided at a big family lunch, and an evening banquet attended by Queen Wilhelmina's Commissioner for Utrecht Province, the Burgomaster of Doorn, and several members of the Dutch nobility. Sixty members of his family congregated at Doorn. The men all wore uniforms and decorations. Servants of the old regime wore their imperial livery. The marquee in the garden sported an illuminated "W" surmounted by a crown. Over the mansion flew the black and white flag of the Hohenzollerns. And in the "castle" the women curtsied to the "Queen of Prussia."

What secret thoughts passed through the old man's mind as he sipped his red champagne and looked around the long table in the banqueting hall? The shadow of Hitler, the folk king—mention of whose name is forbidden at Doorn, although the master talks about him with intimates freely enough—must have lain heavily over that board, candle-lighted, gleaming with silver and glass from the family palaces the owner would probably never see again. All the future, and its hope, lay in his progeny.

There was that lightweight eldest son, thin, sun-tanned as a mountain guide, dissipated-looking with those big pouches under pale blue, close-set eyes. He'd never wear the crown of Prussia anyway. But luckily that sturdy wife of his has given him fine children.

There's Wilhelm, his eldest, a good horseman, an athlete, a sound young male who did a spell in the old Reichswehr (thereby causing a first-class political row). He was only eight when the shot fired at Sarajevo exploded the European powder magazine, and so is clean of Great War stains. He would be a fresh start. But he is thirty-four now. Is that a bit old for a king in a restoration of to-morrow? Then there is Louis. He doesn't look so much of a Hohenzollern. Some years in America after

all don't seem to have equipped him better for the king business.

Frederick, now Prince Frederick of Prussia, might be a good choice, especially if the tall handsome young fellow marries the girl beside him, the nineteen-year-old Grand Duchess of Thyra, or her younger sister, Anastasia, surpassingly lovely girls, both daughters of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg. That might please England. The boy besides has been in England, working with a firm of potash manufacturers, living at the International Sportsmen's Club.

Thank God for children! The Hohenzollerns have always produced a tribe of boys. The hereditary principle may die harder than the Nazi doctrine. Anthony would have held Rome as a popular Fuehrer, if Cæsar had not sagely made his grandnephew, Gaius Octavius, his heir. The Wittelsbachs may regain their Bavarian kingdom before the Hohenzollerns recapture Prussia. The Pope would welcome that Catholic restoration. Italy's king would not be averse. Hitler intended to place Crown Prince Rupprecht on the throne of Bavaria if his beer-hall *putsch* had succeeded; but the prince refused to lend himself to Adolf's unconstitutional methods. A kingdom of the Danube countries with the Bavarian Wittelsbach Catholic prince as king? Prussia a kingdom again with a young Hohenzollern on its throne? A federalised Europe—and good-bye to the imperial German dream?

All these thoughts can have passed through the old Hohenzollern's mind, for they are in the minds and on the tongues of men of state in many capitals: and the old exile of Doorn has good sources of information still.

True, Hitler has provided for a successor if he retires, is slain, or, losing the game, scuttles himself. But there is a strong dash of Hitlerian fantasy in the neat blue print of the maniacal political gambler vanishing from the contemporary scene in Germany, to be smoothly replaced by the bulky, driving, ex-war air-ace killer, Hermann Goering, and Goering in turn disappearing, to be succeeded by a green-eyed, thick-haired, muscular, Egyptian-born "Fraulein" Hess as boss of the Nazi machine and Fuehrer of the German mass—and no one, no king, no president, above them.

There is then always the question: after Hess, what, and whom?

A republic with a president? Well, the Allies applauded when the German leaders, with the approval of the generals, staged that act twenty-two years ago. If they make the same mistake again, among the surprised people will certainly be the hopeful Hohenzollerns.

END

Slow Down

(*Continued from page 52*)

make a point of doing something quiet and soothing before you go to bed.

Read a soothing, distracting book for half an hour, something that does not tax your imagination too far. Listen to some pleasant, quiet music. You know the things that soothe you best. Let the engine run down. Get it ticking over gently before you make the final preparations for a relaxation that is complete.

When you go to bed is the time to concentrate on physical relaxation.

Practise relaxing during the day. Five minutes on your bed or in an easy chair with every muscle at ease; with your mind wiped as clean as a slate from worry and you will feel a new woman. You will *look* a new woman because there is no greater, more vital, or more enduring source of youth and beauty than the ability to give the body that complete rest which few of us are getting in this time of stress.

If you must live at an unnatural pace, if the times and your environment make it impossible to switch permanently into a lower gear, try to slow down *sometimes*. Give your body a chance and give yourself a break. You are piling up trouble ahead if you don't.

K. L.

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says LADY CAROLYN HOWARD

Analysis of LADY CAROLYN HOWARD'S **features**

(**1**) *Shape of Face:* Youthfully rounded with beautifully marked, tapering brows.

(**2**) *Eyes:* Large, expressive, deep green in colour. No lines to mar the very white, smooth eyelids.

(**3**) *Nose:* Small, straight, delicately formed, without a single trace of enlarged pores or blackheads.

(**4**) *Mouth:* Finely shaped, with full sensitive lips. No lines at the corners.

(**5**) *Chin:* Softly curved with exquisitely smooth, creamy skin.

(**6**) *Hair:* Thick, wavy, of a glorious auburn shade.

Lady Carolyn Howard's complexion has the creamy smoothness of alabaster, in dramatic contrast to the wonderful glowing auburn of her hair. Yet the only care she gives this unusually lovely complexion is a few minutes' daily "grooming" with Pond's Creams.

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LADY CAROLYN HOWARD, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, is one of the loveliest of the young Society women engaged in war-work. She is an Auxiliary driver. Lady Carolyn is enthusiastic about Pond's Creams. "I started using them long before the war," she says, "and was amazed at their splendid effect. They have made my skin much softer and finer."

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Algiers

(*Continued from page* 39)

"And she is beautiful, eh?"

"Of course."

She pulled deeply at her cigarette and blew out a great cloud of smoke.

"What is the idea, Jimmy?"

He answered curtly, "Something you wouldn't understand."

He came over and sat down on the low divan bed beside her, facing her, his thin, sallow face intent. It was no use pretending with Olga; they were too much one of a kind. And he had the feeling they needed each other; that they could only climb by each other.

She lay watching him through her cigarette smoke.

"These two are different," he said, "I want to get into their world. I used to think money was enough. But it's not. There's something else. Something those two have got, I don't know quite what it is——"

"Breeding," Olga said, carelessly. "But it's no good, Jimmy. You have to be born with it."

He made quick impatient movements. "One can learn. Married to a girl like that, living in her world, meeting her friends——"

"You're crazy, Jimmy! You don't suppose her *distingué* father is going to stand by and see his daughter marry a quay-side tout, do you?"

"But supposing I wasn't always a quay-side tout? Supposing I had an interesting past and was living this life only from force of circumstances?"

He sprang up and moved restlessly about the room.

"In the right clothes, in the right atmosphere, meeting them as an equal, I can convince them. I shall be someone different. I can make any one believe anything. Any English or American, anyhow! You must get me those dress clothes, Olga. One of your gentleman friends will lend them."

He stood over her, his dark eyes blazing with excitement.

"Help me with a story, Olga. You have travelled. What shall my father be—a Persian banker? A Baghdad merchant? Did I run away from home, perhaps, to be free of my family, to be independent?"

Olga raised herself on an elbow and reached for another cigarette. She was cynically amused.

"You must not overdo it," she told him, "I think your father was French, your mother Spanish—that is why you are so dark. He came here on business, met her here, married her; you were born here. . . ."

She lay back, gazed at the ceiling, blew out a cloud of cigarette smoke.

"You ran away from the university," she informed him. "Your father gave you up after that. The struggle for existence. Sinking lower and lower. . . . If the lady has had enough of Florentine's champagne at three hundred francs a bottle she should be deeply moved by this time.

She sat up, laughing, and flung her legs over the side of the bed.

"All right, Jimmy, I'll go and find those dress clothes for you. I wish you luck with your well-bred English lady, but it's no good, I warn you—the gutter sticks. . . ."

He said, violently, "It sticks to those who let it! It will not stick to me! I'm tired of it, see? And I'm going to get out!"

THE Vanes did not give any indication of their astonishment at seeing Jimmy, immaculate in evening clothes, at the Florentine. When, with a becoming diffidence, he approached their table, they greeted him charmingly, and after a few moments' conversation asked him to be seated.

Jimmy could produce excellent manners when occasion required, and there was no question of inflicting his "life story" on them; he allowed it to be "coaxed" from him little by little, and most of it when he danced with Monica. He allowed himself to be a little rueful then about his care-free student days, generously admitting that it was all his own

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fault that he had sunk to the level of any quay-side tout. Ah, but he would rise again, he declared; not for ever would he be down.

After a few hours he had made such an impression on the Vanes that they had given him their London address, and told him that they expected to be in Paris in the autumn and at which hotel he might inquire for them. They regretted that the *Star of India* was sailing to-morrow, but very much hoped that they would meet again.

Monica allowed him to hold her hand for that perceptible moment longer which he knew made all the difference.

"You'll be all right," she told him, "I feel it. Keep in touch, won't you?"

"It will be an honour as well as a pleasure," he told her, and raised her hand to his lips.

Her smile was tender as well as gracious. He walked back through the empty alleyways of streets of the old quarter in a dream. It was not so difficult, then, to step out of the gutter and into cultured society. They had accepted him on terms of equality; they had accepted his story—invented for him by Olga; the next step was up to him. Somehow he had to get to Paris by the autumn; and after that London, and the Vanes accepting him into their own home. . . .

HE worked; nobody could say that he did not work during those next few months. He was seen no longer at the quays when the luxury liners came in, nor at any time. Olga persuaded the management of the Florentine that so gentlemanly a "floor manager" as Jimmy would make would be a great asset, and not even a duchess would be offended at the suggestion of dancing with him. The word "gigolo" could not possibly rise in connexion with him.

So Jimmy the tout became Monsieur Du Cane of the Florentine, and every night saw a fresh red carnation in his buttonhole, and every night he turned on the charm as mechanically as he tied his white tie. He smiled and talked and lied and cheated, and all the time he was making money, saving money, and learning. Learning the rules of etiquette, how to make conversation, discovering the things educated people talked about, learning how to be bored without showing it; all the time soaking up knowledge like a sponge soaking up water.

In a little over six months he had made a fair amount of money, and the presents he had received from grateful ladies included a gold cigarette case, with his monogram, and a gold wrist-watch, in addition to various sets of cuff-links and a pearl tie-pin. When the time came he sold the lot, though the possession of them had given him great pleasure. But a gentleman needed no such baubles, whereas a gentleman did need good suits, silk shirts, hand-made shoes—and to travel at least second class.

He shaved off his moustache before he left for Paris; it made him look too gigolish, he decided. He put up at a good second-class hotel when he arrived; he begrudged spending as much in a night for the room alone as normally he could live on for a week or more; but it was important. The hotel had the quiet dignity and good taste that would impress the Vanes; it was modest, unassuming, essentially gentlemanly.

He telephoned the Vanes at their extremely grand hotel, and finding them out left the message that he had called, with his hotel telephone number.

He waited in all day for their call, which did not come till the evening. But when it came it was to ask him if he would dine with them that night.

He arrived at the hotel to find Monica Vane alone. She explained that her father had had suddenly to go off and meet a friend who was passing through Paris and leaving by the night train; he sent his most profound excuses, but, said Monica, "It gives us a chance to get to know each other properly, don't you think?"

Jimmy was delighted. He had the feeling that she had got rid of her father deliberately, and was emboldened to make love to her a little. His past six months' experience with all kinds of women (*Continued on page* 84)

Economy in COOKERY

★ ★ ★ ★

The first essential of all food is nourishment. Flavour comes next. There is no actual nourishment in seasoning itself, but the food *value* is there. We get more good from food which we enjoy. We get the maximum of benefit from well-flavoured fare. That's why good seasoning spells economy in cookery. It is the housewife's duty in these days to make the best of anything and everything. We must see that meals are served in interesting and appetising ways. The simplest and most inexpensive food, if seasoned properly, is every bit as much to be enjoyed as any of the "à la" dishes of the French *cuisine*. Two or three drops of Lea & Perrins Sauce add zest and piquancy to any savoury dish, ensuring tastiness which is itself a real economy. There isn't any waste when "nothing's left" on people's plates.

There's another economy in cookery; cutting down food bills by using inexpensive ingredients in conjunction with more expensive ones, so that a dish's total cost is much reduced. Beans added to a meat dish make it go twice as far while, from the point of view of nourishment, the value of the dish remains the same. To make the beans more easily digested and give them much more flavour, season them well with Lea & Perrins Sauce. With 1 lb. beef, 4 oz. kidney and ½ lb. haricot beans, you can serve 6 to 8 persons with a delicious steak-kidney-and-bean pudding.

Gently boil the beans (soaked overnight) for half an hour. Put them in the pudding basin with a good teaspoonful—even two—of Lea & Perrins. Roll the cut-up steak and kidney in well-seasoned flour and place on top of the beans. Add cold water until you see it coming through. Cover with suet crust and steam for 4 to 4½ hours. Remove, cut out a wedge and fill up the basin with boiling salted water and you'll get lots of good gravy, deliciously flavoured and seasoned.

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stood him in good stead. He was confident now of the right approaches.

Nothing momentous happened that evening, but he felt that he was making headway. The following day he lunched with them both, and two days later she lunched alone with him. By then he had hunted around and asked questions and knew where to eat. There was a place up in the Bois where beech trees dipped down to a miniature lake in a garden; the food was excellent, the clientele exclusive. It was wildly expensive, of course, but he regarded the money as an investment.

He was delighted to find that Monica had heard about the place but had never been there, and she was enchanted by it. It was a mild golden day and they had a table on a terrace overlooking the little lake. Birds sang as though it was spring; they drank champagne, and he bought her some violets and roses from a woman who came round with a basket. It was all delightfully romantic, and so remote from the sailors' cafés down by the port at Algiers, that all that life was like a bad dream dreamed long ago.

Afterwards they chartered an open taxi and drove slowly through the thin golden woods of the Bois and round the lake. At her suggestion they took a boat and rowed over to the island. There they sat under a weeping willow tree and he took her hand. There was a hunger in him such as she could not possibly have imagined. The hunger to be for ever a part of that world she accepted so much as a matter of course, but which for him represented such a tremendous achievement, rooted in struggle . . . rooted deep down into the water running amongst the garbage in the gutters of side streets in the old part of Algiers.

He held her hand not because she was beautiful, not because she attracted him—Olga was more his style—but because it was a kind of holding on to this glimpse of a coveted world. Had she been plain he would still have held her hand, still have put his head in her lap as he did eventually and cried from the bottom of his heart, "I want to stay with you for ever!"

"If you get transferred to Paris you will be able to come sometimes to London," she comforted him.

He had told her, on Olga's recommendation, that he was working now in an import and export house in Algiers; he had invented the possible transference to Paris.

After that he dreamed only of London. He did not go back to Algiers. It was not difficult to get a job as professional dancer—"floor manager"—in a Paris *boîte*, and apart from the fact that it was nearer London, Paris suited him better than Algiers. He started there as Monsieur Du Cane. Paris had never heard of Jimmy of the quay side. Paris was a milestone along the road of progress, the road that led to the world of the Vanes.

When Olga turned up in Paris he was filled with hate and anger. Olga belonged to that other world of the gutter . . . for all she was wrapped in chinchilla and diamonds dripped from her wrist and glittered at her throat. Olga was nevertheless quite magnificent. He recognised that fact well enough, but she was also Algiers, and Algiers belonged to a past he was trying to obliterate. Olga was the sailors' cafés down by the port, all the obscene postcards he had ever handled, all the degradation and squalor he had ever known. Her expensive perfume was the smell of a narrow alleyway of a street running with water, strewn with garbage; her exoticism the shadow of the Levant.

She knew that he was not pleased to see her, and it amused her, because she knew why.

"What do you want?" he demanded. There had never been any pretences between them; they never looked each other up for simple friendship's sake, those two.

"I've got something for you," she said, "I found it in a shop this morning when I was shopping with my gentleman friend. We were in a bookshop and he was a long time and it was very boring, so I began to look around, and then I found this. . . ."

She produced a book from under her chinchilla cape and held it out to him, smiling.

There was a scarlet jacket, with white

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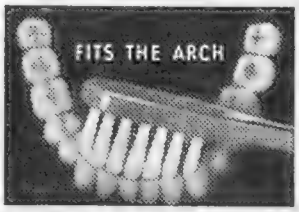

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AT ALL CHEMISTS, STORES AND WOOLWORTHS

lettering across it. MONICA VANE'S NEW ROMANCE The title was one word, "GIGOLO." There was a picture of the author—a remarkably good picture of her.

Jimmy took the book and stood staring at it, wonderingly. He had never had anything to do with books. Monica Vane had written a book. A book entitled "Gigolo"—a word he had come to abominate.

Whilst his mind revolved slowly, piecing things together, he heard Olga's smooth mocking voice.

"It's all about a quay-side tout in Algiers who becomes a gigolo," she explained, softly, almost purringly. "You'll find it fascinating reading—quite fascinating, I assure you!"

IN London, Charles Vane observed to Monica on the day her new book came out, "You know, my dear, I think you've dealt rather harshly with the young man!" He handled the scarlet wrappered book critically, "I can only hope he never sets eyes on the book in some Paris bookshop window."

She laughed. "Charles darling, don't be absurd. As if he would look in a bookshop!"

"Someone else might, and draw his attention to the book."

"Nobody else knew that he knew us. And even if by some fluke he did get hold of the book and realised I'd used him for copy it would be good for him. He was such a conceited little rat. Just a gutter rat. Don't you remember that preposterous tale he told us at the Florentine that night? And then in Paris, pretending he was in business."

"It was not so amusing being bundled off to lunch alone in Paris," Charles reproached her.

"Darling, it wasn't amusing having the creature throw scenes in the Bois, I can assure you! But I got a book out of it all. From the moment he snooped up to us as we came down the gang plank at Algiers he was such wonderful 'copy,' and it was such an inspiration passing you off as my father, wasn't it? It gave everybody so much more scope. I'm so glad I used that idea in the book—just in case he ever reads it. . . ."

IN actual fact he never did really read the book. Reading was hard work for him. But he read enough to understand that he had been used, that Monica had ridiculed him, and that it had amused her to pass off her distinguished grey-haired husband as her father. It bewildered him that she had described the restaurant with the miniature lake as second-rate. She had seen through him all the time, and it had seemed to her pitiful that he had aspired to her world. . . .

He could not be said to feel anything, except the old familiar sensation of one more snub. Only this one was so much bigger than any other he had ever known.

There was nothing, after that, to go to London for. In due course he found his way back to Algiers. The Florentine was pleased to see him back. He might have gone on there as "floor manager" almost indefinitely, but the old habits of twisting and cheating and double-crossing reasserted themselves, and the day came when he was found out—and kicked out. After that another such job in Algiers was impossible, and he had no heart for Paris. It was merely a matter of time before he was back along the quays again, sidling up to the tourists as they came off the luxury liners: "You want to see the sights, Mister? Lady? I show you. Night life. You like postcards, Mister? All real photographs. . . ."

It did not surprise him when a year or two later Olga turned up again in Algiers, and not at the Florentine this time, but down in the sailors' café by the port. Olga minus her diamonds and chinchilla, and altogether the worse for wear, but with a swagger still, and her old mocking smile.

"It was fun whilst it lasted," she told him.

"Cheer up—we shall rise again!"

"We!" he said, contemptuously.

She laughed. "Yes, we. You and I."

In his heart he knew it was true; there was a bond between them, something rooted amongst the garbage in the gutter, and that knowledge was the bitterest thing of all.

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WILL YOU KINDLY REMEMBER US WHEN MAKING YOUR WILL?

Dr. Macbeth

(*Continued from page 23*)

love affairs. The assistant commissioner was pretty well satisfied that he was the kind who would gladly wipe his girl friends off the face of the earth when he was tired of them; and he was by no means convinced that in all that medley of apparatus he did not have some secret means of doing it.

But believing wasn't proof. All he had to go on was that one girl had been to Dr. Hessian for treatment and that the other girl had spent a week-end with him just before the deadly insomnia began. That was something, but it wasn't nearly enough. One had to be mighty careful nowadays. The assistant commissioner heaved a heavy sigh and finally put the papers away in the cupboard.

He had just sat down at his desk again and pulled another sheaf of papers towards him when the telephone rang. It was a detective inspector from Marlborough Street, and he said they had a woman there charged with assault.

"Well, what about it?" the assistant commissioner demanded tersely. He didn't expect to be troubled with cases of this kind.

"She's a patient of Sir Giles Clauson's," the voice went on. "A bit barmy, I should say."

"Then get in touch with Sir Giles and don't bother me!"

"Very good sir." The voice ended meekly. "Just thought you'd like to know the party she assaulted is our friend Hessian."

The assistant commissioner jumped up at once and took down his hat from the peg.

MISS FINLAYSON had no idea of the existence of Dr. Hessian at the time she interviewed Sir Giles. Freda had been as hard as nails, and even when dying hadn't told her anything of her life or the various men in it. Freda herself had never suspected foul play: at least, she had never said so. That was entirely Miss Finlayson's idea. Miss Finlayson had been a nurse in France during the war. She had seen men mortally hit, and seen the startled incredulous look in their eyes. That same startled incredulous look had been there in Freda's eyes; only instead of being a matter of instants, it had gone on for three whole weeks. It had been a terrible thing to watch day after day and night after night. Nothing could quench that frightful wakefulness. It was a feverishness without any fever. There was only one end to it. Exhaustion and death.

This had all begun in Devonshire so far as Miss Finlayson was concerned. Freda had just arrived, without warning, saying she was tired and needed a rest. No explanations given. She had always treated her aunt like that. It was only the end of the first week then, and Freda's mind had turned naturally to the peace and quiet of the house where she had been brought up. But the startled incredulous look was there in her eyes already. And it stayed. And grew. Miss Finlayson watched her in helpless bewilderment. Four days and nights of incessant wakefulness there, and Freda hurried back to London life like a hunted creature, and Miss Finlayson panted after. Doctors, specialists, then. But Freda wouldn't touch the drugs they prescribed. She began going to night clubs again, back to all her old haunts. Miss Finlayson followed, herself sick with sleep, and watched her slowly dying on her feet. It was in a night club at three in the morning, amidst the blare of bassoons and saxophones, that the words first flitted into Miss Finlayson's mind and stayed:

Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more; Macbeth does murder sleep.

Two days later Freda was dead. The inquest followed. Miss Finlayson told them shortly all that she knew and held her tongue about what she thought. But all the time the conviction was growing that something was wrong. Once she had made up her mind, the visit to Sir Giles was the beginning, and after that she was like

a bloodhound on the trail. Freda's past life began to come into view. Men, men and more men! Miss Finlayson was shocked and staggered at the number of them and the way that Freda had treated them. A heartless little sensualist, and a gold-digger, too!

It was from one of these men, an innocent young boy who had really loved Freda and wanted to marry her, that Miss Finlayson first heard of the existence of Dr. Hessian. She had already seen him once out at a night club, with a very lovely young girl beside him, and she knew what to expect when she called at his consulting rooms in Harley Street. That was, a dark, delicate man of about thirty-five, with tiny feet and hands and an immense nervous energy. She knew, too, that he had spent a weekend with Freda. That was why she went to Harley Street.

Miss Finlayson had changed her character for this interview. She was no longer her brisk downright self, but rather a frail, vague old lady who hobbled in on a heavy ebony stick. Dr. Hessian received her with complete professional apathy.

After a nervous glance at all the couches and seats, the bulbs, coils and projectors in the room, she sat down in the chair he indicated and told him in the rather garrulous fashion which she had rehearsed before her looking-glass.

"I just can't keep awake, doctor. It's been like that for months now. When I pick up a book or my sewing or anything, I just suddenly doze off. It even happens when I'm talking to people sometimes. And it's very embarrassing. They don't like it, you know, when you suddenly fall asleep when they're talking to you." Dr. Hessian nodded, and she ended plaintively: "Of course, I know I'm getting old, doctor, but even so it isn't natural to be like that, is it?"

"No, it isn't natural," he agreed. "If you'll just take off your hat, I'll examine you before we go any further."

Miss Finlayson took off her hat; and he got up and came round behind her. Now his diminutive little hands were quietly exploring the back of her neck. Very gently. Very carefully. But she could feel the tensile strength in them. She thought of those hands touching Freda's body, wondered whether he already knew she was Freda's aunt, and she couldn't repress a shudder.

"Is that a sensitive place?" he asked sharply.

"No, no," Miss Finlayson said.

"But you jumped then, didn't you?"

"It was nothing—I'm afraid I've always been rather highly strung."

"Oh, indeed!" he seemed satisfied now. "Well, there's nothing to worry about. I'm not going to hurt you."

The hands continued their slow, careful exploration. A few more questions. Any pain here? Any stiffness there? Then at last they stopped. Dr. Hessian walked slowly back and sat down at his desk. There was a moment's pause, then he looked up abruptly and asked:

"What made you come to *me*, Miss Finlayson?"

There was a suspicious look in his eyes now, and Miss Finlayson answered warily.

"Well, you see, Dr. Gregory—he's our family doctor, you know—he sent me up to see Sir Giles Clauson, the specialist."

"Yes."

"And Sir Giles sent me on to see you."

"Oh! . . . I don't remember Sir Giles sending me any of his patients before."

"Well, he said you had had some very successful results. . . . I do hope you can do me some good, doctor. It's such a very distressing affliction."

She looked at him earnestly and was relieved to see that he appeared satisfied. The suspicious look was slowly vanishing from his eyes.

"Well, I'm going to be quite straight with you, Miss Finlayson," he went on after a pause. "I don't know definitely that I can cure you; but if I can cure you, then I can do it quite easily."

"What is the (*Continued on page* 88)

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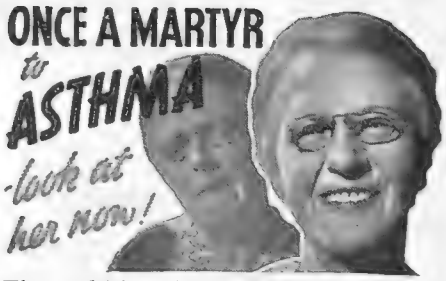

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treatment, doctor?" she inquired slowly.

"Just rays," he said. "A form of stimulation. Quite harmless. The first treatment will only take three minutes, so I might as well give it to you now."

Miss Finlayson felt herself go pale. She had to swallow twice before she could answer.

"I'd like it now," she said at last.

He went into a corner and picked up a case which might have contained a portable gramophone. But it wasn't a gramophone inside. It was more like a machine-gun on a stand, with a thin stumpy barrel. He was arranging it now behind a chair with a low back. Now he was plugging it into the wall.

Miss Finlayson clenched her teeth. Her breath was coming in short gasps. It had always worried her how any one could have done the damage without Freda knowing. But this portable thing could be used anywhere. It could be switched into a plug in a hotel bedroom. She could picture it all in her mind now: Freda lying there in bed asleep: the man beside her rising stealthily from her side: those nimble little fingers working skilfully in the dark: and then the instrument in place, killing her sleep, killing it while sleep was on her.

"All ready now!" Dr. Hessian said suddenly. "Just step over here and sit down in this chair."

Miss Finlayson never thought that her limbs would obey her. But they did. She walked over with the help of the ebony stick. He was bending down now, with his back towards her, switching it on; but no light seemed to come out of the barrel.

"Is it working?" she asked. "I don't see any light."

"These rays aren't visible to the naked eye," he explained wearily. "Just sit down, please. You won't know anything is happening."

She sat down and tried not to look behind her.

"Now bend your neck forward a little!"

She didn't move. But the nimble little fingers were adjusting her head exactly where he wanted it. There was a padded chin rest to keep it in place. No light! Miss Finlayson was thinking. No sound! And now something cool touched the back of her head in the exact spot where Sir Giles had told her the hypothalamus would be.

It was too much. She had another vision of that hotel bedroom, and her nerve suddenly failed. She slipped out of the chair in a very realistic faint.

OF course, she hadn't really fainted at all. She wanted time to think before she risked anything more. Most apologetic she was, murmuring about a touch of the sun the day before; and Dr. Hessian had agreed that she had better not start the treatment until she was quite well again. And so, still apologising, she had escaped.

Now she had spent a whole morning and nearly a whole afternoon up in her hotel bedroom wondering what she was going to do next. She was certain Dr. Hessian was the man. But how was she ever to persuade any one else that she was right. Go back to Sir Giles again? He'd probably just pop her into a mental home. Go to Scotland Yard and ask them to take it up? A fine chance of being listened to there! No, she would have to go on by herself. Risky! Yes, it was risky. And she could write it all down in her diary. Then if anything did happen, her diary would still be there.

She had already started writing when another idea occurred to her. By chance she had looked up and caught sight of her ebony stick, and her mind had suddenly jumped back nearly twenty-five years to when she was nursing in France. That sergeant! She had known he had evil designs on her. She had known the ambulance would break down one night when they were alone together. And it had! And she had been quite right about the sergeant! Only the sergeant

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hadn't known how handy she was with a spanner. He was unconscious all the way back to camp, groaning in the back of the ambulance, and the doctor had congratulated her, saying she couldn't have chosen a more scientific place for her blow.

She remembered that exact spot now, and thought of Dr. Hessian bending over with his back towards her to turn on the switch. She picked up the stick and made a few passes with it. Yes, not so bad. And Dr. Hessian couldn't weigh more than nine stone. Easy to handle afterwards. . . . There and then she rang up and asked for an appointment the next day. She chose the last appointment before lunch. Not much risk of being interrupted at that time.

IT was a quarter to one when Miss Finlayson walked into Dr. Hessian's consulting room the next day. She noticed that the portable apparatus was all set up ready for her. She noticed, too, with a sudden pang of dismay, that it was already switched in by the plug in the wall. Dr. Hessian wouldn't have to bend down and turn his back. She would have to think again—and think quickly.

She sat down by the desk after she had shaken hands.

"I hope you've quite recovered," Dr. Hessian said pleasantly.

"Quite," Miss Finlayson replied, looking warily round. "I'm really ashamed of myself for giving such an exhibition."

The doctor made no reply. He was already adjusting the machine. Miss Finlayson looked helplessly round again. There wasn't a moment to lose. In another few seconds he would be asking her to step across.

"All ready now, Miss Finlayson," he said. "If you'll just take off your hat!"

Miss Finlayson took off her hat.

"And now if you'll just step over to this chair!"

Miss Finlayson had her left hand on the desk. There were two heavy medical books there; and as she rose, her sleeve seemed to catch in them and tipped them off on to the floor.

"Oh, dear, how clumsy I am!" Miss Finlayson murmured, and bent down stiffly to pick them up.

He was at her side at once, very suave and polite.

"No matter. Please allow me!"

Miss Finlayson allowed him. She took careful aim and brought the heavy ebony handle down on his skull. He fell grunting, only half knocked out, and she gave him another before he could recover. He lay still then, and Miss Finlayson examined him. She was shaking her head sadly. Not half such a good job as she had done on the sergeant! He was barely unconscious even now; so she gave him another for luck, and then went and bolted the door.

After that she set to work methodically. She dragged him across to the chair and pulled him up into it. She arranged his head on the chin rest just as he had arranged hers. Then she focused the machine on the exact right spot at the back of his head, and then finally she switched it off. Her next step then was to look at the clock. It was five minutes to one. She was wondering how long it would be before he regained consciousness. The sergeant had been out three-quarters of an hour, but that had been with an iron spanner. Dr. Hessian probably wouldn't last as long as that. But it didn't matter as long as he thought he had been out a long time. And she opened the face of the clock and turned the hand round to twenty past.

She was watching him carefully all this time. When the clock showed ten minutes to two, he groaned and stirred. Miss Finlayson switched the machine on and left it on, and watched intently.

He came to very slowly. First of all his eyes opened: they opened but he didn't yet seem to see anything. Next he was looking at her, first blankly, and then with a kind of dawning bewilderment. He went off again, then came to with a jerk. He lifted his hand vaguely to feel his (*Continued on page* 90)

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head, and eventually it touched the barrel of the machine behind. Suspicion and fear came into his eyes then—but above all, fear. He turned his head slowly, slowly, as though he hardly dared to look. Then when he saw the machine there, pointing at the back of his neck, he suddenly tore himself loose, and staggered whimpering to the opposite side of the room and cowered against the wall.

Miss Finlayson watched him with a benign idiotic smile. The machine had crashed to the ground with the jerk he gave in his frenzied effort to get away from it. Even now he didn't seem to see her. He was looking at the clock with staring eyes. They seemed to be almost drawn out of his head when he saw the time it showed.

Then at last he looked at Miss Finlayson.

"Who are you?" he whispered. "Why have you done this to me?"

Miss Finlayson still smiled her benign idiotic smile.

"I was only playing doctors and patients," she said innocently. "Such a nice game! But I suppose they'll shut me up again now."

THINGS had happened very quickly after that. Dr. Hessian seemed to lose his head entirely. He rushed out into the hall shouting for help, and in a moment the consulting room was crowded with other doctors and nurses and servants. Miss Finlayson gazed at them quite placidly, and they gazed back in a pitying way. Soon after that came the police: two of them, slow solid men with notebooks. Dr. Hessian was still quite beside himself and could hardly give a coherent account of what had happened. But he had the bruises on his head to help him, and the ebony stick was already being catalogued as Exhibit A. She noticed that he gave her in charge for knocking him unconscious. Nothing else was mentioned. He seemed unwilling to call attention to the mechanism that lay broken on the floor.

Miss Finlayson had never been charged at a police court before, and she found it quite interesting. She had always liked policemen, and really they were very kind. Even the very inquisitive man from Scotland Yard was kind. It was curious how interested he seemed to be in Dr. Hessian. Much more interested in him than in her! He had rushed off almost at once to interview him.

Meanwhile, Miss Finlayson was in the dock; the magistrate was looking intensely bored and the police were applying for a remand. Somebody then mentioned bail and the police opposed it because she wasn't responsible for her actions. But now dear kind Sir Giles was standing up, looking extraordinarily uncomfortable, and saying that he would be responsible for her and keep her under observation. The magistrate, still very bored, murmured something quite inaudible, and presently she was in a taxi alone with Sir Giles.

Next they were in a nice sunny room in a nursing home, and Sir Giles was walking up and down, looking very grim and unhappy. Eventually he stopped in front of her.

"Now, Miss Finlayson," he began firmly. "It's really quite time you told me what all this really means."

"I think it's a touch of schizophrenia," Miss Finlayson said sweetly.

"Nonsense!" Sir Giles was visibly impatient. "You're as sane as I am, and you know it."

Miss Finlayson gave a derisive snort.

"I hope I'm a great deal saner than that!"

He looked at her sourly, turned away with a helpless grimace, and then turned back and tried pleading.

"Don't you see," he went on earnestly, "that this puts me in a very awkward position after what you told me the other day?"

"I don't see why it should," Miss Finlayson replied blandly. "I don't see why this should have anything to do with what I said the other day."

"Are you trying to persuade me that you didn't go to Dr. Hessian because you thought

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P.15

he was in some way mixed up with your niece's death?"

"I'm not trying to persuade you of anything. Dr. Hessian has charged me with hitting him over the head with a stick. If I said or did anything more than that to him, it's for him to say, isn't it, not you or me?"

Sir Giles then gave up the unequal contest.

For the next few days she was being continually asked questions by Sir Giles, and the detectives, and the assistant commissioner himself. The only person who really learned anything from these various interviews was Miss Finlayson. She wouldn't tell them a thing. She didn't see why there should be all this underground business beforehand. The proper time for her to tell her story was when she was had up in court, and that was when she intended to tell it. She was going to tell it then from beginning to end when Dr. Hessian was there and they could all watch his face.

The one thing she longed to know in the meantime was what Dr. Hessian was doing and thinking. As far as she was concerned, her suspicions had been proved, finally proved, by Dr. Hessian's behaviour when he first came to. The terror in his eyes then could only mean one thing: that he thought she had done to him exactly what he had done to Freda. Further proof had been added when he had avoided all mention of the machine and how she had used it; for if he once admitted how deadly that machine was, he was starting a train of inquiries that might lead anywhere. By now, of course, he would have discovered that he could sleep, that she hadn't done him any real harm; and when he appeared in court, he would probably take the line that she was a crazy lunatic and didn't know what she was doing. The only danger was that they might all believe she was crazy.

On the morning of the sixth day Sir Giles came in with a very grave face.

"I've got some pretty serious news for you," he began gently. "Dr. Hessian was found dead in bed this morning."

"Oh! Oh!" Miss Finlayson stared at him hard. "You don't mean I really hit him as hard as all that?"

"No, I don't," Sir Giles returned shortly. "But he hasn't slept for the last six days. Last night he took an overdose of drugs and ended it."

Miss Finlayson turned away and gazed out of the window. But I can't have killed him, she was thinking; the machine was only on for a couple of minutes. That can't have been long enough to do it.

"You must tell all you know now," Sir Giles went on earnestly. "It's your only hope. The assistant commissioner will be here any minute. I've come to warn you."

Miss Finlayson slowly turned towards him.

"I suppose you've told him what I said to you that first time?"

"Not yet," Sir Giles said. "But I may have to. . . . So far it's he who has been telling me things. Apparently Freda wasn't the only one. There were two other girls who died who were friends of Hessian's. They've known that a long time, only they had no evidence to act on. Now they know about Freda as well, and know that she was your niece. You must tell them the whole truth."

Miss Finlayson was alert and wary now, recovered from her surprise.

"But what am I supposed to have done?" she asked.

"You're supposed to have used some apparatus on him, the same apparatus that he used on these girls."

"I see! Have they found this apparatus there in his consulting room?"

"No, they haven't. Everything there is standard equipment the use of which is known."

"Well then?"

"There's something missing. It was there on the floor when he called the police. Now it's entirely vanished."

"H'm! It seems a pity the police didn't look at it while they had a chance. . . . Am I supposed to have spirited this thing away?"

"No, Hessian is. It could have been used as damaging evidence (*Continued on page 92*)

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against him as well as you, Miss Finlayson."

"Has he confessed to the existence of it at all?"

"No, he never mentioned it."

"How do you know it wasn't perfectly harmless?"

"We don't know definitely."

Miss Finlayson paused a moment.

"Too bad!" she said at last. "It looks as though the police haven't got a case at all until they've found this thing."

Sir Giles looked at her anxiously.

"D'you mean that you'll refuse to speak?"

"I can't tell them things that I don't know," Miss Finlayson said blandly.

"But it's your duty! In the interests of justice and of science as well."

Miss Finlayson gave one of her snorts again.

"In my opinion," she said dryly, "justice has already been done. As for science, it is discoveries like this that are ruining mankind. The sooner they're all lost, the better."

That was the end of her interview with Sir Giles. When the assistant commissioner took his place, she still stuck to her guns and disclaimed any knowledge of this alleged apparatus. She saw quite clearly that once she started talking about that, she was in for a charge, not of assault, but of murder. Who was going to believe that she had really switched it off when the man had died like this? Accordingly she admitted that she had assaulted Dr. Hessian because she knew he was the man who had first led Freda astray. She admitted that and nothing else, and three hours of solid questioning couldn't shake her.

The assistant commissioner was studying her closely all this time. A grand woman, he was thinking, and putting up a grand show! Pity she had forgotten all about that diary which he had in his pocket! It said a great deal, that diary; not quite enough, of course, it stopped just where it ought to have gone on—but if he suddenly opened it now in her face, perhaps he could trap her into telling him the rest. But he didn't want to do that. If that woman was a criminal, technically, then she was the kind of criminal of whom he would like to see a great many more. And why stir up everything anew when it had already been all so neatly and tidily settled? Why start things when you didn't know exactly where they were going to end? Was it his duty to land the country in a lot more fruitless expense, to go on demanding victims when the whole account had already been settled? No, thank God, he decided, it wasn't. The machine had vanished, and without it he really hadn't got a case.

He stopped suddenly in front of her.

"So you're quite sure you have nothing more to tell me, Miss Finlayson?"

"Quite sure," Miss Finlayson said.

"Very well then, that's all." He turned away brusquely, then suddenly pulled the diary from his pocket and handed it to her unopened. "I was going to ask your permission to read this," he said. "But I don't think it's necessary now. Perhaps you'd better burn it."

Miss Finlayson felt herself sink into the floor as he walked out of the room. She had completely forgotten the diary, and she knew he had read every word of it.

WHEN the case finally came on, Miss Finlayson was bound over to be of good behaviour for twelve months. Sir Giles had testified as to her complete sanity; and the magistrate, after a severe lecture about such scandalous conduct in an elderly educated woman, eventually decided to be lenient.

Sir Giles saw her off when she finally took the train back to Devonshire. It was partly to express his admiration, and partly that he still hoped faintly for some more information from her. But she would talk of nothing except her garden, and the terrible state that it would be in.

It wasn't till the guard had closed the door and the train was almost moving that she opened the window and leaned out.

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"There's just one more point about sleep that I want to ask you," she said.

"Oh! What is that?" Sir Giles sounded rather suspicious.

"Am I right in supposing that shock or anxiety or fear might be the cause of very severe insomnia?"

"Perfectly right, Miss Finlayson, perfectly right."

"Then just to take an instance, suppose someone was obsessed with the idea that he would never sleep again, that in itself might be quite enough, mightn't it, to stop his sleeping?"

"Quite enough, I should say," Sir Giles answered, staring hard.

"Then that's all that I want to know," Miss Finlayson ended sweetly. "Good-bye, and thank you. See you in Grindelwald!"

Sir Giles stood gazing where the train had been, long after it had passed out of sight.

END

Aristocrat

(*Continued from page 17*)

Distressing theory—and catching, like the measles." Once more the puckered eyes stared at Alexis. "From around Orenburg, aren't you?"

"You—oh—you know?"

"I recall your name"—a pause—"vaguely."

Fyodor Alexandrovitch danced off with Elena, while Alexis looked after him, puzzled, wondering how the other knew that he came from Orenburg. But, presently, he told himself it was easily explained. Prince Delyanoff had written concerning his ward to the commander-in-chief, who had happened to remember.

He thought of the latter with a queer mingling of like and dislike. But, chiefly, the man interested, almost fascinated him.

He could imagine the women who had fallen in love with him; who had been his mistresses, and whom, when he had grown tired of them, he had discarded as if they were soiled gloves.

Perhaps Elena de Wittegenstein?

No, no! The man's attitude had been—well, fatherly was the wrong word, but something like it. Besides, he had seemed in earnest when he had remarked that the female of the species bored him these days. And—Alexis's next reflection—had he been in earnest as well, or had he merely jested, when he had accused Elena of being a revolutionary firebrand?

She was an aristocrat. Still, he knew, there were certain of her class who waved the red flag; who tottered towards that grim, crimson upheaval which, like most revolutions, was made by the upper, not the lower ranks and commenced with the psychological ache of the few before it slopped over into the crude, physical actualities of the many.

Anyway, Alexis decided he'd find out. So the following week, when he called on Elena—she lived alone in Moscow, her parents were at their country estate near Riga—he asked her straight out, and her answer was calmly disconcerting:

"The grand duke spoke the truth."

"He—he *did*!"

"I'm studying sociology at Moscow University, and I belong to the Students' Committee for Social Justice."

"Good Lord!"

"Does it seem so incredible? Because I'm young and, I suppose, pretty? Because I dance and—oh, flirt? Because I have a title?" Her voice rose. "And yet I believe in a new, free Russia. We of the new Russia," she was carried away by her own enthusiasm, "shall wear freedom like a feather in our cap!" Then, seeing Alexis's startled expression, she smiled. "Did I shock my stiff-necked army officer? I'm so sorry. I—how did the grand duke put it? —I don't mean to infect you. Let's swap a few bright words about the weather."

"Or," he laughed, "about you—and me?"

"What is there to say—about me?"

"For one thing, that you're beautiful."

"When did you find that out?"

"The moment I (*Continued on page 94*)

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saw you." A silence. "Something else I found out the moment I saw you."

"Yes?"

"That I love you."

"That's funny."

"What is?"

"How we agree. You see, I love you, too."

He took her in his arms. He kissed her. He whispered his love into her russet, curling hair. But when, after a while, he spoke of marriage, she shook her head.

"I won't marry you, Alexis."

"You"—incredulously—"won't!"

"There is this fence between us—this barrier which——"

"What the devil are you talking about?"

"The barrier of what we believe in—our political and social ideals."

"I don't know," he smiled, "that I have any."

"That's just it—I *do* have ideals."

"Yes"—a little impatiently—"you told me. Freedom, equality, justice. But what has that to do with our love?"

"Perhaps not with our love, but with our marriage. Marriage," she was terribly, youthfully serious, "isn't all tenderness and kisses. It must take thought of common sense, if you want to be happy. And—a Cossack officer married to a revolutionary!"

"Pah! You'll get over that rot."

"Rot"—angrily—"to believe in justice for the oppressed?"

"Don't be a goose!"

He raised her hand to his lips. She snatched it away.

"You're hateful!" she exclaimed.

At once he was contrite.

"Forgive me. Didn't mean to hurt your feelings." A pause. Then, perhaps because he was unable to gauge her absolute sincerity, he proceeded to make things worse by trying to be lightly funny. "I plead guilty. I'm a sword-rattling Cossack. I'm rich. I drink champagne for breakfast. I sing "God Save the Tsar" every morning in my bath-tub. But don't worry. When the revolution comes, with you marching at the head, I'll reform. No more champagne, and I'll sing the "Internationale" in my bath-tub. Perhaps, as a sound proletarian, I shall not bathe at all."

She had listened without interrupting. Now she flared up. She would not have minded had he argued for his principles, any way at all, logically or illogically; had he paraded his class prejudices; even had he been downright rude. But—oh, to ridicule her as she saw it, to be so superior, so patronising, so—so male. . . .

So they quarrelled. The next day they made up. And, though they resumed their quarrel every time he asked her to marry him, he begrudged each evening he had to spend away from her, at war college, listening to lectures about strategy; while she, in spite of her profound belief in the coming revolution, begrudged each evening she spent at the meetings of the Students' Committee for Social Justice.

THESE meetings took place two or three times a week and were attended by young people of both sexes, all university students—rich and poor, aristocrats and commoners, Christians and Jews and Moslems, Slavs, Georgians, Tartars, Balts, Lithuanians, Circassians—a vivid cross-section of that fantastic, racial hodge-podge which was Holy Russia. Packed into a small room. Drinking tea. Smoking cigarettes. Bombarding each other with endless, blurred yet cocksure pronouncements. All about universal brotherhood—to be achieved somehow by the spilling of bourgeois blood and by bankers and priests and army officers strung from trees. Clothing the same old banalities with new-fangled and grandiloquent similes.

Grand Duke Fyodor spoke of it one evening, wittily, cynically, when he was guest of honour at the regimental mess of the Cossack Guards, and Alexis found himself listening closely, again fascinated, conscious of a queer mingling of like and dislike.

Another guest, Prince Kurloff, the chief of

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police, had mentioned the Students' Committee, suggesting it was high time to stop their nonsense, and the grand duke said :

"Why spoil their fun? You see, with some of these young people revolutionary intrigue is nothing but braggadocio. With some it's exhibitionism. With some it's a blind instinct—like sex. So, I repeat, why spoil their fun?"

"But, your Highness, suppose it succeeds some day?"

"It's bound to succeed, sooner or later. Ultimately the longing for freedom will beat all nations, even Holy Russia." It isn't possible—at least, in the long run—to defeat a striving for a decent object."

The officers exchanged startled glances, and Kurloff exclaimed :

"Decent?"

"You doubt it, prince? I don't. For revolution fights for the future, the making of history, while people like us fight for the buried past. And ever," in his cutting Romanoff voice, "the future is finer than the past. Ever the makers of history are less selfish than the guardians of tradition." He lit a cigarette. "But I hope the masses will be tactful enough to wait with their upheaval until I'm dead. For I enjoy life so much—the sort of life I lead—and my radical friends wouldn't approve of it. Radicals are such infernal Puritans. All they care for is ideals. They've no taste, no appreciation of what is beautiful. . . ."

The rest of his sentence was blotted out by a loud crash as something flew through the window. Something black and round that struck the table—bobbed and rolled along the damask cloth—dropped on the floor with a dull plop.

A bomb !

A panic rush for the doors, and only two men remaining calm—Alexis, who, whatever his fear, tried to keep the flint in his eyes, and the grand duke who looked at the younger man with amused approval, then cried :

"No cause to be frightened, gentlemen. A dud ! Did not go off. How pathetically Russian !"

With his foot, he touched the bomb which lay on the carpet, unexploded and harmless. There was tremulous, high-pitched laughter, and the grand duke pointed at a lovely Venetian wine carafe which the bomb had smashed.

"A case in point," he remarked. "No appreciation for what is beautiful." He turned to the chief of police. "You will catch the culprit." His voice was hard. "A life for a life. Or, if not for a life, then for a priceless bit of Italian craftsmanship."

"There is," Kurloff reminded him, "the tsar's decree abolishing capital punishment."

"I'm aware of it." Fyodor smiled slowly. "And yet are there not—ah, ways and means?"

THEY caught Vladimir Blaustein, the Jewish medical student who had thrown the bomb. They beat him for four hours with a knout. They stripped him and tossed him out into the snow where merciful death overtook him. And a cry of horror and hate swept through the university; ran, like a shuddering echo, through all Moscow.

And so, two days later, with the streets deserted because of the biting cold, there came, suddenly, from the distance, a steady tramp, tramp of feet sloshing and crunching through the snow. A blurred symphony of voices and, occasionally, a single cry breaking savagely free :

The next moment the procession swept around the corner. The university students, young enthusiasts, demonstrating against the murder of Vladimir Blaustein, marching beneath a storm of crimson sulky flags, faces distorted into stark rapturous grimaces of hate, shouting :

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"Down with the tsar !"

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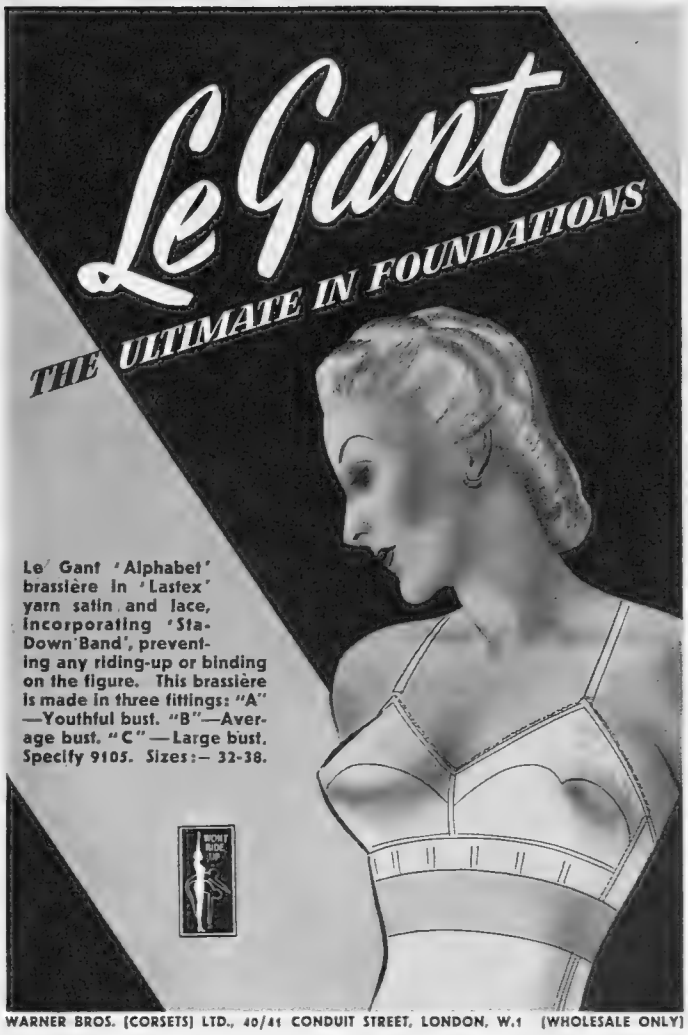
Cossack yells. "Charge !" "Kill the Jews !" and "Give them the (*Continued on page* 96)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whip!" And afterwards it became known that it was Grand Duke Fyodor, not the chief of police, who, that day, had gone to the barracks of the Cossack Guards and given the order to disperse the students.

Then the attack. The students, boys and girls, without weapons. Voices cursing, bellowing, shouting hate, imploring mercy. Bodies falling, ridden over. Steel striking home. Flails lashing and whistling. The snow dyed red. . . .

And Alexis Trepoff, was he not a servant of the tsar, obedient and disciplined, riding in the front rank, slashing down with his sword, spurring on his horse and recognising, too late, amongst the fleeing mob, a young girl whose name was Elena de Wittegenstein, who fell and died under the trampling hooves?

Therefore, forty-eight hours later, it being Sunday, he took careful aim from where he stood beneath the baroque portico of the Church of the Ekaterinoslav Regiment, and shot Grand Duke Fyodor through the heart. Therefore—since, after all, though a murderer, he was still an aristocrat and not to be brutally tortured by the police as had been Vladimir Blaustein—he was sentenced for life to the Siberian mines. Therefore, Prince Delyanoff came up from the country and visited him in jail.

"The papers," he said, "report you shot the grand duke because you had joined the revolutionary party."

"A lie!" Alexis was indignant. "I'm a loyal subject of the tsar. I shot him because——"

"I know, and I wonder how you found out. I tried so hard to keep it hidden from you. You killed him because of what he did to your mother—seduced her when she was a young girl and then . . ." He sighed. "Still, to kill your own father! I hope the blessed saints will forgive you, little dove."

So, at the end of the month, having been taken to Tomsk by train, Alexis Trepoff trudged towards the frozen north.

A few years later, near the end of the war, with the tsar's armies beaten by the German, revolution came. And to some it spelled a fine, noble ideal, and to others grotesque fanaticism; to some cruelty and lust and revenge and to others a chance to line their pockets with gold; to some a mere change from monotony and boredom and to others a sort of grim, twisted amusement. But to the Siberian convicts it spelled freedom, spelled high honours to those who had taken part in former, abortive rebellions.

For instance, to Comrade Alexis Trepoff.

Had he not killed the bloody oppressor, the Grand Duke Fyodor Alexandrovitch?

Therefore, "A glass of vodka, little brother!"

"A bottle of beer, little pigeon!"

"Come with us, soldier, and fight for liberty!"

And it was typical of Alexis Trepoff that he did not go west to enlist in the ranks of the Bolsheviks, but east where he joined the White Russians to battle against these same Bolsheviks. For he was still the Russian aristocrat. The Russian aristocrat, too, eighteen months later, when, with the White counter-revolution crushed, he had fled across China and the Pacific, had gone to America, had finally reached New York and become a taxicab driver. The Russian aristocrat to-night, when he prayed for the repose of the souls of the girl whom he had loved and the father whom he had killed; when, his prayer over, he stood up, clicked his heels and saluted smartly, with his eyes straight on the altar; when, as he turned to go, he thought:

"Yes, once in a while I feel like talking to the captain. And—ah, grant it, Golden-mouthed St. Chrysostom! Grant it, St. Isaac! Grant it, St. Nicholas! Grant it, all you blessed saints! Maybe, some day, the captain will talk to me."

END

Love in the Clouds

(*Continued from page* 35)

bodily from her typewriter. She loved it—and hated it!

And he never seemed to notice her resistance. The formal smile she gave him might have been a greeting of ravishing welcome. "You get lovelier and lovelier," he'd say. "Some day I must get around to taking you out somewhere."

If he hadn't been just so assured he might have had a chance. But not a ghost of a chance his way. Julie had kept him guessing, puzzling him by her own assurance, his eyes puckered up as he shook his head at her in comic dismay. "What a lot of fun you and I are missing," he said once.

"Two officers," he went on quickly. "Myself and Ronnie Courtfield. You'll like Ronnie. One of the best—and grand fun. He'll cheer your mother up no end."

He'd got it all worked out.

"And a batman—name of Smiles. Decent little cove."

"And what if I don't agree to all this?"

He grinned broadly: "Oh, in that case we just put the handcuffs on you and frog-march you down to the nearest concentration camp. With the bands playing."

"All right," she said. "You'd better get those handcuffs."

The grin slipped off his face. The line of his jaw tightened. The smile was still in his eye, but it had grown cool.

"You're not serious, Julie?"

And she knew in her bones how foolishly she was behaving.

"This happens to be war," Frank reminded her. "I don't want to exercise my powers, or throw my weight about, but I can compel you, if necessary. And I *will*."

You had only to look at him to know that.

"I'm not doing this to be a nuisance," he went on. "It's a case of necessity. This house is near the new aerodrome. We haven't got ample quarters yet. Other houses are having to take their quota of men. And I have chosen this place as being suitable for three. Naturally, we hope people will be helpful and accommodating."

Something came into her throat. She said swiftly: "You must have seen me doing lots of silly things in the head office at times."

It was a generous climb down. He took it as it was offered.

"And lots of lovely things, too."

"This is just me being idiotic."

He said softly: "I know. It's an awful bore to have blokes hanging about your house. But honestly, we shan't get in your way."

"And mother's really a bit old for this kind of thing."

"That's why I'm arranging for it to be officers with their own help." He was a different person now. Helpful. Co-operative.

They moved up the path towards the house.

She said, still puzzled: "But I can't understand how you come to be in the air force."

"Oh, that's just the old magician in me. Auxiliary Air Force," he added briefly. "All that surplus energy in me had to be used up somehow. All those times when you wouldn't let me take you out places I went away and sulked in a corner, till the bright idea came to me that I might as well be having some fun on my own. So I went in for flying."

"And it's fun?"

"The best fun in the world!"

He said it as though he were uttering a creed. It was an inward conviction his, a fact accepted. Something there was no disputing. His eyes went up instinctively to the sky, where a single-seater fighter machine buzzed in the blue like an angry mosquito.

He watched it critically, expertly. His eyes narrowed in the glare. She watched him, seeing him as a new person for the first time. The utter competence of him struck her at once. She felt it as she stood close to him. It was part of him. She was aware of

a new interest stirring in her. This was the same Frank Lister of the head office, but it was also a Frank Lister new, strange, and disturbingly exciting.

A new voice called out laughingly from the garden gate: "Don't tell me you've fallen for an admiral, Julie!"

She swung round. Frank brought his eyes down. Brought them down with a glance of surprised interest. The interest deepened as he gazed.

At the gate, surrounded by a trunk, two suitcases, a hat box, a tennis racket, several parcels, and a large fat taxi driver, stood a girl who looked as if she had walked straight out of a magazine cover.

"Peggy!" Julie cried, and darted down the path, calling back to Frank over her shoulder, "my sister!"

He followed more slowly. The vision at the garden gate kissed Julie, but the vision's eyes were on the figure of the air force officer coming towards her.

She gazed at him, wide-eyed in mock adoration.

"Oh, a bird-man!" she exclaimed. "A flyer! M-mmmmmm! Can I touch?"

Julie explained swiftly: "She's quite crazy, Frank." And thought to herself: "You two ought to get on well together!" But she bit her lip on the words.

She needn't have said the words anyway. It was quite obvious that Peggy Grange and Frank would get on well together. This was the kind of light-hearted fun and banter that Frank indulged in himself. This was the sort of flippant greeting that he himself had given to Julie on innumerable occasions. Now he was getting it back. Here was someone who spoke his own language.

He recognised it at once. His face was smiling and happy again.

"You didn't tell me about this side of your family, Julie."

Peggy whipped in with: "They've been hushing it up—Frank. It is Frank, isn't it? I'm the rather light-headed sister they've kept out of sight all these years. But the sea is giving up its dead at last! I'm home!"

SOMEHOW, in the laughter, the driver was paid, and the luggage brought up the garden path. In between excursions to the gate for different cases and bits of luggage Frank learned that Peggy was on the stage, and that she had just been in France entertaining the troops. She had had the world's most amusing experience.

"Tell us all about them later," Julie urged.

"Later?"

"Yes. Frank is going to be billeted on us."

She stared as if she didn't believe her ears.

"Billeted on us. On *us*?"

Frank said quickly: "Yes. From to-night."

"Is there no end to Hitler's horrors?" Peggy asked coolly.

"But perhaps now that Peggy is home this will alter your billeting plans," Julie said suddenly.

"How do you mean?" He heard her, but his face was towards her sister.

"Well, I mean—isn't it going to be a bit of a crowd now in the house? We hadn't thought of Peggy arriving back."

Peggy said nothing. Her eyes were on Frank's face. Casually she brought out a tiny gold cigarette case from her bag.

Frank pulled a lighter from his pocket. There was silence while he held the flame to her cigarette.

"Thanks," she said briefly, and puffed a thin cloud of smoke into the air, and looked at him through it as if they had exchanged a message.

Julie felt oddly as if she had been shut out. It was like a door closing on her. The sunshine was on the other side.

Peggy said quietly: "After all, even *I* can take up an early morning pot of tea to the poor tired, over-worked officers. I'm not altogether useless."

A week later Julie wondered why she had resisted. The officers made little extra work in the house. Smiles, their batman, was actually a help. Her mother, far from wilting under the invasion, seemed strangely to thrive on it.

Peggy, of course, loved it.

It was Peggy who suggested the housewarming party, Peggy who mixed the drinks, Peggy who ordered all the amusing little things to eat with the drinks. Peggy who was the riotous success.

She couldn't be otherwise.

"I feel I've known you all for years," Ronnie Courtfield said to Julie through the chattering and the laughter. "And it's only a week."

She smiled to him, but her eyes were on Frank. Frank had brought in a couple of other officers from the aerodrome and was standing at the other end of the room in a group with Peggy.

Frank caught Julie's eye and came across the room.

"We're trying to get Peggy to do her impersonations. Do persuade her, Julie."

"Hey, hey!" Peggy called out. "That's work! I'm here for fun."

"Oh, come on. Peggy," the others urged. "Do your stuff!"

"Well, just one or two little things," she said, and almost imperceptibly moved to the centre of the floor with the others forming a half-circle round her. They dropped on to cushions on the floor, or on to low chairs. Frank slid down beside Julie on the divan.

He slipped a hand over Julie's. She shot a quick glance at him, but he appeared to be unconscious of his action. His eyes were still on Peggy. Julie let his hand lie against her. It stirred in her the strangest feelings. She wanted to cover it with one of her own, to feel the smooth firmness of it against her own skin.

"Isn't Peggy simply grand," he murmured. She let the hand lie, untouched.

And Peggy was simply grand. In a few minutes she had them all gurgling with joy as she "took off" well-known actresses and film stars. Then she slipped into a softer mood, and went to the piano, and touched a note or two, and almost instantly her audience were in harmony with her.

Someone put out a couple of lights. The laughter went out of the room. The noise was stilled. Peggy might have been alone, singing softly to herself in the half-light.

She drifted into a song, tinged with longing, and gentle melancholy. The room was very still and quiet.

Then the mood passed, and the moment was gone. Peggy swished into a dance rhythm, Ronnie snapped on the lights. Frank called out: "Let's dance!" He got up and made straight for Mrs. Grange.

"This is mine!" he claimed, taking her gently round the waist.

Peggy got up from the piano, and turned on the wireless.

"I'm not going to be your dance band," she protested.

Ronnie caught her round the waist. In a moment the room was filled with movement and melody. Hugh Grindlay, one of the visiting flyers, danced with Julie. Then they changed over and she was dancing with Ronnie, and over his shoulder she saw Peggy in Frank's arms.

They were dancing very close together, whispering to each other as they drifted round the room, their smiling eyes on each other all the time.

"Swell party," Ronnie murmured in her ear.

Yes, it was swell. She supposed it was swell, all right. But the fun of it had unaccountably gone out of it for Julie.

A little later the party began to break up. The two other officers had to get back to the aerodrome, and when they had taken leave of the others Julie went down to the front door to speed them off into the blackout.

When she went back, she slipped upstairs to do her face before going into the sitting-room. Peggy's door was open. Peggy's light was on. Peggy's voice was saying to someone:

"That's the snap of me taken on the Riviera just before the war started. Like it?"

"Like it?" answered Frank's voice. "It's lovely. It's just you. And so happy and joyous. Any more?"

Soft laughter.

"Heaps more, silly boy. Look at this."

Julie ran quickly (*Continued on page* 98)

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down the stairs and rejoined Ronnie.

"Hello," he welcomed her. "I began to think I was odd man out or something. What's going on up there?"

There was a quizzical look in his eye. He was a kindly soul, with a gentle sense of humour. With any one else she would have felt she was being laughed at. With Ronnie she knew that the look only hid a kind of understanding sympathy.

"Peggy's showing Frank some snaps."

He grinned awkwardly.

"What of—aeroplane engines? That's what interests Frank."

"No—of Peggy, I think."

She knew there was the slightest trace of hardness in her voice. But it was gone in a moment, and when Peggy and Frank came racing into the room a minute later she greeted them smilingly.

"We're going out!" Peggy exclaimed.

"Out into the night!" Frank added.

"To dance at that new roadhouse!" Peggy cried.

"If Peggy *must* put us into the mood for dancing," Frank said, "then she's jolly well got to have some more. We're going to kick up our heels for an hour or so. Coming?"

Ronnie looked at Julie. "Like to?"

Suddenly she knew she did not want to go.

"Count me out, Ronnie. If you don't mind, I'd rather stay here. But you go."

"No. I'd prefer to take it easy for the rest of the evening. I'll sit with you by the fire."

"Well, well, well!" Frank stared at them. "Aren't you coming?"

"No." Julie was definite. "You go with Peggy and have lots of fun."

He looked into her eyes, trying to read something that was there. But she hid her thoughts from him.

"Come on, Frank," Peggy urged. "Let's get going."

They went out together. Julie and Ronnie followed slowly to see them off. By the time they got to the door Frank's open car was alongside, its engine booming with impatience.

"Aren't you going to wear a coat or cap?" Julie called out to him.

"Now don't play the little mother," Peggy laughed. "Frank won't catch cold."

A moment later the car had nosed its way down the dark road.

Ronnie looked up at the sky with a professional eye before they went indoors. "Nice night for a raid," he laughed. "Thank goodness one of us stayed at home."

Something gripped at Julie's heart as he spoke. Some premonition that she could not have explained. It went with her back into the cosy sitting-room. It remained with her while they chatted in front of the fire. It sprang instantly to life, alarmed and expectant, when the telephone jangled suddenly in the hall.

She knew. There was something about the ring that told her. Ronnie in that instant knew, too. He shot her a quick look, and sprang to the receiver. She followed him quickly.

"Right! Right!" Ronnie said briskly into the receiver. "Very good, sir. At once!"

He clapped down the instrument.

"Raid warning!" he said briefly. "Got to get back to the 'drome. Frank, too."

For the first time he seemed to realise that Frank was absent.

He stared at her in dismay.

"Good Lord," he muttered. "What about Frank?"

Julie came alive.

"You get your things on. I'll phone the roadhouse."

"Right!" He ran upstairs.

She pulled the receiver from the telephone. No response. It was as if the line had been cut off. The silence was unbearable.

And then a voice: "Sorry. No calls are being taken at present. Military reasons."

Julie said quickly, tensely: "This is important. I want to get in touch with a flying officer at once. It's terribly important."

The quiet voice at the other end: "I'm very sorry. But the instructions have to be followed."

The line went dead in her hand.

A cold despair took possession of her. Ronnie came racing down the stairs, greatcoat on, cap in hand.

"Get him?"

Julie shook her head miserably.

"They're taking no calls. It must be because of the raid warning. I can't get him."

"That's torn it. Frank's for it now, all right. He ought to be back at the 'drome with me. Even if it's only a dud warning and we don't have to go up."

Julie watched him, her mind ahead of his words. A wild idea swept through her brain.

"If you don't have to go up, surely it doesn't matter whether Frank is there or not?"

"You bet it does!"

"But—I mean——" she hesitated. "I mean, if it wasn't Frank who went back with you—would it be noticed?"

"What do you mean?"

"This!" She turned swiftly and swept up the flying-blue overcoat and cap that Frank had left in the hall when he went off with Peggy. Julie started to get into the coat.

"You're crazy!" exclaimed Ronnie.

She did not answer, but flashed him a look that told him everything. He put out his hand to stop her.

"It's no go, Julie. You can't do it. You can't get away with it. Even in a blackout."

"Who'd find me out?" She was in the coat now.

"As soon as you were wanted in a machine——"

"But if there's no flying?" She was quietly triumphant. "If it's a false warning? If we just hang about there in the pitch darkness? Who's going to spot me? At least before Frank gets to the aerodrome?"

He hesitated, and she saw it at once.

"*Of course* we can get away with it, Ronnie."

And then Ronnie stiffened. His hand reached out to detain her.

"Sorry, Julie. But I can't. Not even for you and Frank."

"You've got to!"

"No! His grip on her arm tightened. "I'm not going to let you risk it. It's damned plucky of you—but it's no go!"

And, as if to make his word final and absolute, the wail of a distant siren went at that moment.

Julie turned away from him, dumb with despair. From upstairs there came the sound of Mrs. Grange's door opening softly.

"Good luck, Ronnie," she called down.

He turned away from Julie and ran quickly upstairs to say good-bye. He was gone only for a moment, and when he returned Julie had moved out of the hall. He glanced quickly into the sitting-room, but she was not there.

"Julie!" he called. "I'm off. Good-byeee! Have some hot coffee ready for me when I get back."

He could not wait longer, but dashed out to his car, switched on the side lights, turned on the engine, and slithered away from the gate.

It was a grand night for planes to play hide and seek in the clouds, to slip away from the searchlights once they started to play with their broad bright beams.

But as yet there were no searchlights. Only the blackness and the wailing sirens. Muttering under his breath: "I'll take a chance," Ronnie pushed up the speed of the car and cut through the night.

He stepped on the accelerator. Too late he realised he was at the turning leading into the main road to the aerodrome. He pressed his foot on his brake, reached for the hand lever. The dark moving thing across his path took shape, became a blurred car trying to get out of his way.

The brakes screamed. He pulled at the steering wheel and for an agonising second the two cars ran side by side. Then they touched, swung apart, touched again, and skidded away from each other towards the ditch.

For a dazed moment the world stood still. Then Ronnie wrenched open the door, felt for his torch, and groped towards the other car. At the same instant its door swung open, and in the light of the torch Ronnie saw Peggy.

Frank swung out of the car on the other side.

"Ronnie!" he exclaimed. "Do you want to keep me from getting to the aerodrome, you fathead? What a way to drive!"

They stood in the roadway, the torch making a pool of light about their feet.

"Anybody hurt?" Frank asked quickly.

Peggy laughed shakily: "I'm all right."

"That goes for me," said Ronnie. "Thank heaven you've turned up."

"Of course I've turned up," Frank grinned in the dark. "Do you think I'd miss this show?"

"What about the cars? We've got to get moving pretty quickly."

The sirens had stopped now.

At that moment the moon came out through a chink in the dark cloud. They ran to Frank's car. He got into the driving seat while the others watched in the road. He pressed the self-starter and the engine stirred into life.

"O.K.," he called out cheerfully. "What about yours?"

Leaving the engine running, they went quickly over to the other car.

Ronnie pulled open the door. The moon showed up Julie Grange lying in the back seat. Frank's cap had slipped from her head, but she was still wrapped up in his greatcoat. A smear of blood showed on her temple.

"Sorry," she said dazedly. "I couldn't help it. I hit the back of Ronnie's seat when he put on the brake so suddenly. He didn't know I was here."

"Julie!" There was not only surprise in Frank's voice. There was anxiety. There was something else if any of them had had time or opportunity to hear it.

"Hello Frank," she whispered back. "Hope you had a good time at the roadhouse."

Almost roughly he brushed the remark aside. His hands went over her, thoroughly, gently.

"Hey, hey!" she said in gentle protest.

He did not heed her.

"All right," he sighed at last in relief. "Not much damage done. But why the skylarking with my uniform."

He was puzzled.

"Oh——" began Ronnie.

Julie said quickly: "We thought we might as well have a fancy-dress dance, too."

"I see." It was the old crisp Frank. "Now how about the car? If it's all right Peggy can take you home in this, and Ronnie and I'll push on to the aerodrome. We ought to be there now."

"Home?" Julie was indignant. "We're coming with you to see you off."

"Think again!" His voice was curt and commanding. "Peggy, take my coat off Julie. How's the car, Ronnie?"

"That's all right. Come on, Ronnie. Cheerio, Peggy." He touched her on the arm as he spoke. "Cheerio, Julie." He peered through the gloom towards her.

Then they were off. One moment they had been there, chatting, friendly, reassuring—the outside world kept at bay. The next there was only the sound of their car vanishing into the darkness and the two girls were alone with the car, and their thoughts, and the night of foreboding.

And as they stood there, before getting into the car and turning back to their mother, there came to them the deep roar of engines from the aerodrome. They stood in the darkness listening.

Julie looked up. She could see nothing. In one of these machines was Frank. His blue eyes alight with laughter and life. Now he was going out to battle in the skies.

She stared up into the darkness, listening, hoping, praying.

DRINKING a hot cup of coffee, Peggy said: "We'd better put on some fresh coffee for the boys."

She said it lightly. She had said it several times before during the long night. They had sat up, Mrs. Grange and Julie and

Peggy, keeping the fire going in the sitting-room, replenishing the vanished coffee in the pot.

They had said little. Mrs. Grange went on quietly with her knitting; Julie pretended to read; Peggy sat for the most part in silence, occasionally breaking it in an attempt to be her usual light-hearted self.

There had been no raid in the neighbourhood but it was hours before the all clear had gone, and it was only too evident that somewhere up there in the dark sky, out of sight and out of hearing, the raiders had been met and fought and defeated.

"Aren't they *ever* coming back?" Peggy said, getting up and pacing the floor. "They ought to be getting back to the aerodrome by now."

Julie watched her without rising.

"We'll hear their engines soon," she said comfortingly. "And then it will be all right."

Over her knitting Mrs. Grange shot her a quick glance.

"And to think," said Peggy, reaching for a cigarette, "that only a few hours ago we were all dancing! Isn't this night ever going to end?"

She went over to the window and lifted the blackout curtains for a fraction of a second. It was still dark.

"Ugh!" she said, shivering and coming back into the room. "Dancing! And look at us now!"

"What was it like at the roadhouse?" her mother asked quietly, more to make conversation than anything else.

"Terrible."

"What? With Frank? I can't imagine that."

Julie had said it in spite of herself, her thoughts still with the blue-eyed man in the cockpit of the distant aeroplane. She wished, in the heart of her, that those last few hours had been spent with Frank. She wished now that she had gone dancing when he asked her. Even if he did prefer Peggy.

Peggy put down her cigarette and stared across at her.

She said flippantly, unbelievingly: "You wouldn't kid me, sister, would you?"

Something in the tone made Julie raise her head. Her mother too caught something in the words. She stopped the clack of the knitting needles.

"What do you mean, Peggy?"

"Why," she said slowly, "surely you know it was pretty dull. Frank never stopped talking about Julie all the time!"

Julie stared at her. Something stopped beating within her, and then started a mad race to make up for lost time. A pulse hammered steadily in her throat.

Peggy went on: "I thought it was me he wanted to take out dancing, but it was you all the time, Julie. You must have known it. He literally raved about you all the time. Gosh, was it dull for me!"

Mrs. Grange put in gently: "Of course he's awfully keen on you, Julie."

Julie said nothing, staring across at them, her mind clutching at their words.

"And when Ronnie tells him all about your little incident with Frank's coat and cap," Peggy said, "we might as well get ready for the wedding bells."

"Oh, he won't tell Frank!" Julie said swiftly.

She broke off. The three women stiffened in attention. The friendly laughter went out of the room, and the strain came back. They sat rigid, listening. Faintly, almost like a rumour at first, there came the far-away murmur of a distant aeroplane engine.

Gradually it came nearer, grew louder. Grew into the roar of a plane overhead. The roar died as the engine cut out. The tense women could visualise the fighter gliding through the darkness to make a landing at the aerodrome.

Their eyes turned to each other.

"They're back," whispered Julie.

Almost immediately the silence was broken again. Another machine throbbed through the night, cut out over the house, swished down towards the (*Continued on page* 100)

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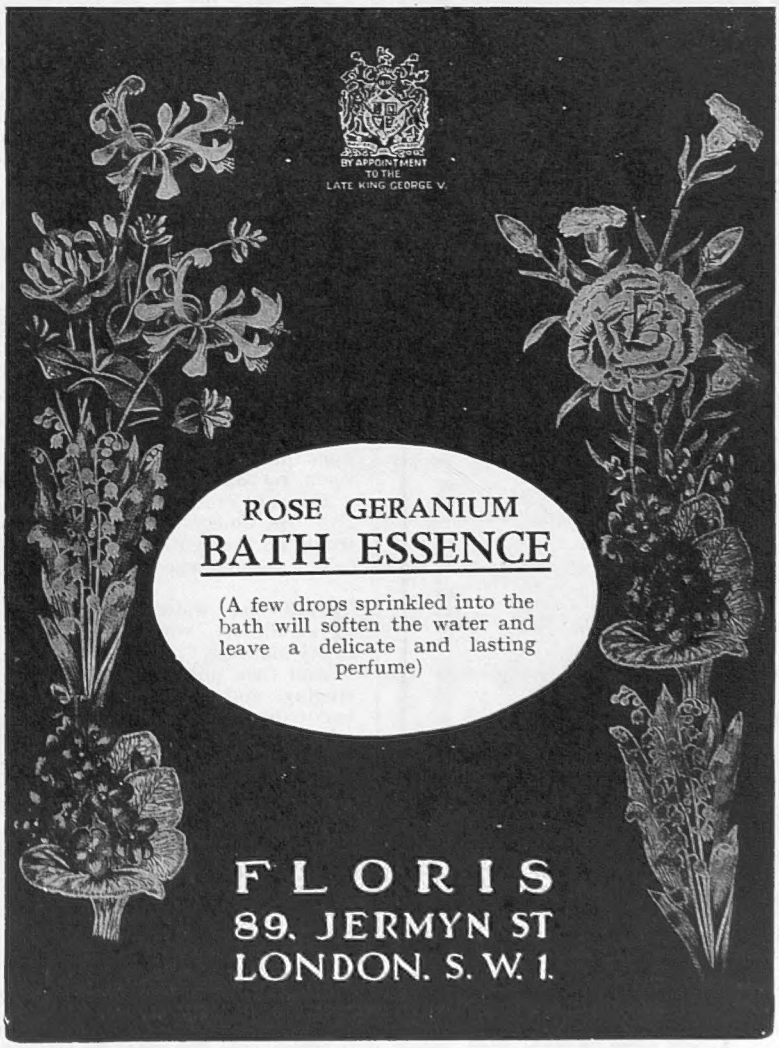
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aerodrome with the wind whistling softly through the fuselage, and in a minute, while they still sat waiting, the sound was repeated.

After a longer pause another machine landed.

"Four," Peggy murmured.

The women's eyes avoided each other.

Julie got up. "I can't stand it," she whispered.

Her mother rose with her, and put an arm round her comfortingly.

After a long wait the night air throbbed again.

"Another," Peggy said hopefully, trying to look at Julie.

The silence that followed seemed unending. Suddenly the telephone bell rang harshly. They came to life, all three starting for the hall. Julie got there first.

It was Ronnie.

"Just got in," he said casually, but his voice was tired and strained. "Sorry to be so long."

She could not bring herself to ask what she wanted to know.

Ronnie said, in the same casual tone: "Frank's a bit late, but I expect he went after them a bit farther than some of us. Always is an inquisitive beggar."

"Oh, Ronnie. Will he be all right?"

"What, Frank? Bound to be." But his voice sounded forced. "Did you ever know him to be anything but all right?"

She did not know what to say. A cold hand laid its grip on her heart.

"Say, it's cold down here," Ronnie said. "I hope you're going to have something really piping hot for us when we get home."

"Yes," she murmured. "Oh, yes."

She did not know what she said. Her brain was away, far up in the night sky, seeking Frank.

Peggy pushed her gently aside and took the instrument out of her hand.

"Are you hanging on there, Ronnie?"

"I'll hang on a bit longer," he said in a low voice. "But, listen Peggy; Frank's long overdue. Don't tell Julie. He can't have much petrol left to get him home now." I just scraped through by the skin of my teeth."

"I see." She pushed Julie playfully away from her towards the warmer sitting-room.

"It doesn't look too good, Peg."

The house seemed quiet. The voice came over the line like a warning from some far-off planet.

Peggy said: "Can we come down and wait with you?"

He hesitated. "Doesn't seem fair on Julie."

"I think she'd rather be there, somewhere near, waiting with you."

He made up his mind. "All right. It might help. Come along."

Peggy put the receiver down softly. Up there in the dark sky, darting through the clouds like a dark bird, searching out the German raiders. Sweeping down on them, guns blazing away. Or being swept down upon by one of the raiders, perhaps.

She saw Frank's face; the line of his jaw. No. He would do the sweeping down. He would do the fighting.

It was Julie who did the waiting.

THEY had waited for an hour in the dim aerodrome, while the night faded into misty morning.

And then unbelievably the telephone was ringing, and someone was jabbering away excitedly, and footsteps were running in their direction.

Julie lifted her face to the eager eyes.

"It's all right," a voice panted. "It's all right. He's safe."

Frank was safe!

"He made a forced landing—hours ago—couldn't reach a telephone or anything—brought down a raider—he's just managed to get a message through—is on his way back—here!

Love in the Clouds

The night had faded. Through the mist it was shining and red in the east. A light was glowing in Julie's heart.

"Thank you," she whispered.

The whole aerodrome seemed to be humming with vibrant life. She had not noticed it before, but now she looked about her. Keen young faces were turned in her direction, happy and smiling, as if they knew all about it. Engines were turning over sweetly in the morning light. Mechanics in overalls ran past. Pilots, pulling on flying helmets, laughed and chatted with easy confidence.

A new day was beginning. For Julie a new life seemed to be beginning.

And presently they heard the hum of his engine in the distance. It grew louder. They could see nothing through the mist, but they heard the machine approach, draw overhead, begin its downward glide.

Ronnie rose expectantly to his feet, drawing Julie up with him. Peggy rose, too.

"He's landing down wind just opposite the control tower," Ronnie explained. "We'll see him in a minute."

They strained their eyes.

Ronnie said: "Here he comes. Look!"

The mist seemed to part. A grey swishing shape cut through it like a shadow, glided towards the ground.

"It's Frank all right," cried Ronnie.

And then a sudden chorus of loud, alarmed voices: "Look out!"

As Frank's machine came down towards the landing ground a small fighter plane began to taxi right across its path preparatory to taking off. The pilot in his cockpit, his own engine running, evidently knew nothing of the imminent landing of Frank's machine directly above him.

There was a shout of last-moment warning.

Frank's machine was almost on top of the taxi-ing fighter. For a second it seemed to glide right into it.

And then, seeing the plane below him, Frank gave the engine full throttle. The roar of his plane cut through the aerodrome like a giant gun.

Frank's plane cleared the small fighter by inches. His tail came down and his machine turned her nose rakishly skywards.

"Oh God!" muttered Ronnie. He put an arm suddenly round Julie.

"Frank!" Julie gasped.

The machine roared, tail downwards in a frantic attempt to make height.

"He's saved the other bloke," Ronnie said hoarsely. "But gosh, what a risk to take! I hope he makes it!"

The machine spluttered, cut out, roared again. Frank tried to level out the tail, but he had put too much strain on his engine.

Suddenly the engine stalled. The tail went up. The nose came down. The plane screamed towards the ground. For a fateful second the world seemed to stand still. And then at the last moment, just before the crash, Frank managed to flatten out.

The plane spreadeagled itself on to the ground. The sound of splintering wood and metal filled the aerodrome. At once the fire-engine sirens blared out, and the bells of the emergency ambulance rang their warning.

They ran for the wreckage.

And almost before they reached it, they saw his face, blood smeared, but still grinning.

A wave of relief swept over Julie.

"Frank, Frank." She panted. "Oh, my dear!"

He put one hand out to touch her. His eyes, blue and dazed and very tired, looked at her tenderly, with just a gleam of the old jaunty mockery in them.

"Hello, darling," he said. "You might just as well have worn my coat and taken my place last night. You'd have made a better landing than this!"

END

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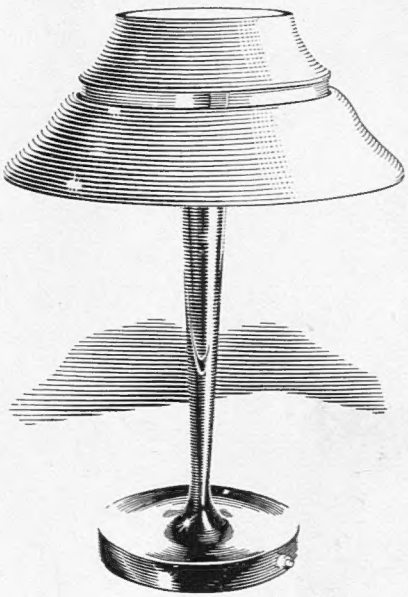

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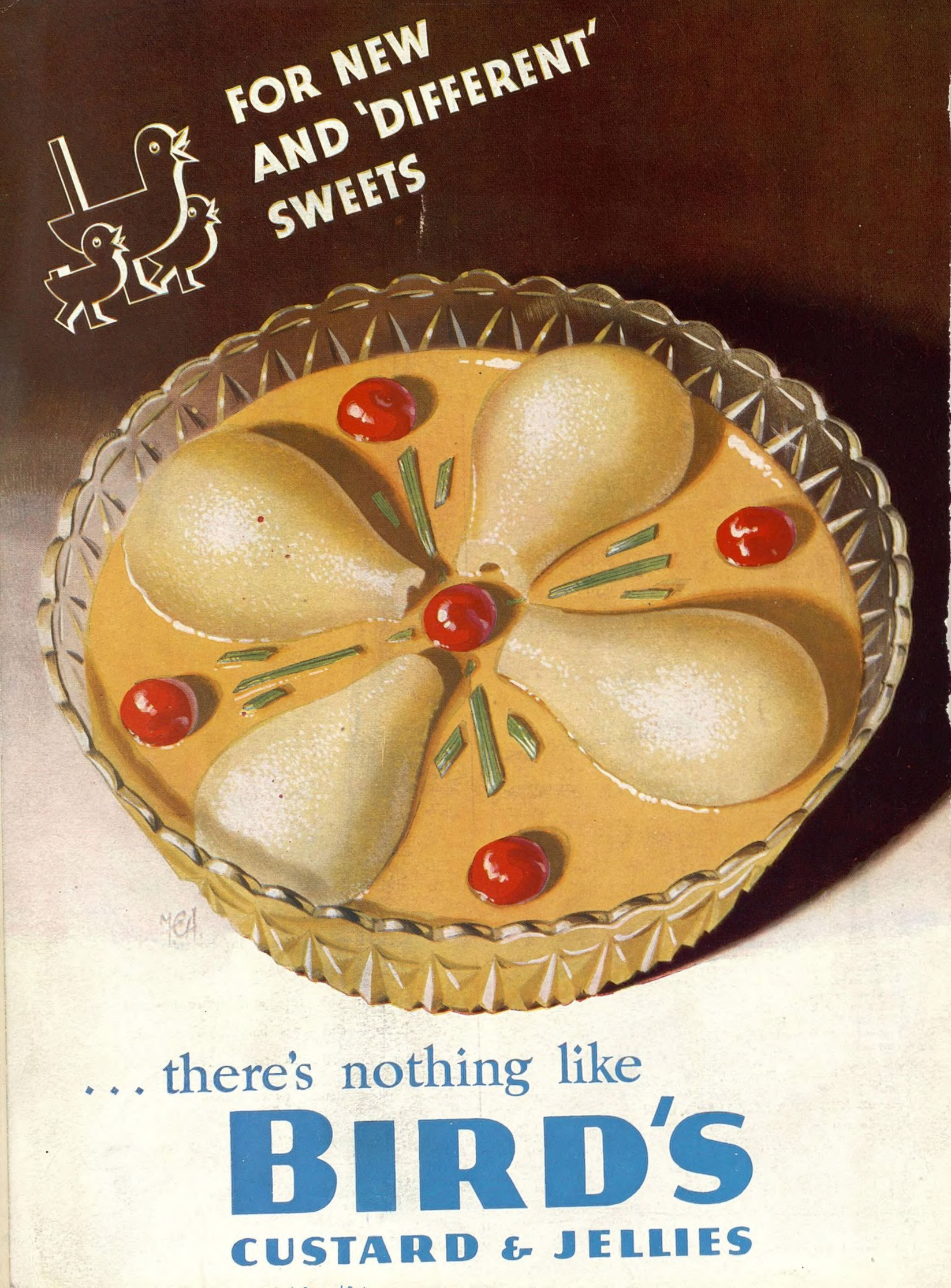

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